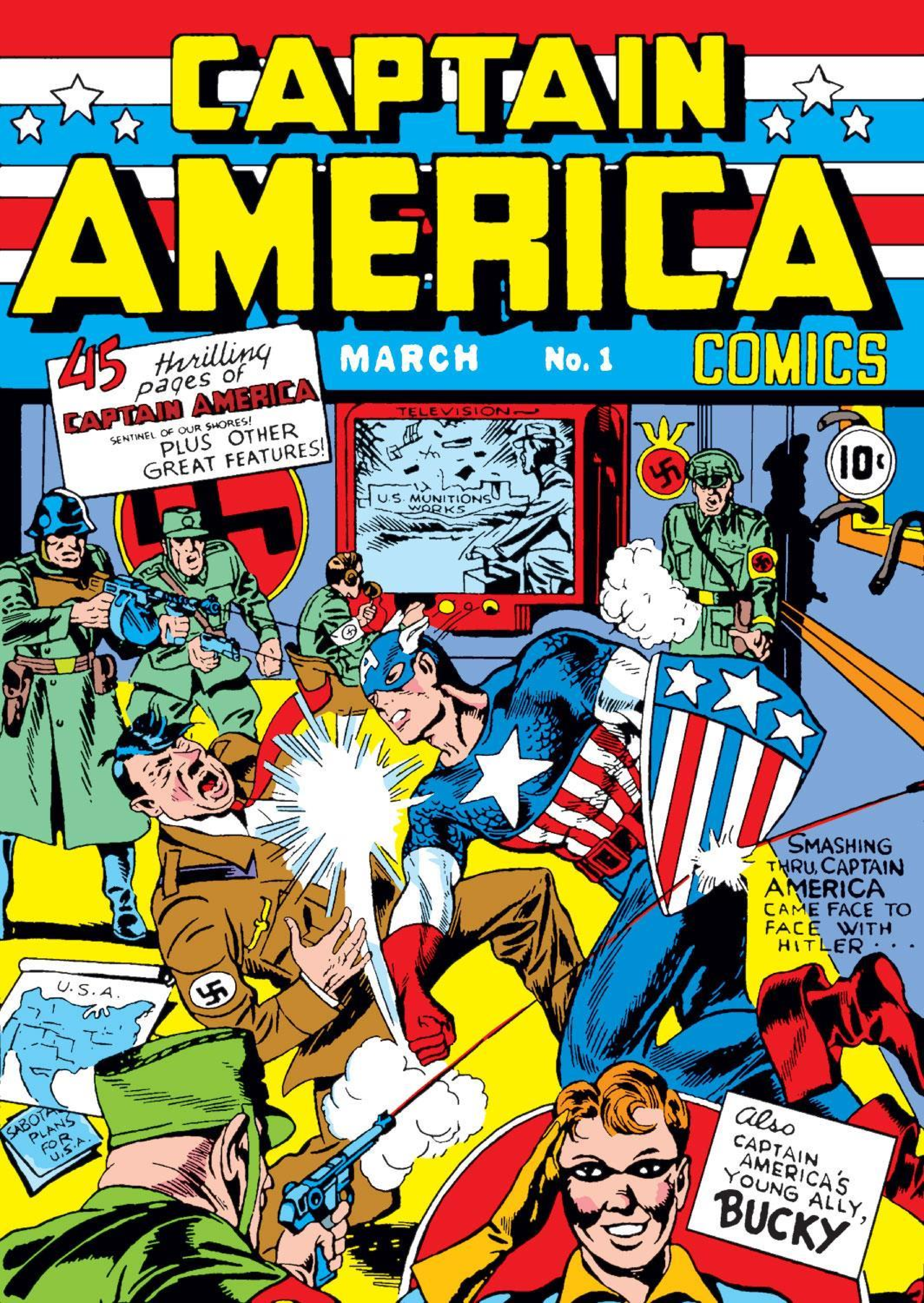
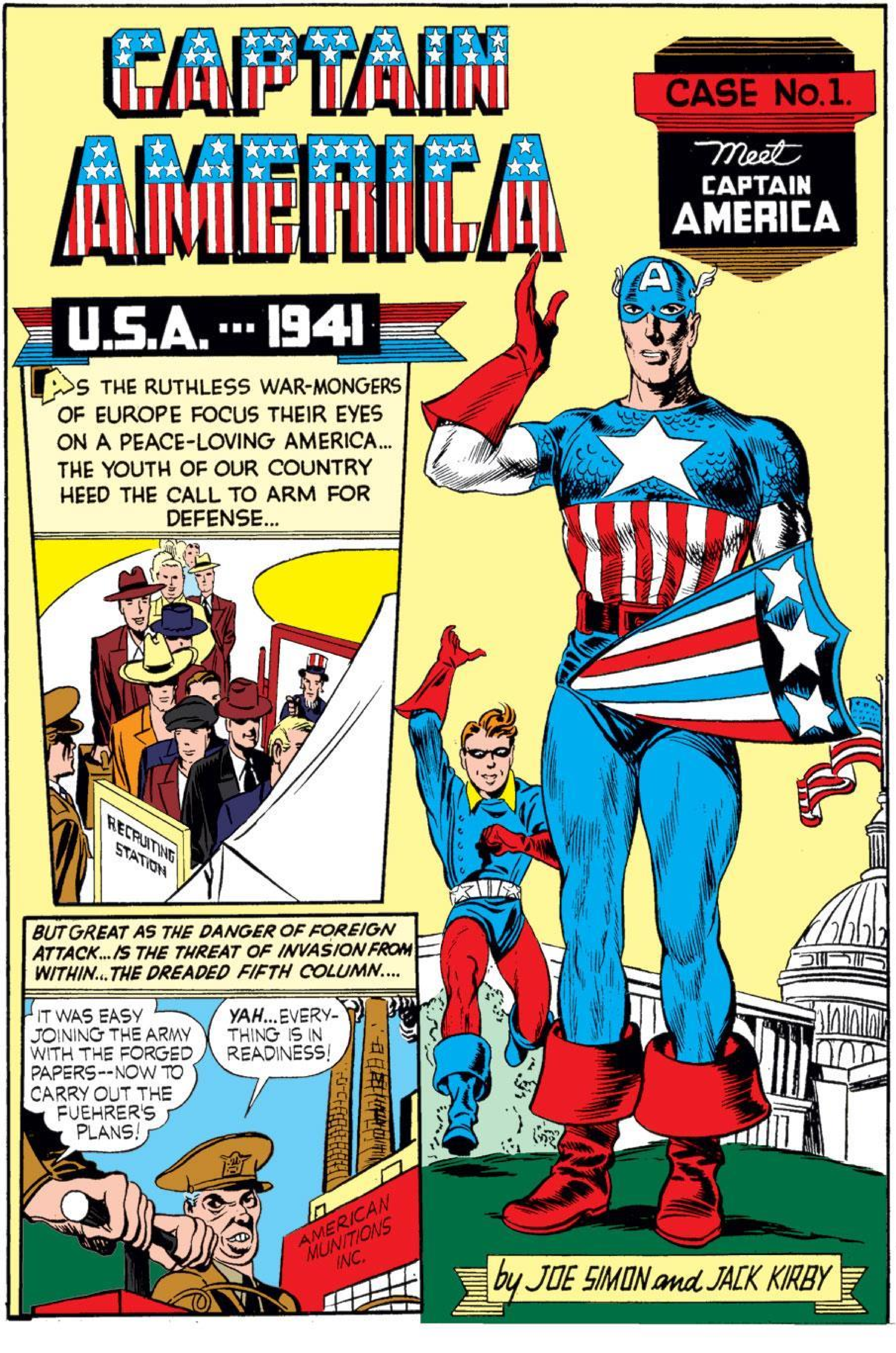
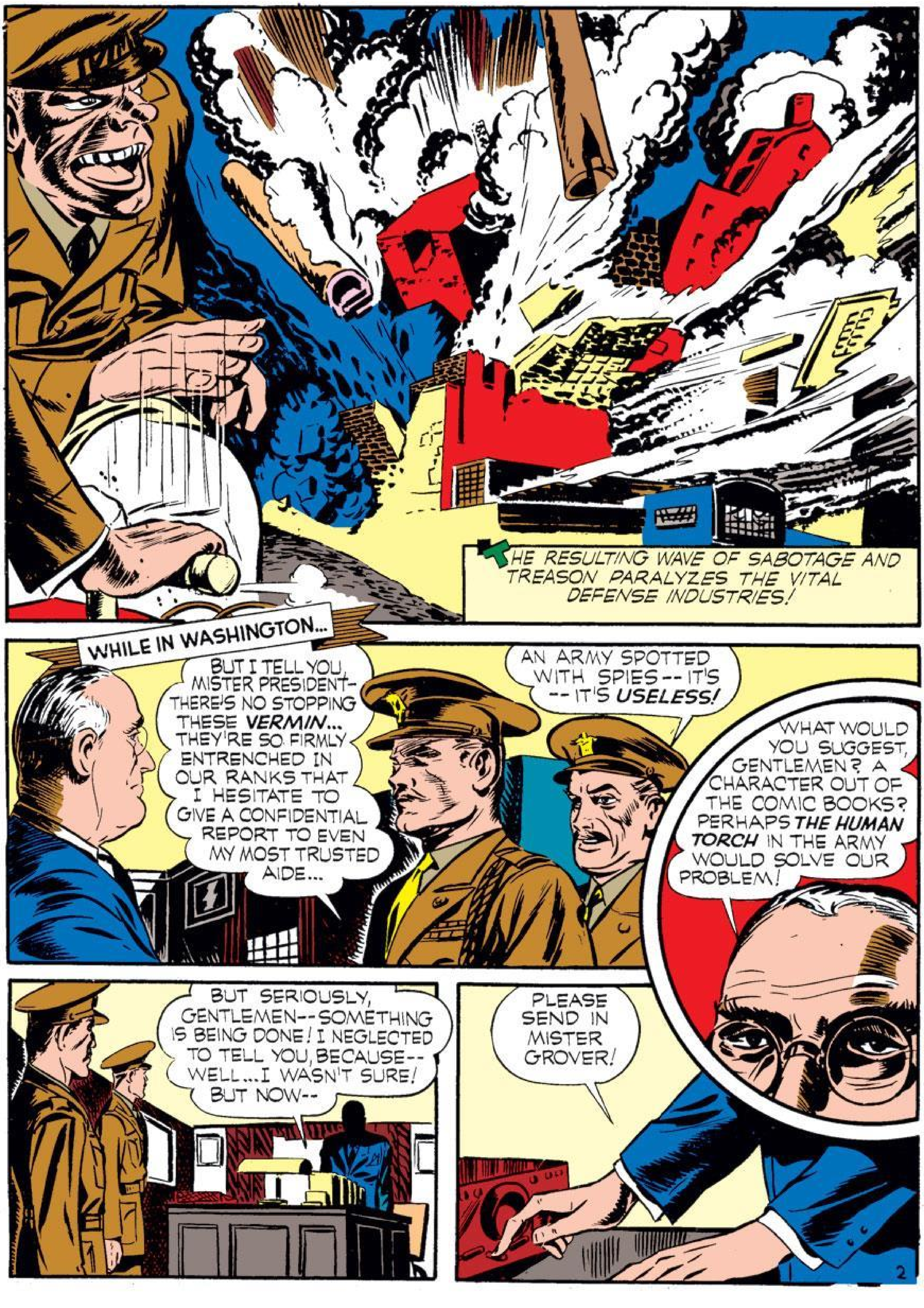
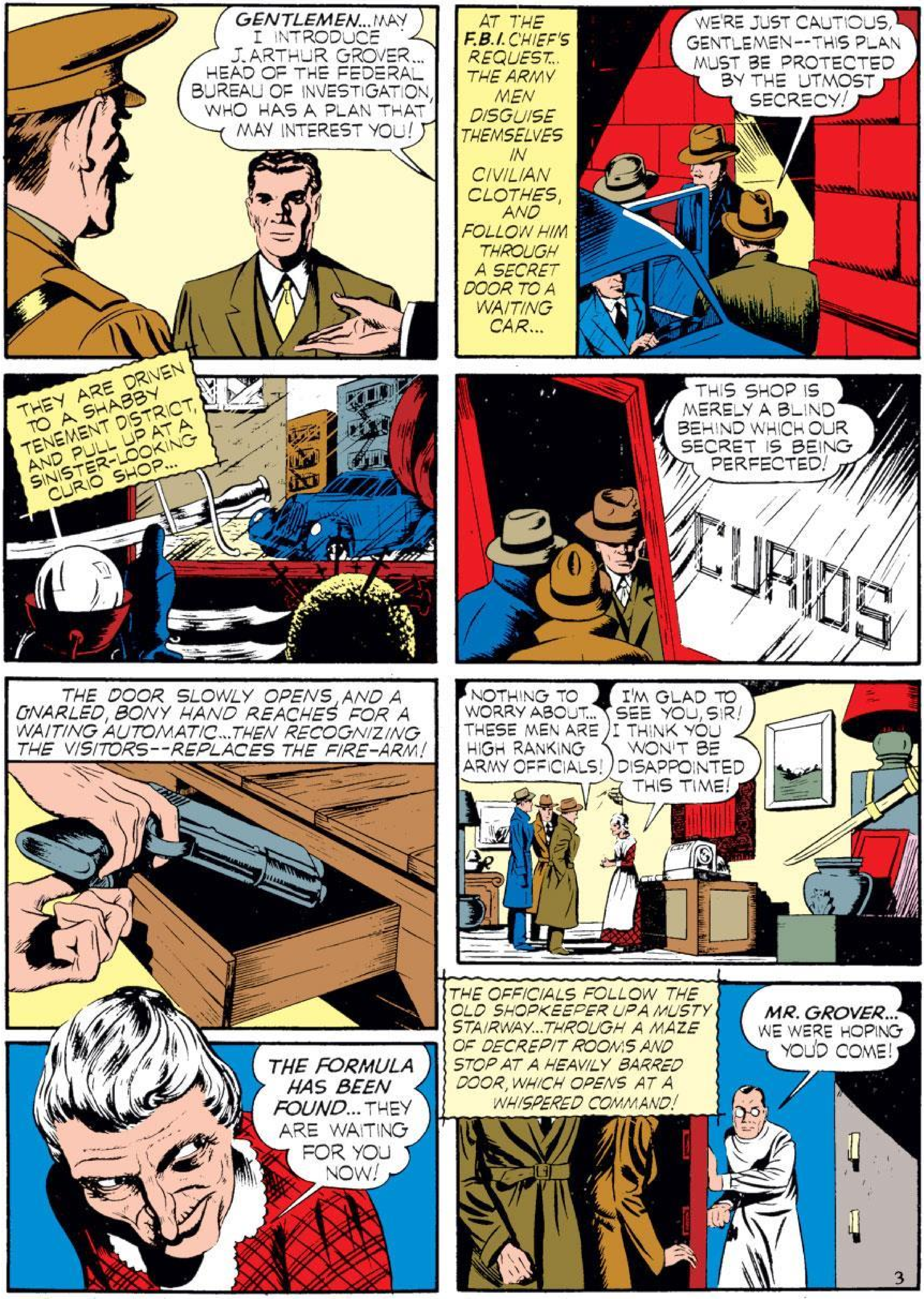
CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS

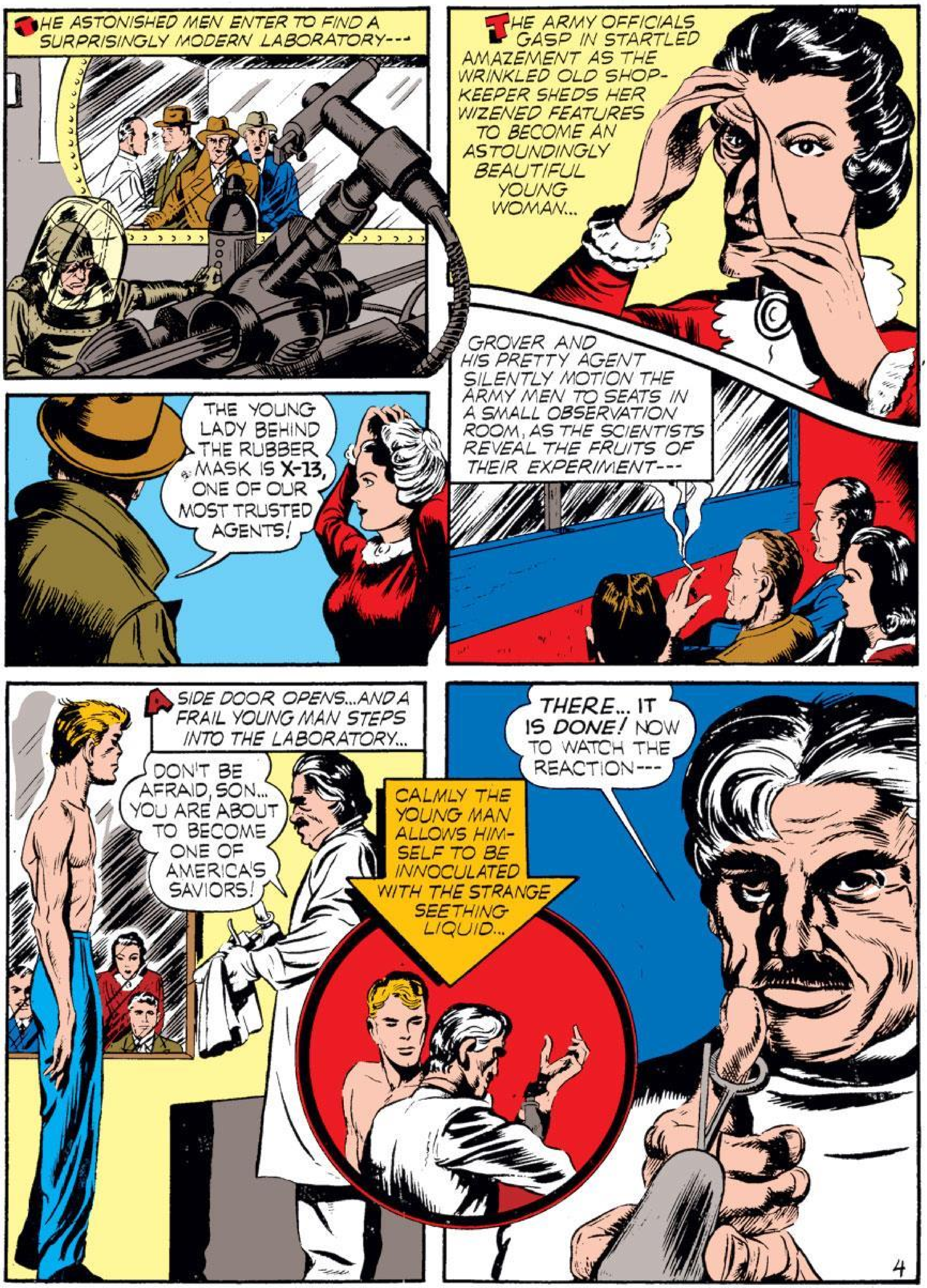
MARCH No. 1

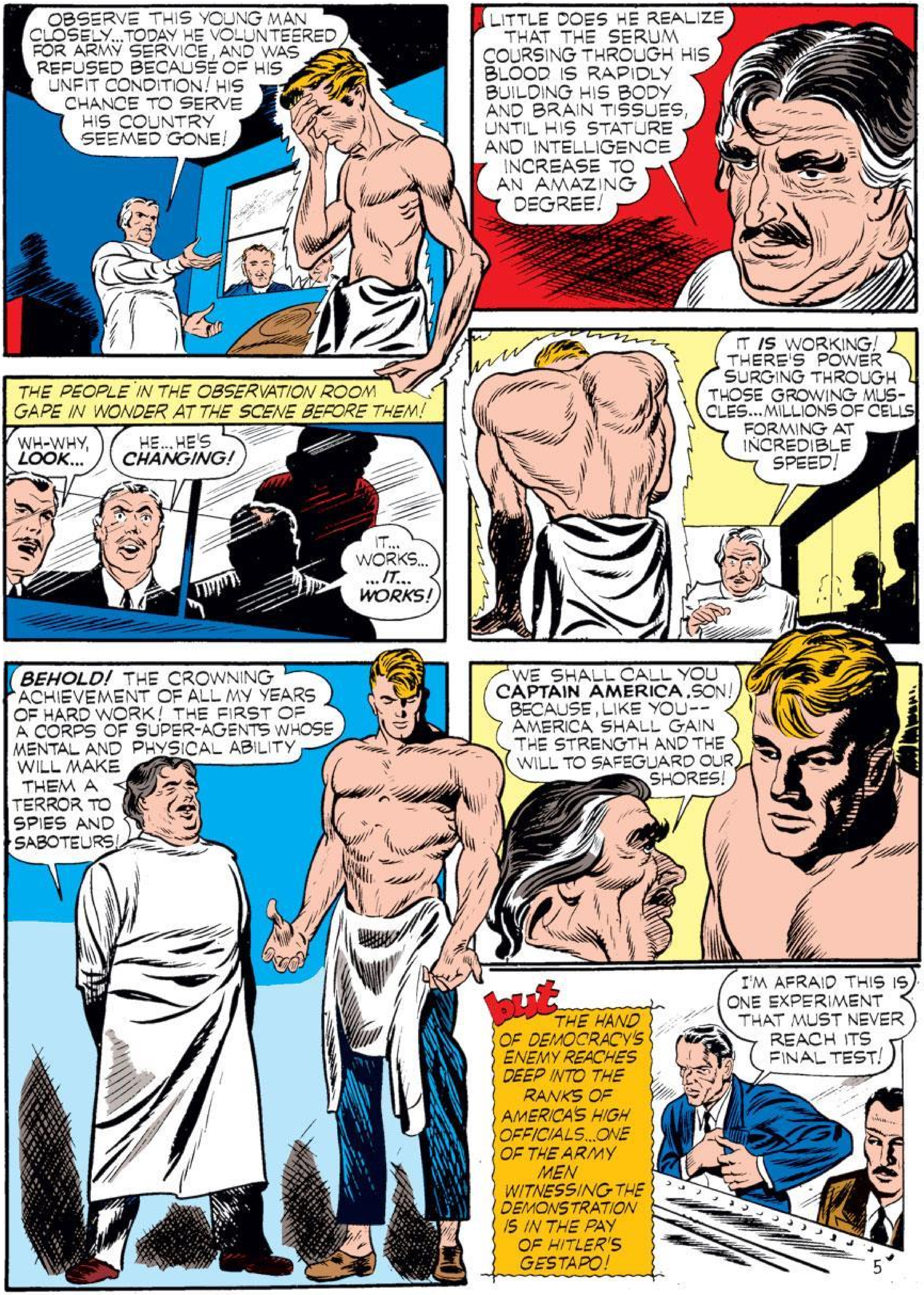

45 thrilling pages of CAPTAIN AMERICA
SENTINEL OF OUR SHORES!
PLUS OTHER GREAT FEATURES!
10¢
TELEVISION
U.S. MUNITIONS WORKS
SMASHING THRU, CAPTAIN AMERICA CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HITLER . . .
U.S.A.
SABOTA PLANS FOR U.S.A.
Also CAPTAIN AMERICA'S YOUNG ALLY, BUCKY

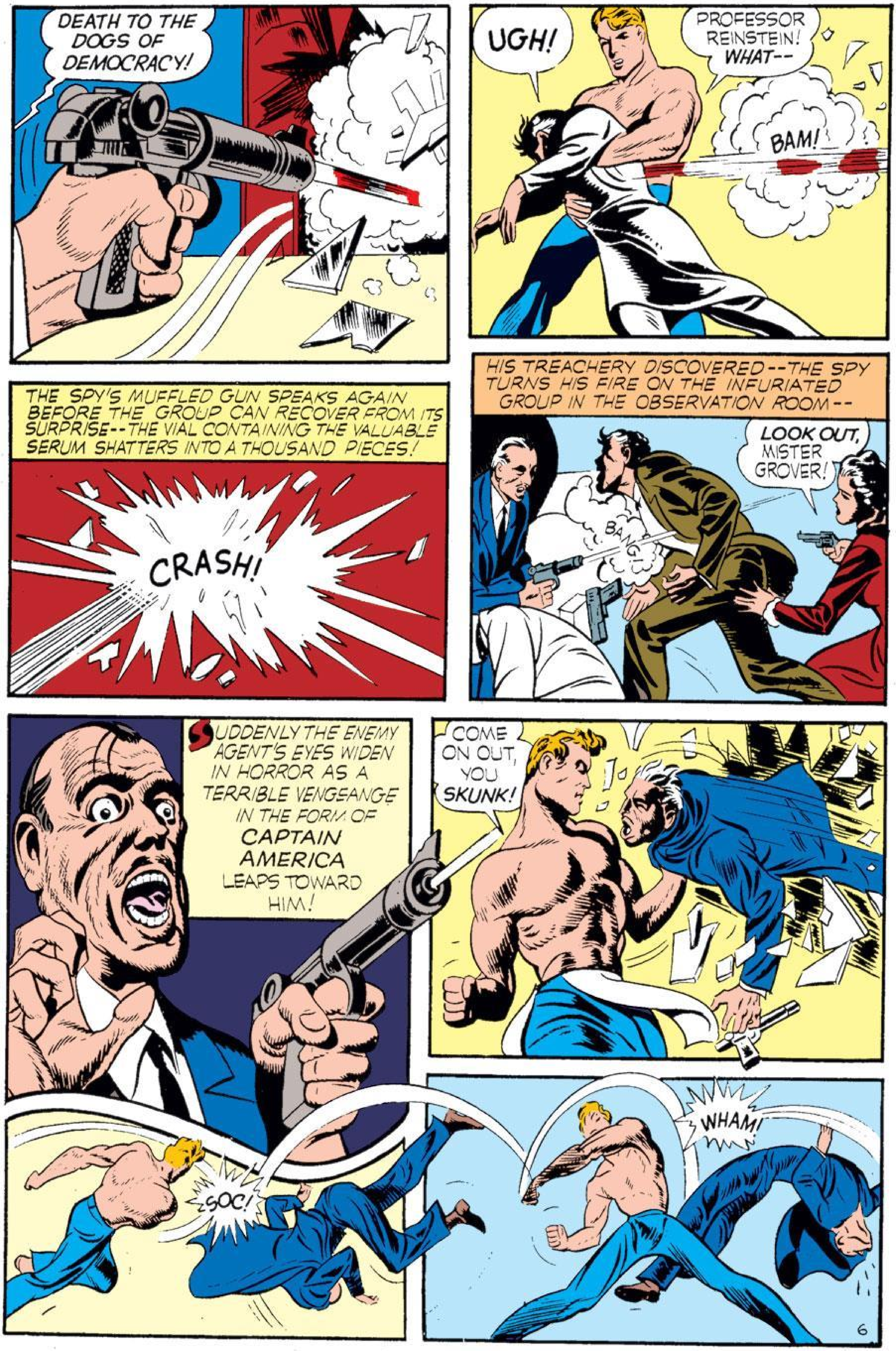

CAPTAIN AMERICA
CASE No.1.
Meet CAPTAIN AMERICA
U.S.A. ··· 1941
AS THE RUTHLESS WAR-MONGERS OF EUROPE FOCUS THEIR EYES ON A PEACE-LOVING AMERICA... THE YOUTH OF OUR COUNTRY HEED THE CALL TO ARM FOR DEFENSE...
RECRUITING STATION
BUT GREAT AS THE DANGER OF FOREIGN ATTACK... IS THE THREAT OF INVASION FROM WITHIN... THE DREADED FIFTH COLUMN....
IT WAS EASY JOINING THE ARMY WITH THE FORGED PAPERS--NOW TO CARRY OUT THE FUEHRER'S PLANS!
YAH... EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS!
AMERICAN MUNITIONS INC.
by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

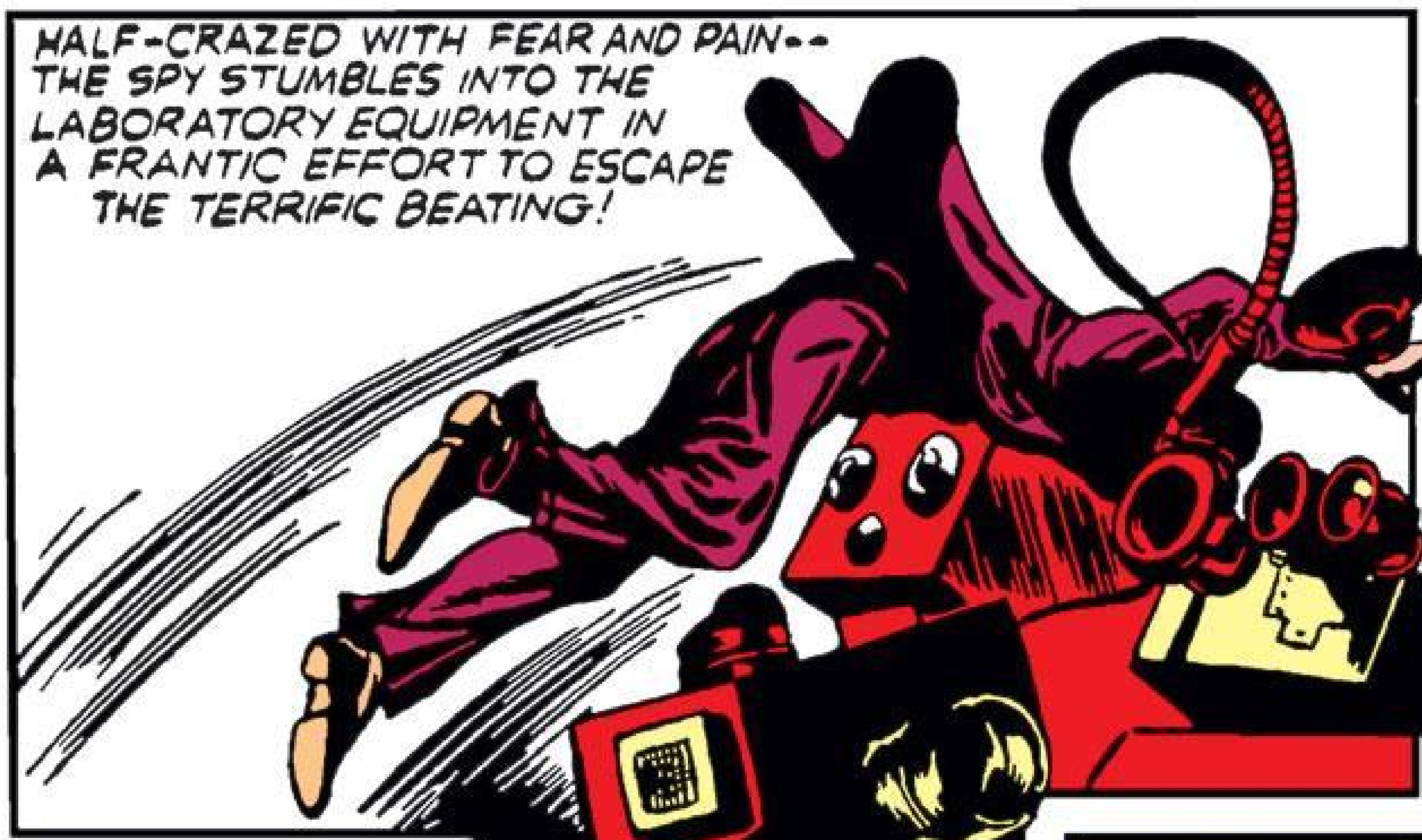

THE RESULTING WAVE OF SABOTAGE AND TREASON PARALYZES THE VITAL DEFENSE INDUSTRIES!
WHILE IN WASHINGTON...
BUT I TELL YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT-THERE'S NO STOPPING THESE VERMIN... THEY'RE SO FIRMLY ENTRENCHED IN OUR RANKS THAT I HESITATE TO GIVE A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT TO EVEN MY MOST TRUSTED AIDE...
AN ARMY SPOTTED WITH SPIES--IT'S --IT'S USELESS!
WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST, GENTLEMEN? A CHARACTER OUT OF THE COMIC BOOKS? PERHAPS THE HUMAN TORCH IN THE ARMY WOULD SOLVE OUR PROBLEM!
BUT SERIOUSLY, GENTLEMEN--SOMETHING IS BEING DONE! I NEGLECTED TO TELL YOU, BECAUSE--WELL...I WASN'T SURE! BUT NOW--
PLEASE SEND IN MISTER GROVER!

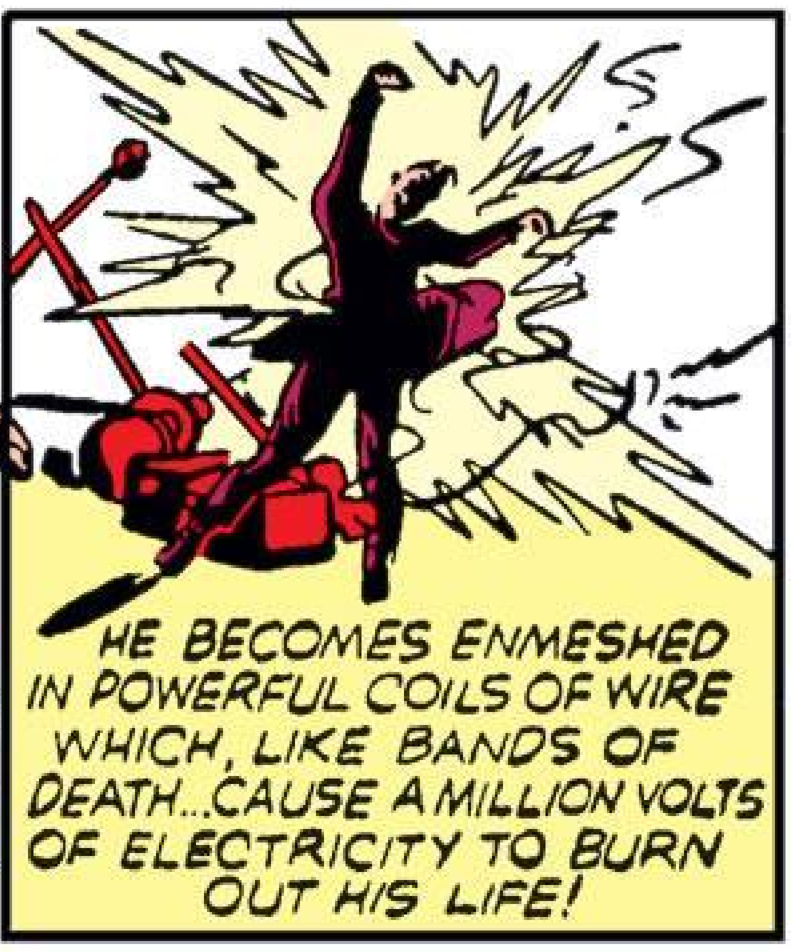

GENTLEMEN...MAY I INTRODUCE J. ARTHUR GROVER... HEAD OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, WHO HAS A PLAN THAT MAY INTEREST YOU!
AT THE F.B.I. CHIEF'S REQUEST... THE ARMY MEN DISGUISE THEMSELVES IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, AND FOLLOW HIM THROUGH A SECRET DOOR TO A WAITING CAR...
WE'RE JUST CAUTIOUS, GENTLEMEN--THIS PLAN MUST BE PROTECTED BY THE UTMOST SECRECY!
THEY ARE DRIVEN TO A SHABBY TENEMENT DISTRICT, AND PULL UP AT A SINISTER-LOOKING CURIO SHOP...
THIS SHOP IS MERELY A BLIND BEHIND WHICH OUR SECRET IS BEING PERFECTED!
CURIOS
THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS, AND A GNARLED, BONY HAND REACHES FOR A WAITING AUTOMATIC...THEN RECOGNIZING THE VISITORS--REPLACES THE FIRE-ARM!
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... THESE MEN ARE HIGH RANKING ARMY OFFICIALS!
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, SIR! I THINK YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED THIS TIME!
THE FORMULA HAS BEEN FOUND... THEY ARE WAITING FOR YOU NOW!
THE OFFICIALS FOLLOW THE OLD SHOPKEEPER UP A MUSTY STAIRWAY...THROUGH A MAZE OF DECREPIT ROOMS AND STOP AT A HEAVILY BARRED DOOR, WHICH OPENS AT A WHISPERED COMMAND!
MR. GROVER... WE WERE HOPING YOU'D COME!

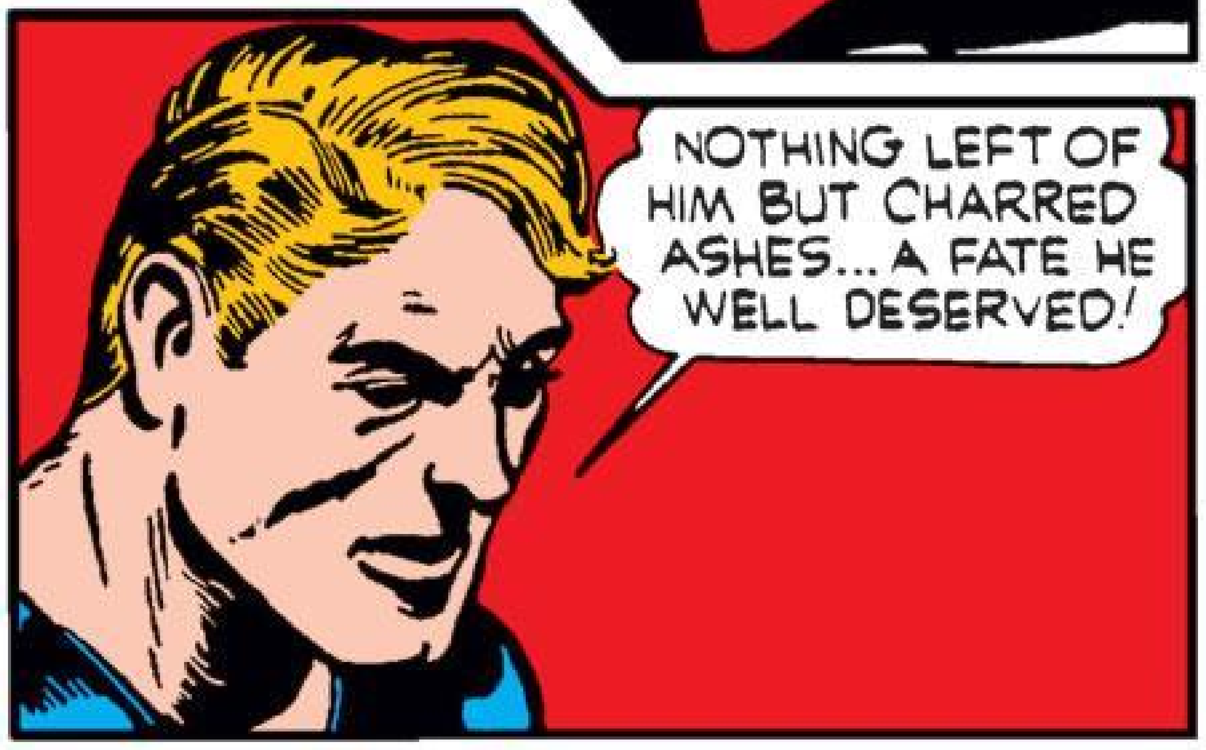

THE ASTONISHED MEN ENTER TO FIND A SURPRISINGLY MODERN LABORATORY---
THE ARMY OFFICIALS GASP IN STARTLED AMAZEMENT AS THE WRINKLED OLD SHOPKEEPER SHEDS HER WIZENED FEATURES TO BECOME AN ASTOUNDINGLY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN...
THE YOUNG LADY BEHIND THE RUBBER MASK IS X-13, ONE OF OUR MOST TRUSTED AGENTS!
GROVER AND HIS PRETTY AGENT SILENTLY MOTION THE ARMY MEN TO SEATS IN A SMALL OBSERVATION ROOM, AS THE SCIENTISTS REVEAL THE FRUITS OF THEIR EXPERIMENT---
A SIDE DOOR OPENS...AND A FRAIL YOUNG MAN STEPS INTO THE LABORATORY...
DON'T BE AFRAID, SON... YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME ONE OF AMERICA'S SAVIORS!
CALMLY THE YOUNG MAN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE INNOCULATED WITH THE STRANGE SEETHING LIQUID...
THERE... IT IS DONE! NOW TO WATCH THE REACTION---

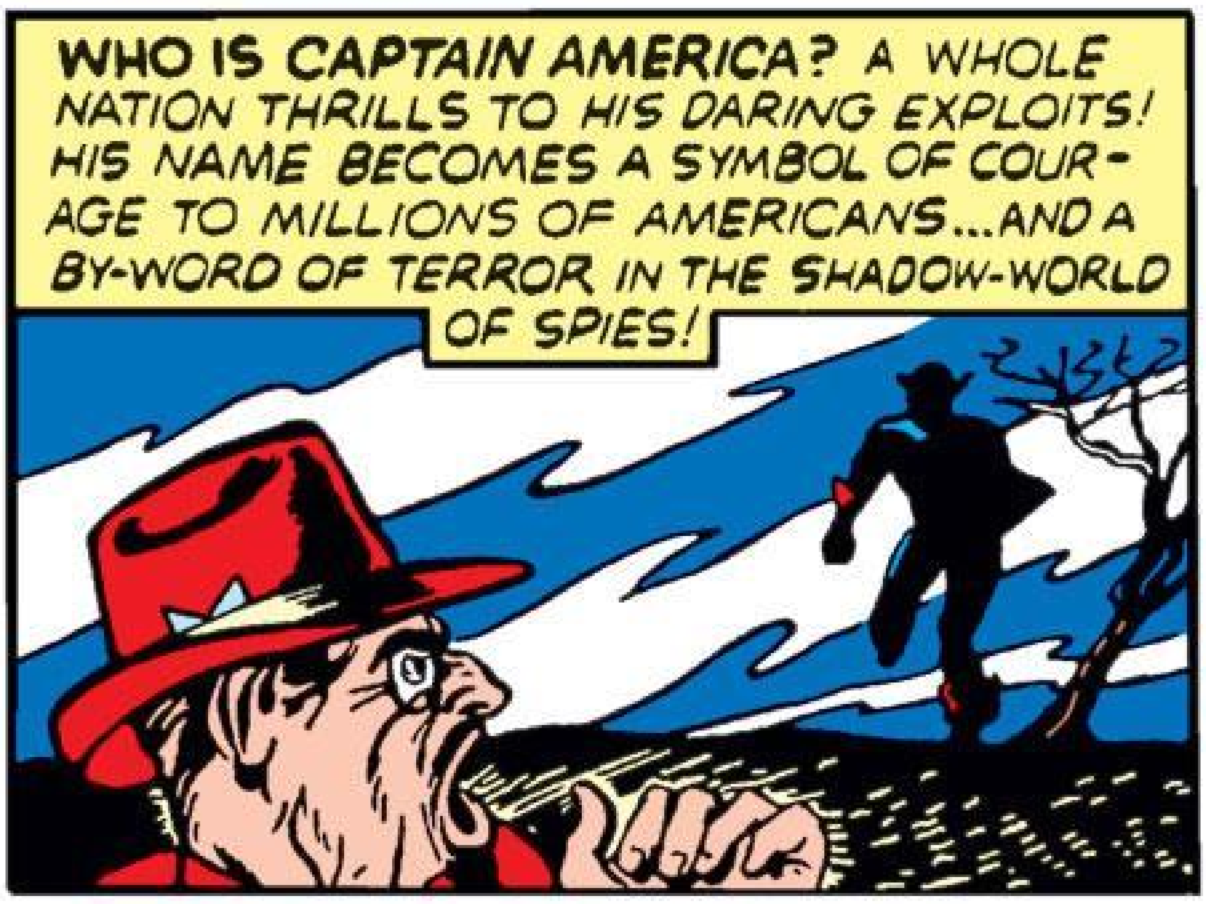

OBSERVE THIS YOUNG MAN CLOSELY...TODAY HE VOLUNTEERED FOR ARMY SERVICE, AND WAS REFUSED BECAUSE OF HIS UNFIT CONDITION! HIS CHANCE TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY SEEMED GONE!
LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE THAT THE SERUM COURSING THROUGH HIS BLOOD IS RAPIDLY BUILDING HIS BODY AND BRAIN TISSUES, UNTIL HIS STATURE AND INTELLIGENCE INCREASE TO AN AMAZING DEGREE!
THE PEOPLE IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM GAPE IN WONDER AT THE SCENE BEFORE THEM!
WH-WHY, LOOK...
HE...HE'S CHANGING!
IT... WORKS... ...IT... WORKS!
IT IS WORKING! THERE'S POWER SURGING THROUGH THOSE GROWING MUSCLES...MILLIONS OF CELLS FORMING AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!
BEHOLD! THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF ALL MY YEARS OF HARD WORK! THE FIRST OF A CORPS OF SUPER-AGENTS WHOSE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL ABILITY WILL MAKE THEM A TERROR TO SPIES AND SABOTEURS!
WE SHALL CALL YOU CAPTAIN AMERICA, SON! BECAUSE, LIKE YOU-- AMERICA SHALL GAIN THE STRENGTH AND THE WILL TO SAFEGUARD OUR SHORES!
but THE HAND OF DEMOCRACY'S ENEMY REACHES DEEP INTO THE RANKS OF AMERICA'S HIGH OFFICIALS...ONE OF THE ARMY MEN WITNESSING THE DEMONSTRATION IS IN THE PAY OF HITLER'S GESTAPO!
I'M AFRAID THIS IS ONE EXPERIMENT THAT MUST NEVER REACH ITS FINAL TEST!

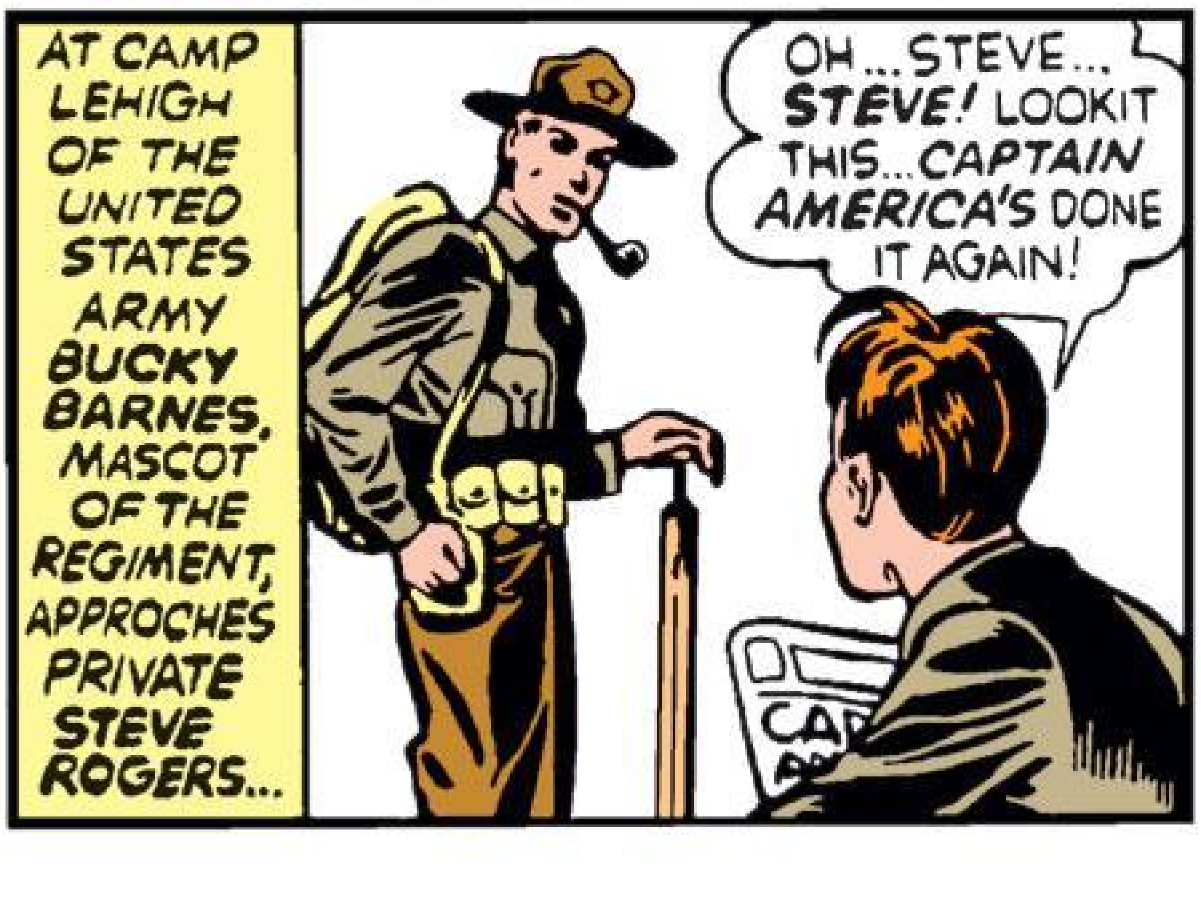

DEATH TO THE DOGS OF DEMOCRACY!
UGH!
PROFESSOR REINSTEIN! **WHAT--**
BAM!
THE SPY'S MUFFLED GUN SPEAKS AGAIN BEFORE THE GROUP CAN RECOVER FROM ITS SURPRISE--THE VIAL CONTAINING THE VALUABLE SERUM SHATTERS INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!
CRASH!
HIS TREACHERY DISCOVERED--THE SPY TURNS HIS FIRE ON THE INFURIATED GROUP IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM--
LOOK OUT, MISTER GROVER!
BANG!
SUDDENLY THE ENEMY AGENT'S EYES WIDEN IN HORROR AS A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE IN THE FORM OF **CAPTAIN AMERICA** LEAPS TOWARD HIM!
COME ON OUT, YOU **SKUNK!**
SOC!
WHAM!

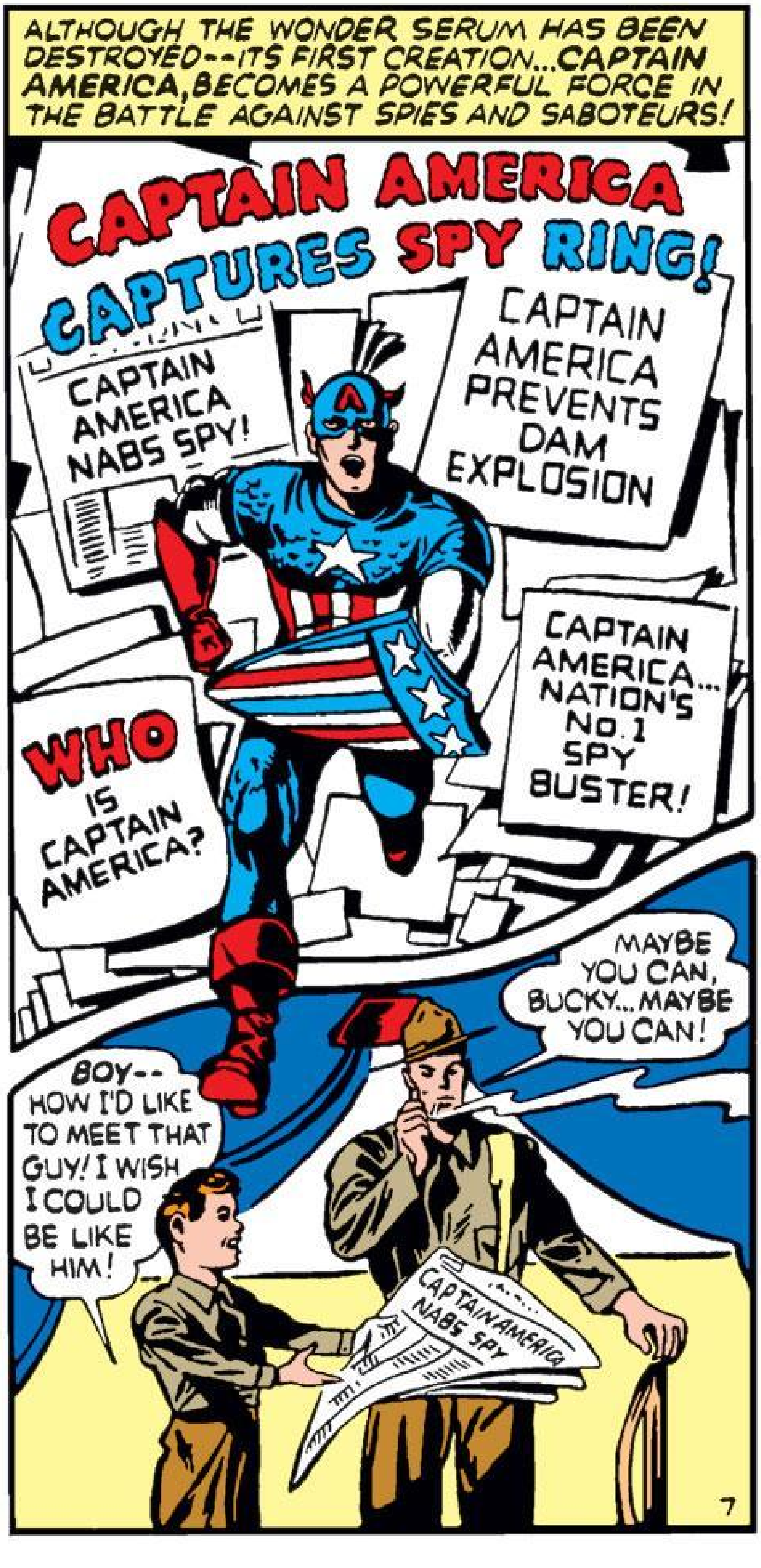

HALF-CRAZED WITH FEAR AND PAIN-- THE SPY STUMBLES INTO THE LABORATORY EQUIPMENT IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE TERRIFIC BEATING!

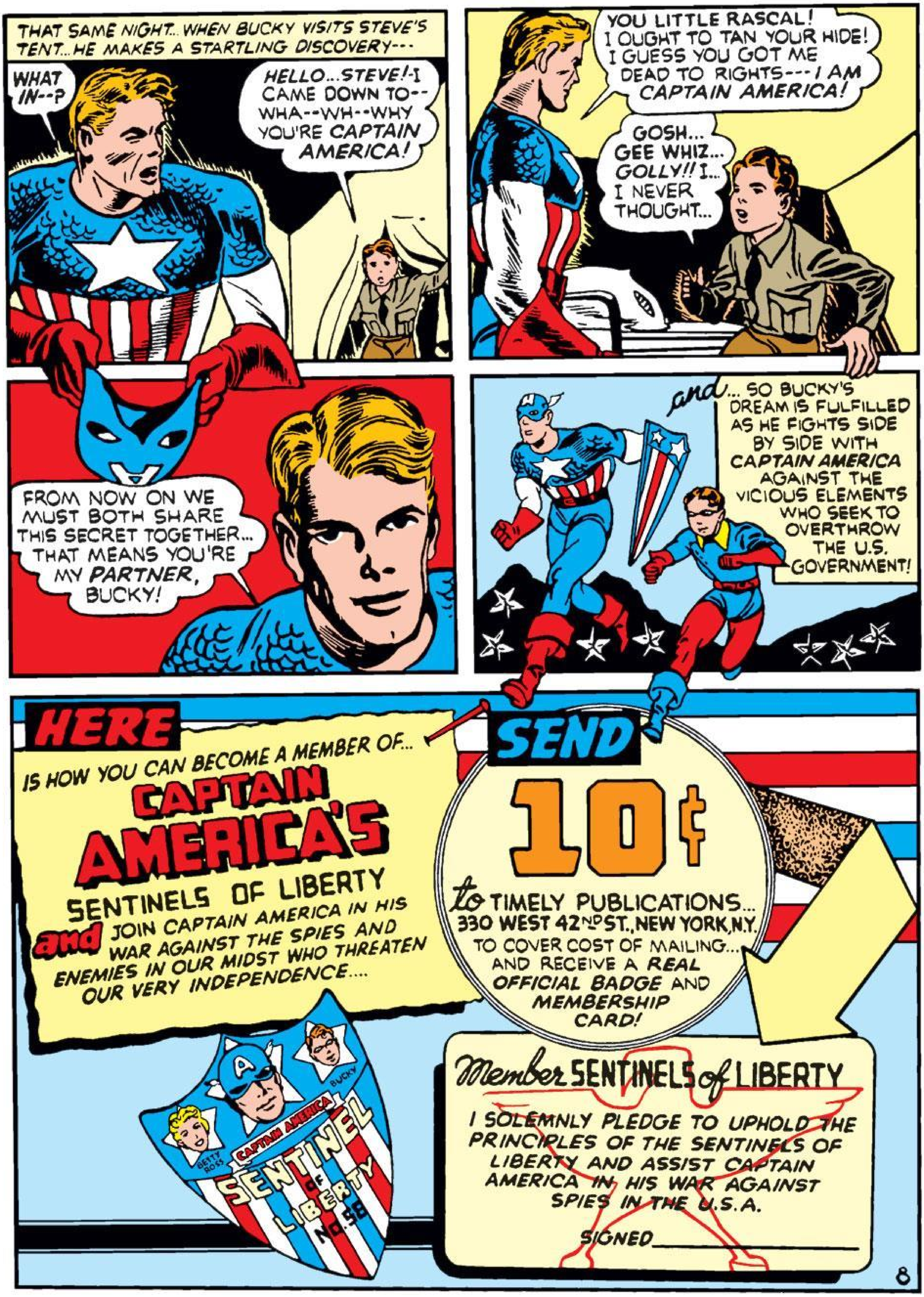

HE BECOMES ENMESHED IN POWERFUL COILS OF WIRE WHICH, LIKE BANDS OF DEATH...CAUSE A MILLION VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY TO BURN OUT HIS LIFE!

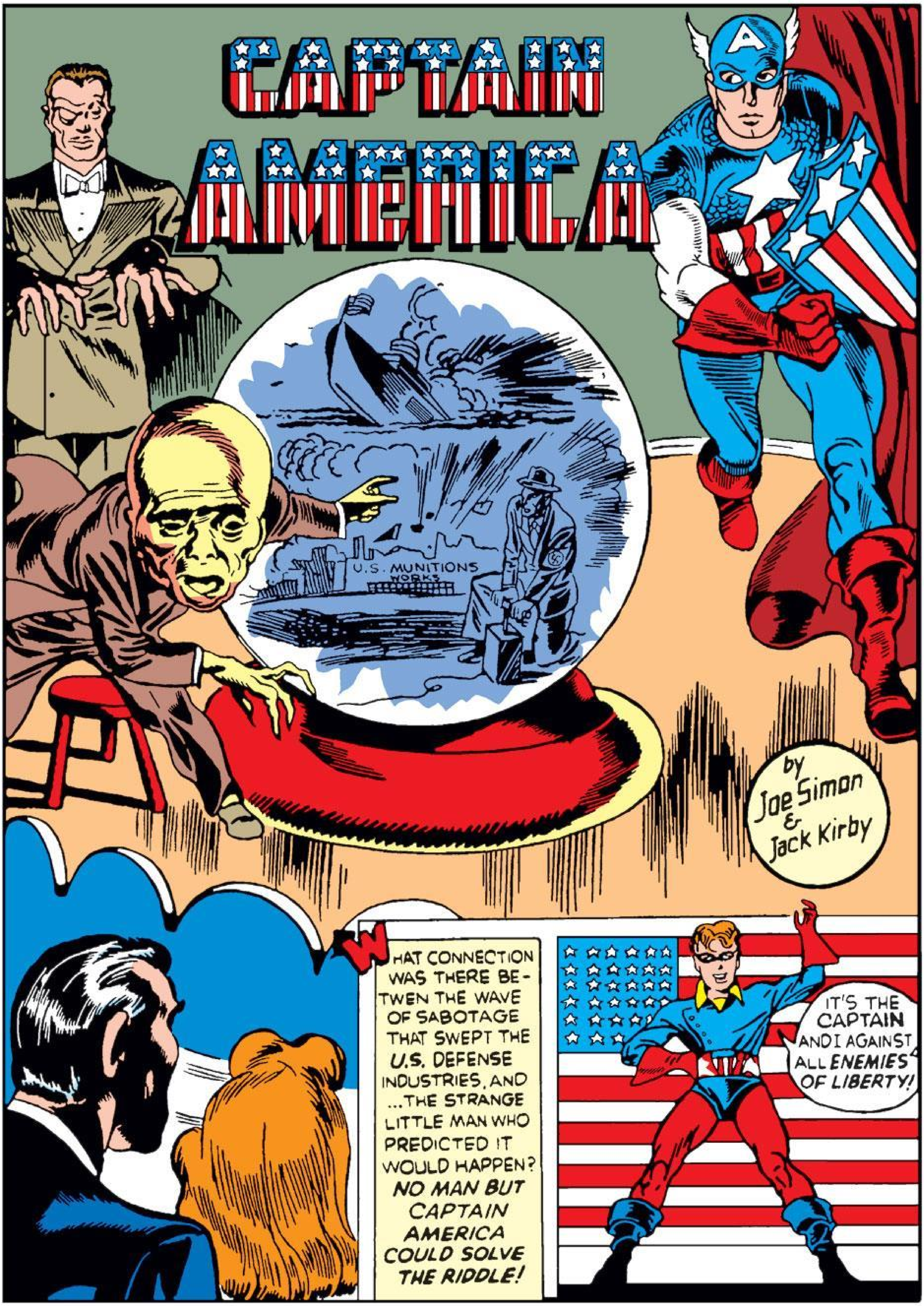

NOTHING LEFT OF HIM BUT CHARRED ASHES... A FATE HE WELL DESERVED!

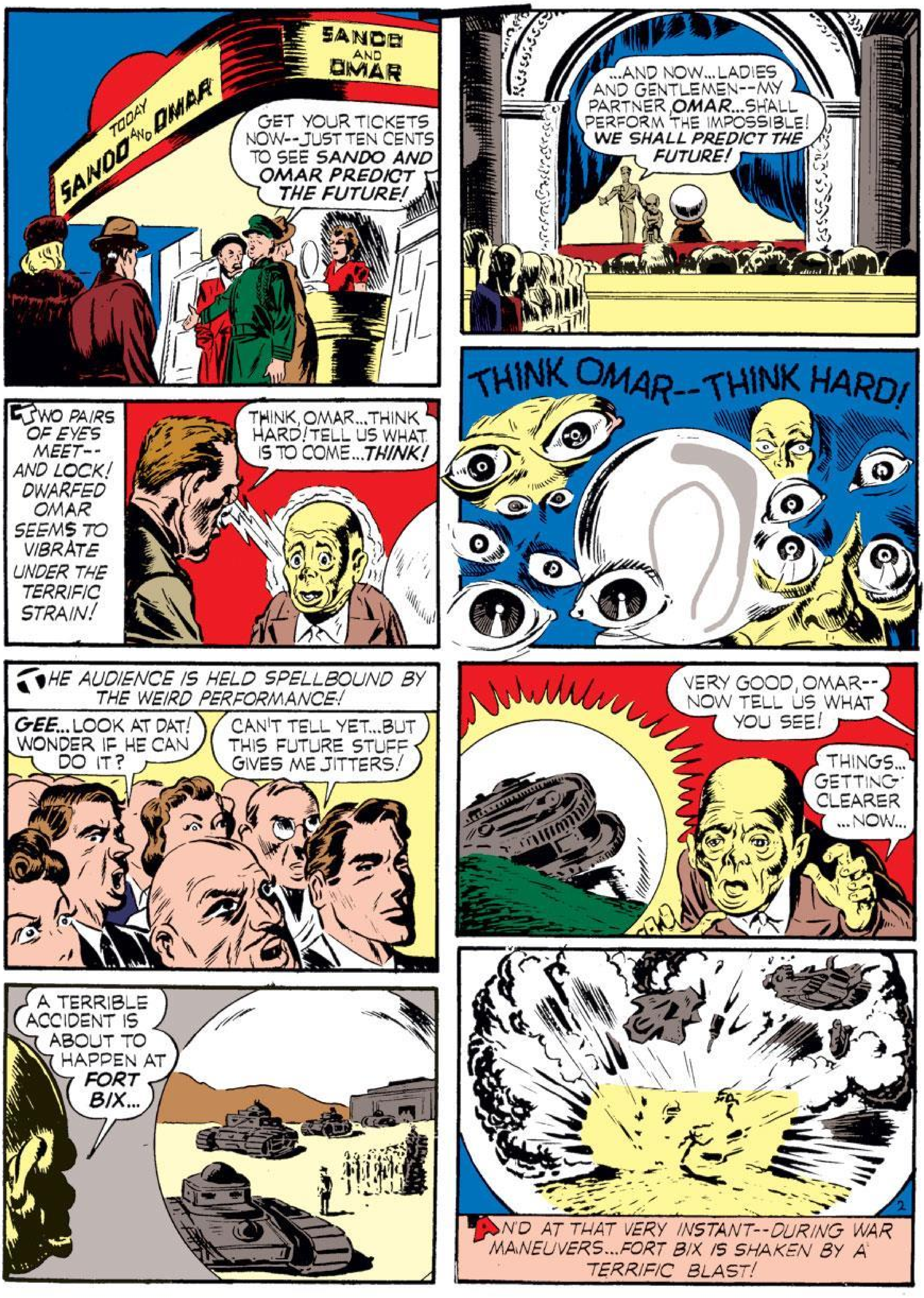

WHO IS CAPTAIN AMERICA? A WHOLE NATION THRILLS TO HIS DARING EXPLOITS! HIS NAME BECOMES A SYMBOL OF COURAGE TO MILLIONS OF AMERICANS...AND A BY-WORD OF TERROR IN THE SHADOW-WORLD OF SPIES!

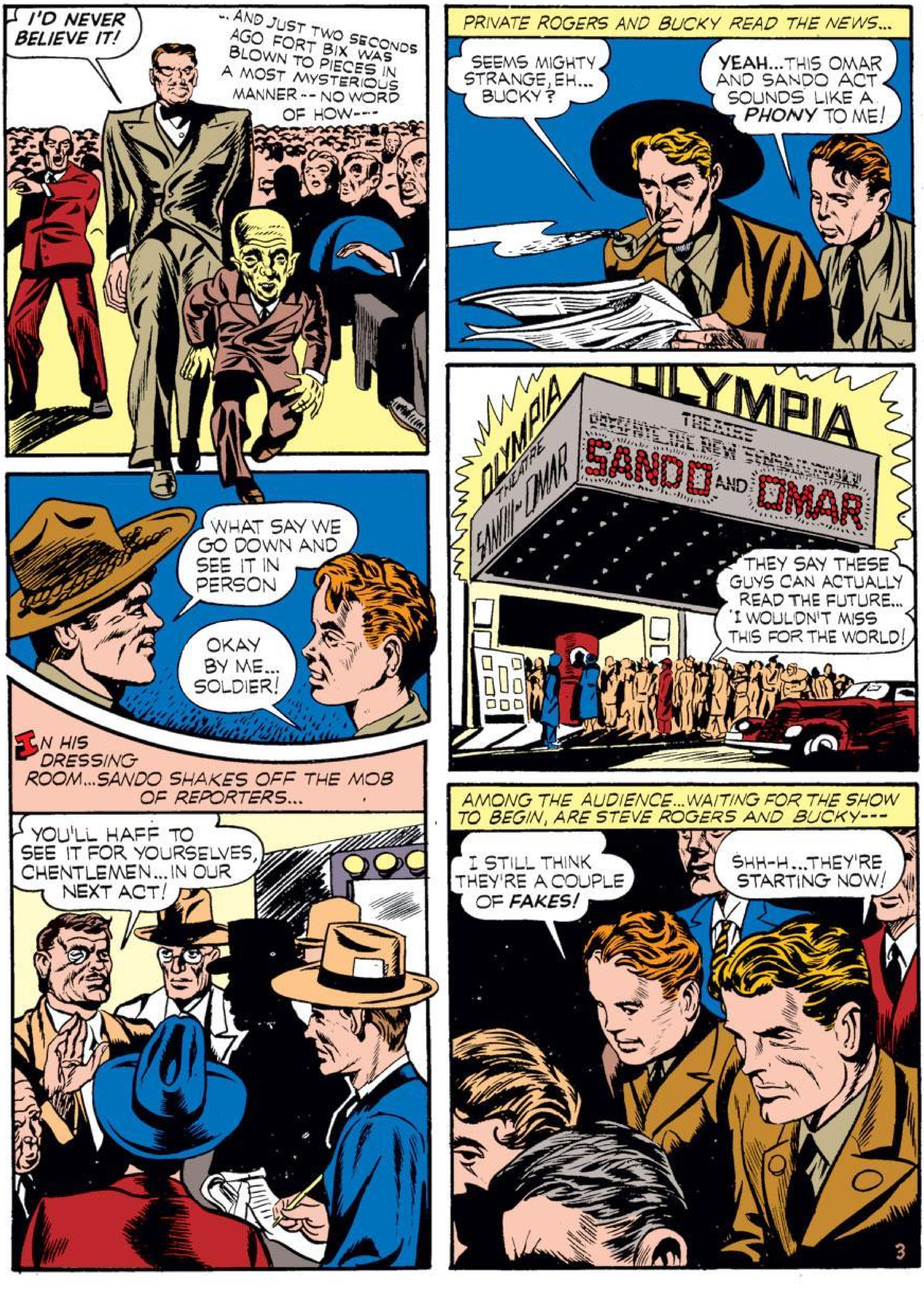

AT CAMP LEHIGH OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY BUCKY BARNES, MASCOT OF THE REGIMENT, APPROCHES PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS...
OH... STEVE... STEVE! LOOKIT THIS... CAPTAIN AMERICA'S DONE IT AGAIN!

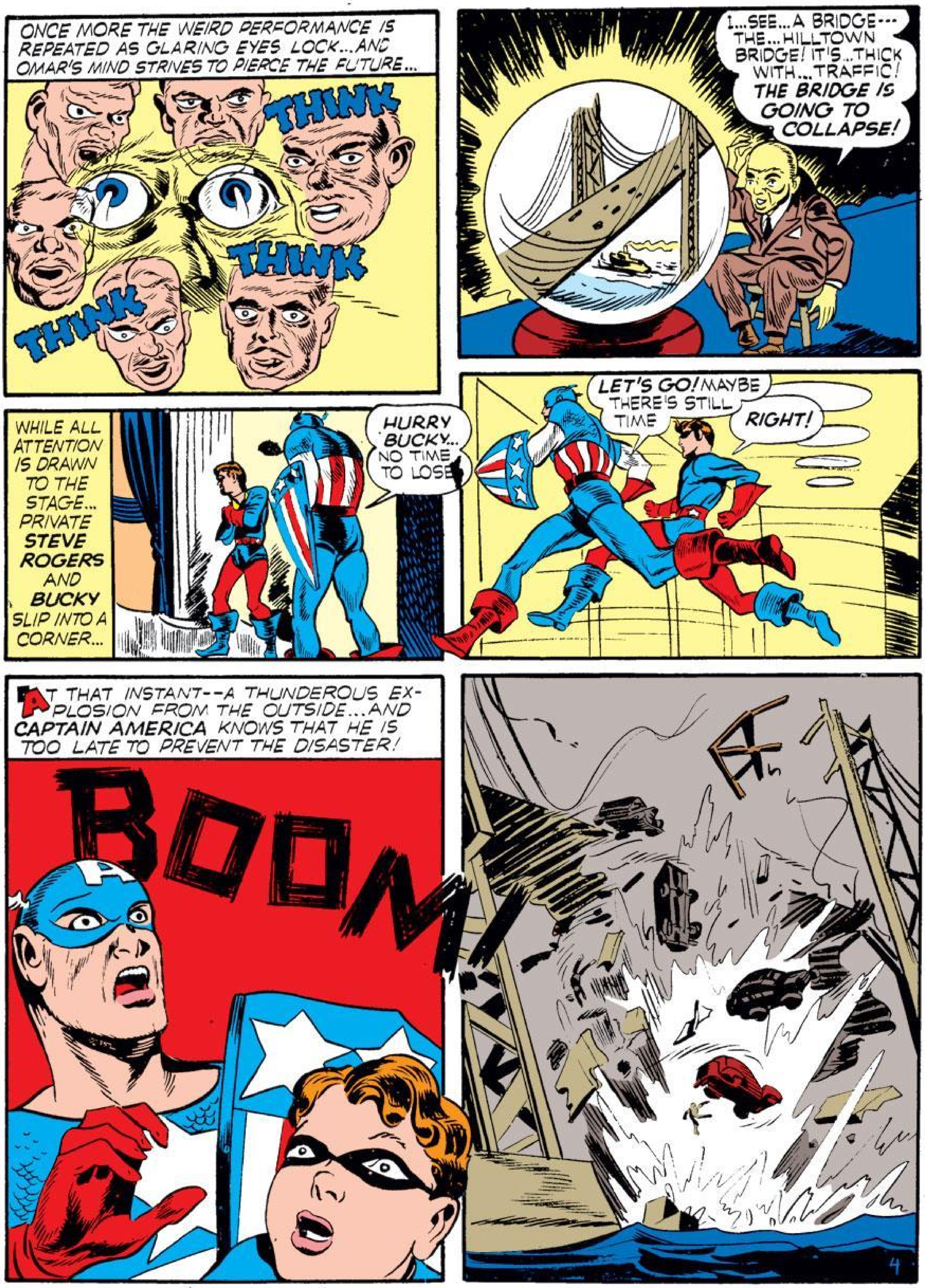

ALTHOUGH THE WONDER SERUM HAS BEEN DESTROYED--ITS FIRST CREATION...CAPTAIN AMERICA, BECOMES A POWERFUL FORCE IN THE BATTLE AGAINST SPIES AND SABOTEURS!
CAPTAIN AMERICA CAPTURES SPY RING!
CAPTAIN AMERICA NABS SPY!
CAPTAIN AMERICA PREVENTS DAM EXPLOSION
WHO IS CAPTAIN AMERICA?
CAPTAIN AMERICA... NATION'S No.1 SPY BUSTER!
MAYBE YOU CAN, BUCKY... MAYBE YOU CAN!
BOY-- HOW I'D LIKE TO MEET THAT GUY! I WISH I COULD BE LIKE HIM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA NABS SPY

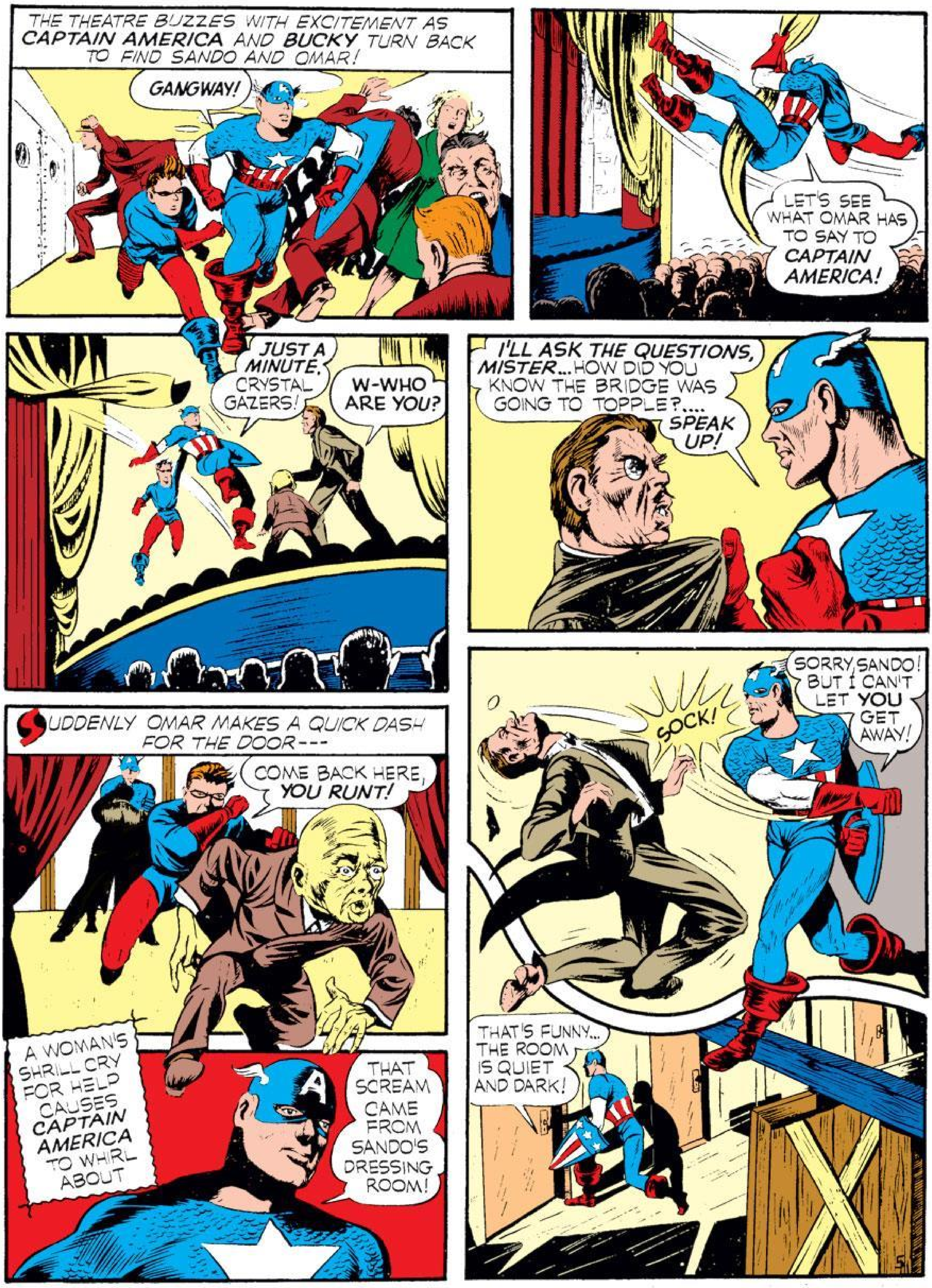

THAT SAME NIGHT... WHEN BUCKY VISITS STEVE'S TENT... HE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY---
WHAT IN--?
HELLO... STEVE!-I CAME DOWN TO-- WHA--WH--WHY YOU'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YOU LITTLE RASCAL! I OUGHT TO TAN YOUR HIDE! I GUESS YOU GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS--- I AM CAPTAIN AMERICA!
GOSH... GEE WHIZ... GOLLY!! I... I NEVER THOUGHT...
FROM NOW ON WE MUST BOTH SHARE THIS SECRET TOGETHER... THAT MEANS YOU'RE MY PARTNER, BUCKY!
and... SO BUCKY'S DREAM IS FULFILLED AS HE FIGHTS SIDE BY SIDE WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAINST THE VICIOUS ELEMENTS WHO SEEK TO OVERTHROW THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!
HERE IS HOW YOU CAN BECOME A MEMBER OF... CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY and JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA IN HIS WAR AGAINST THE SPIES AND ENEMIES IN OUR MIDST WHO THREATEN OUR VERY INDEPENDENCE....
SEND 10¢ to TIMELY PUBLICATIONS... 330 WEST 42ND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. TO COVER COST OF MAILING... AND RECEIVE A REAL OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD!
A
BUCKY
BETTY ROSS
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SENTINEL OF LIBERTY NO. 58
Member SENTINELS of LIBERTY
I SOLEMNLY PLEDGE TO UPHOLD THE PRINCIPLES OF THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AND ASSIST CAPTAIN AMERICA IN HIS WAR AGAINST SPIES IN THE U.S.A.
SIGNED________________

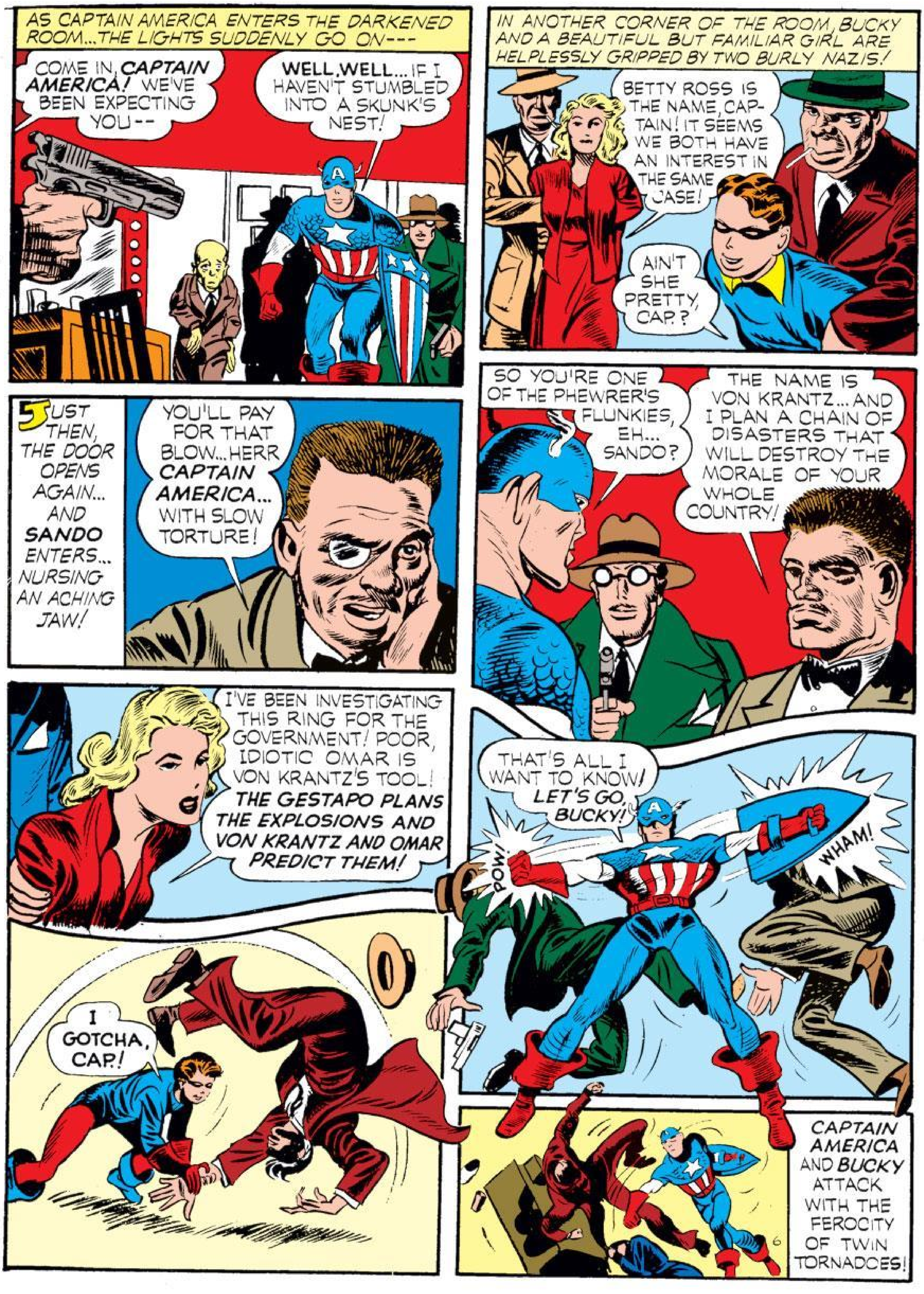

CAPTAIN AMERICA
U.S. MUNITIONS WORKS
by Joe Simon & Jack Kirby
WHAT CONNECTION WAS THERE BETWEN THE WAVE OF SABOTAGE THAT SWEPT THE *U.S.* DEFENSE INDUSTRIES, AND ...THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN WHO PREDICTED IT WOULD HAPPEN? ***NO MAN BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA COULD SOLVE THE RIDDLE!***
IT'S THE **CAPTAIN** AND I AGAINST ALL ***ENEMIES OF LIBERTY!***

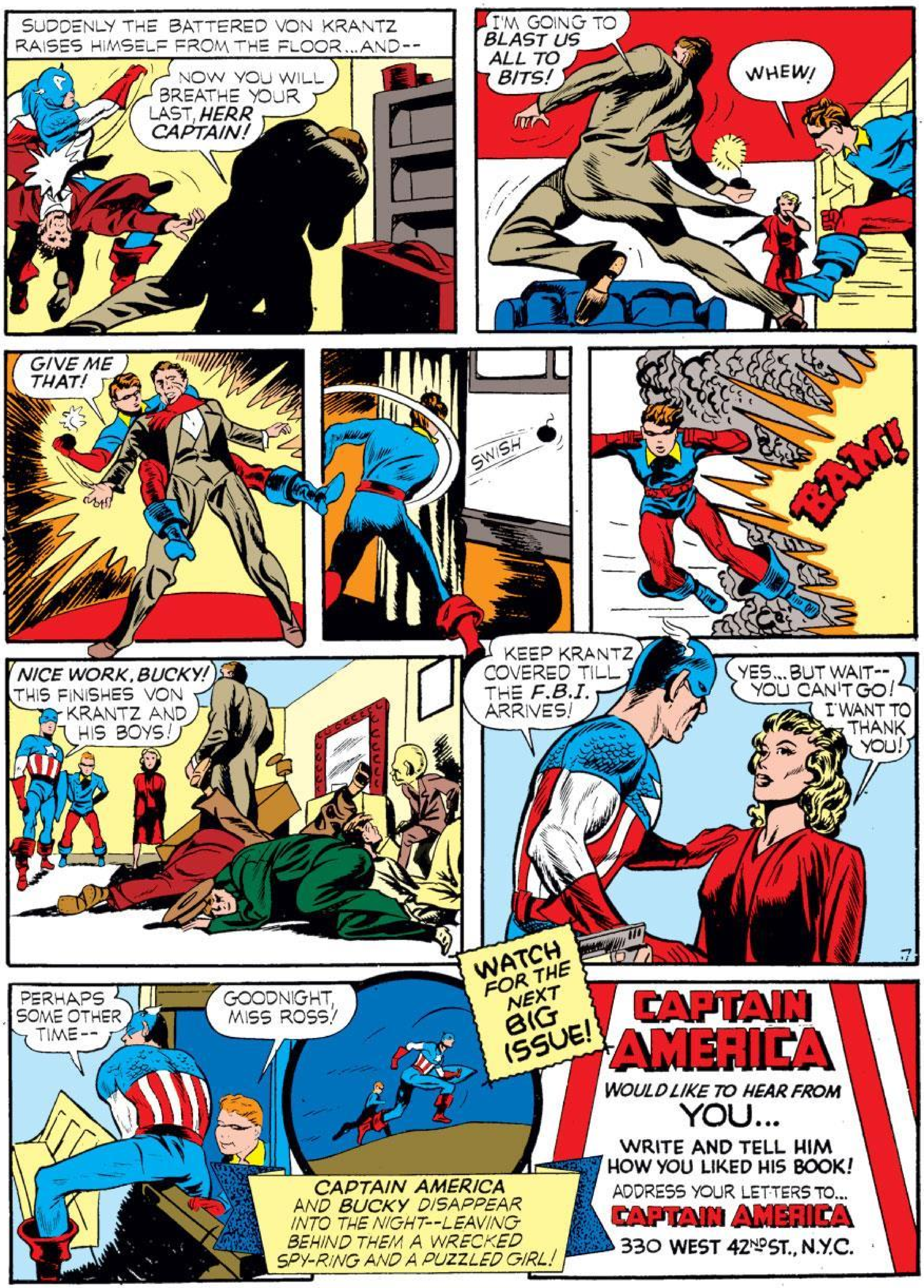

TODAY SANDO AND OMAR
SANDO AND OMAR
GET YOUR TICKETS NOW--JUST TEN CENTS TO SEE SANDO AND OMAR PREDICT THE FUTURE!
...AND NOW...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--MY PARTNER OMAR...SHALL PERFORM THE IMPOSSIBLE! WE SHALL PREDICT THE FUTURE!
TWO PAIRS OF EYES MEET--AND LOCK! DWARFED OMAR SEEMS TO VIBRATE UNDER THE TERRIFIC STRAIN!
THINK, OMAR...THINK HARD! TELL US WHAT IS TO COME...THINK!
THINK OMAR--THINK HARD!
THE AUDIENCE IS HELD SPELLBOUND BY THE WEIRD PERFORMANCE!
GEE...LOOK AT DAT! WONDER IF HE CAN DO IT?
CAN'T TELL YET...BUT THIS FUTURE STUFF GIVES ME JITTERS!
VERY GOOD, OMAR--NOW TELL US WHAT YOU SEE!
THINGS...GETTING CLEARER ...NOW...
A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN AT FORT BIX...
AN'D AT THAT VERY INSTANT--DURING WAR MANEUVERS...FORT BIX IS SHAKEN BY A TERRIFIC BLAST!


I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT!
..AND JUST TWO SECONDS AGO FORT BIX WAS BLOWN TO PIECES IN A MOST MYSTERIOUS MANNER -- NO WORD OF HOW---
PRIVATE ROGERS AND BUCKY READ THE NEWS...
SEEMS MIGHTY STRANGE, EH... BUCKY?
YEAH... THIS OMAR AND SANDO ACT SOUNDS LIKE A PHONY TO ME!
WHAT SAY WE GO DOWN AND SEE IT IN PERSON
OKAY BY ME... SOLDIER!
OLYMPIA
OLYMPIA THEATRE
THEATRE
SANDO AND OMAR
THEY SAY THESE GUYS CAN ACTUALLY READ THE FUTURE... I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR THE WORLD!
IN HIS DRESSING ROOM...SANDO SHAKES OFF THE MOB OF REPORTERS...
YOU'LL HAFF TO SEE IT FOR YOURSELVES, CHENTLEMEN... IN OUR NEXT ACT!
AMONG THE AUDIENCE...WAITING FOR THE SHOW TO BEGIN, ARE STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY---
I STILL THINK THEY'RE A COUPLE OF FAKES!
SHH-H...THEY'RE STARTING NOW!


ONCE MORE THE WEIRD PERFORMANCE IS REPEATED AS GLARING EYES LOCK...AND OMAR'S MIND STRIVES TO PIERCE THE FUTURE...
THINK
THINK
THINK
I...SEE...A BRIDGE--- THE...HILLTOWN BRIDGE! IT'S...THICK WITH...TRAFFIC! **THE BRIDGE IS GOING TO COLLAPSE!**
WHILE ALL ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE STAGE... PRIVATE **STEVE ROGERS** AND **BUCKY** SLIP INTO A CORNER...
HURRY BUCKY... NO TIME TO LOSE
LET'S GO! MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME
RIGHT!
AT THAT INSTANT--A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION FROM THE OUTSIDE...AND **CAPTAIN AMERICA** KNOWS THAT HE IS TOO LATE TO PREVENT THE DISASTER!
BOOM!

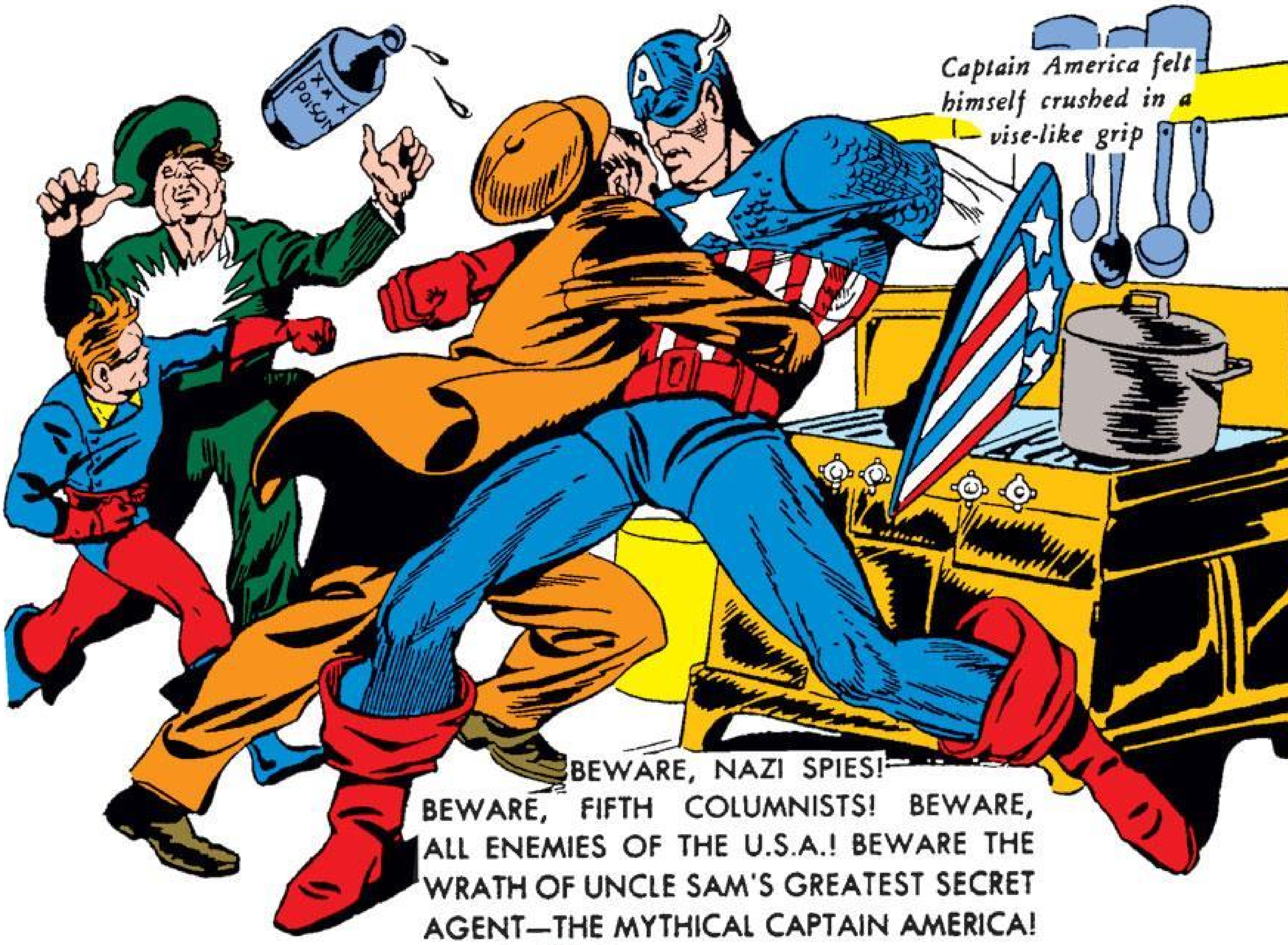

THE THEATRE BUZZES WITH EXCITEMENT AS **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY** TURN BACK TO FIND SANDO AND OMAR!
GANGWAY!
LET'S SEE WHAT OMAR HAS TO SAY TO **CAPTAIN AMERICA!**
JUST A MINUTE, CRYSTAL GAZERS!
W-WHO ARE YOU?
I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, MISTER... HOW DID YOU KNOW THE BRIDGE WAS GOING TO TOPPLE?.... SPEAK UP!
SUDDENLY OMAR MAKES A QUICK DASH FOR THE DOOR---
COME BACK HERE, YOU RUNT!
SOCK!
SORRY, SANDO! BUT I CAN'T LET **YOU** GET AWAY!
A WOMAN'S SHRILL CRY FOR HELP CAUSES **CAPTAIN AMERICA** TO WHIRL ABOUT
THAT SCREAM CAME FROM SANDO'S DRESSING ROOM!
THAT'S FUNNY... THE ROOM IS QUIET AND DARK!
5


AS CAPTAIN AMERICA ENTERS THE DARKENED ROOM...THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO ON---
COME IN, CAPTAIN AMERICA! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU--
WELL, WELL...IF I HAVEN'T STUMBLED INTO A SKUNK'S NEST!
IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE ROOM, BUCKY AND A BEAUTIFUL BUT FAMILIAR GIRL ARE HELPLESSLY GRIPPED BY TWO BURLY NAZIS!
BETTY ROSS IS THE NAME, CAPTAIN! IT SEEMS WE BOTH HAVE AN INTEREST IN THE SAME CASE!
AIN'T SHE PRETTY, CAP.?
JUST THEN, THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN... AND SANDO ENTERS... NURSING AN ACHING JAW!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT BLOW...HERR CAPTAIN AMERICA... WITH SLOW TORTURE!
SO YOU'RE ONE OF THE PHEWRER'S FLUNKIES, EH... SANDO?
THE NAME IS VON KRANTZ... AND I PLAN A CHAIN OF DISASTERS THAT WILL DESTROY THE MORALE OF YOUR WHOLE COUNTRY!
I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING THIS RING FOR THE GOVERNMENT! POOR, IDIOTIC OMAR IS VON KRANTZ'S TOOL! THE GESTAPO PLANS THE EXPLOSIONS AND VON KRANTZ AND OMAR PREDICT THEM!
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! LET'S GO, BUCKY!
POW!
WHAM!
I GOTCHA, CAP.!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ATTACK WITH THE FEROCITY OF TWIN TORNADOES!


SUDDENLY THE BATTERED VON KRANTZ RAISES HIMSELF FROM THE FLOOR...AND--
NOW YOU WILL BREATHE YOUR LAST, *HERR CAPTAIN!*
I'M GOING TO *BLAST US ALL TO BITS!*
WHEW!
GIVE ME THAT!
SWISH
BAM!
NICE WORK, BUCKY! THIS FINISHES VON KRANTZ AND HIS BOYS!
KEEP KRANTZ COVERED TILL THE *F.B.I.* ARRIVES!
YES...BUT WAIT-- YOU CAN'T GO! I WANT TO THANK YOU!
PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME--
GOODNIGHT, MISS ROSS!
WATCH FOR THE NEXT BIG ISSUE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT--LEAVING BEHIND THEM A WRECKED SPY-RING AND A PUZZLED GIRL!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM
YOU...
WRITE AND TELL HIM
HOW YOU LIKED HIS BOOK!
ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO...
CAPTAIN AMERICA
330 WEST 42ND ST., N.Y.C.


Captain America felt himself crushed in a vise-like grip
XXX POISON

BEWARE, NAZI SPIES! BEWARE, FIFTH COLUMNISTS! BEWARE, ALL ENEMIES OF THE U.S.A.! BEWARE THE WRATH OF UNCLE SAM'S GREATEST SECRET AGENT—THE MYTHICAL CAPTAIN AMERICA!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

and the SOLDIERS' SOUP

THE COLD, stark rays of an autumn moon gleamed down on the great tent city. Uncle Sam's selective service boys were asleep. Sharp deep shadows fell everywhere. An eerie, unreal quiet hung over the white mounds like a ghastly foreboding of terrible things to come.

Private Rogers stirred uneasily in his cot. His hand mechanically slid over the bed next to him—he was reassured—his young admirer, Bucky lay there, sound asleep. The soldier turned noiselessly on his cot, smilingly remembering that Bucky was there because a kind hearted Colonel of an indulgent government just could not let such devotion as Bucky's go unrewarded.

With a start, Rogers sat bolt upright. He knew now why he had awakened. He missed the steady tread of the sentry. He listened—his every nerve tensed like a well strung tennis racket. No sound came to him: only the steady breathing of his boy pal. Convinced that there was some mischief afoot, he leaped from his cot.

Behind a clump of bushes, almost completely hidden by the inky shadows, Rogers' eagle-sharp eye came upon the slumped body of the sentry—dead. He straightened up to his full six feet three, a defiance blazing in his deep blue eyes, that swore an undying vengeance for the murder of his fallen comrade. He disappeared into his tent. In the twinkling of an eye, another emerged—it was the mythical CAPTAIN AMERICA. He whose deeds were the toast of the army, from the office of the secretary of War to the lowliest outpost in the steaming jungle of the far off Philippines. He stood for a moment, framed against the white of the tent, a resplendent figure in tight fitting suit of old glory, the nervous ripple of his tremendously powerful muscles plainly visible under their RED WHITE AND BLUE covering.

Two shadowy figures were sneaking along the great cook house, among giant cook pots that looked like monster kettle drums at attention.

"Ya conked dat sentry guy too hard," whispered Slinky, squinting his one eye hard at his partner. "You didn't have to ki—"

"Freeze up dat chatter," nervously interrupted The Crusher. "If I croaked him, so what? When we gets dis soup flavored up, dere'll be plenty guys dat'll join him." He gurgled a half laugh and continued; "Dat's what soldiers is for, aint dey—to die!

"Dis is it!" announced Crusher, as he swung back the oversized lid of one of the giant pots, and played the rays of his pencil flash on the gray-brown, thickish liquid within.

"Soup, says de Baron," he chuckled, "and soup it is." He unscrewed the cap from a small bottle, held it over the kettle, but hesitated. As though pronouncing a benediction, he leered; "As de executioner says to de guy on de hot seat, when he throws in de switch, 'Pardon me for goin' through you'."

Like a horizontal meteor, Captain America was upon him. The bottle with its death dealing fluid slithered harmlessly to the far end of the great room. With an ugly, guttural oath, The Crusher recovered from his surprise, and stealthily circled in on the Captain. His short but immensely broad, thick build did not belie his nickname. He made a quick dive at the soldier, but his powerful arms closed around thin air. The lithe, much faster man had easily eluded the clumsy lunge. In passing, the Captain laid one on the button of the gangster that should have felled an ox. But Crusher only stood there shaking his head, and swinging his long flail-like arms like a cornered, standing grizzly.

A shrill yell from Bucky, who must have followed his pal, warned Captain America just in time. He whirled—dodging, as an evil looking dirk whistled past him, its flight wind plainly audible to his super-sensitive ears. This one split second off guard was exactly what the gorilla had been hoping for.

Captain America felt himself crushed in a vise-like grip. The Crusher bent him backward—backward, fiendishly grinning into his pain wracked face the while. The soldier's breath was cut off—his lungs were bulging as though to explode—the blood pounding in his ears sounded like pistol shots. Tighter and tighter did the Crusher's embrace become. In desperation, the Captain summoned all his pent up breath into one blast, and blew it smack into the gangster's eyes. Rasping out an oath of surprise, Crusher slackened his hold the tiniest bit. Collecting all his strength for one last-ditch effort, Captain America brought up his right knee sharply, and broke away from the death hold. After that, things happened with lightning rapidity.

Slinky had a black jack poised over The Captain's head, when Bucky jumped right into the crook's face from off a table top. Both went down in a heap of thrashing arms and legs, enlivened by some choice cussing on Slinky's part. Captain America landed two long shot punches on the Crusher's jaw, and a third, smack on the button, sent that worthy representative of the underworld, into dreamland. Really fighting mad by now, the Captain hit Slinky one that nearly tore the lone eyed bird's head off.

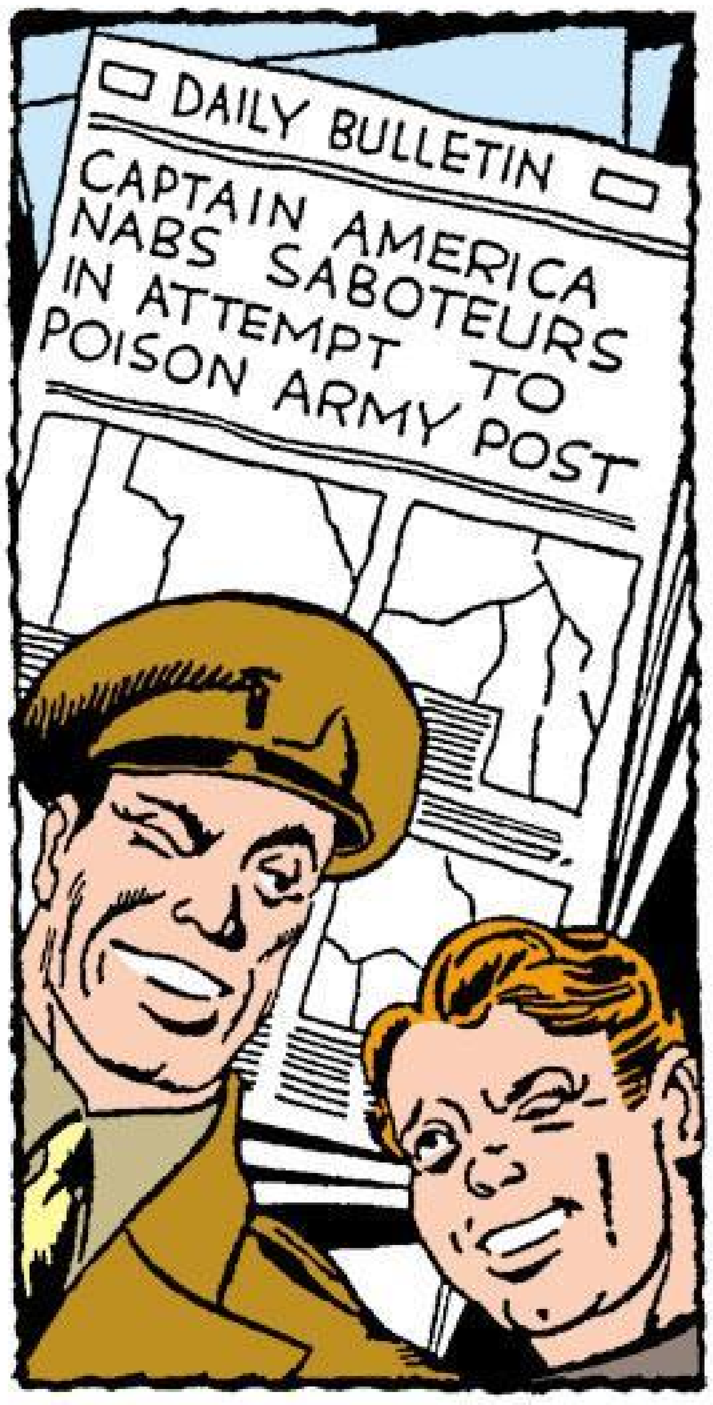
Soldiers swept pell mell into the cook house. One thought he saw the mythical suit of Captain America disappearing through a window, but his buddies advised him to change the brand.

Next morning the papers carried one headline: "SABOTEURS TRY TO POISON ENTIRE ARMY POST."

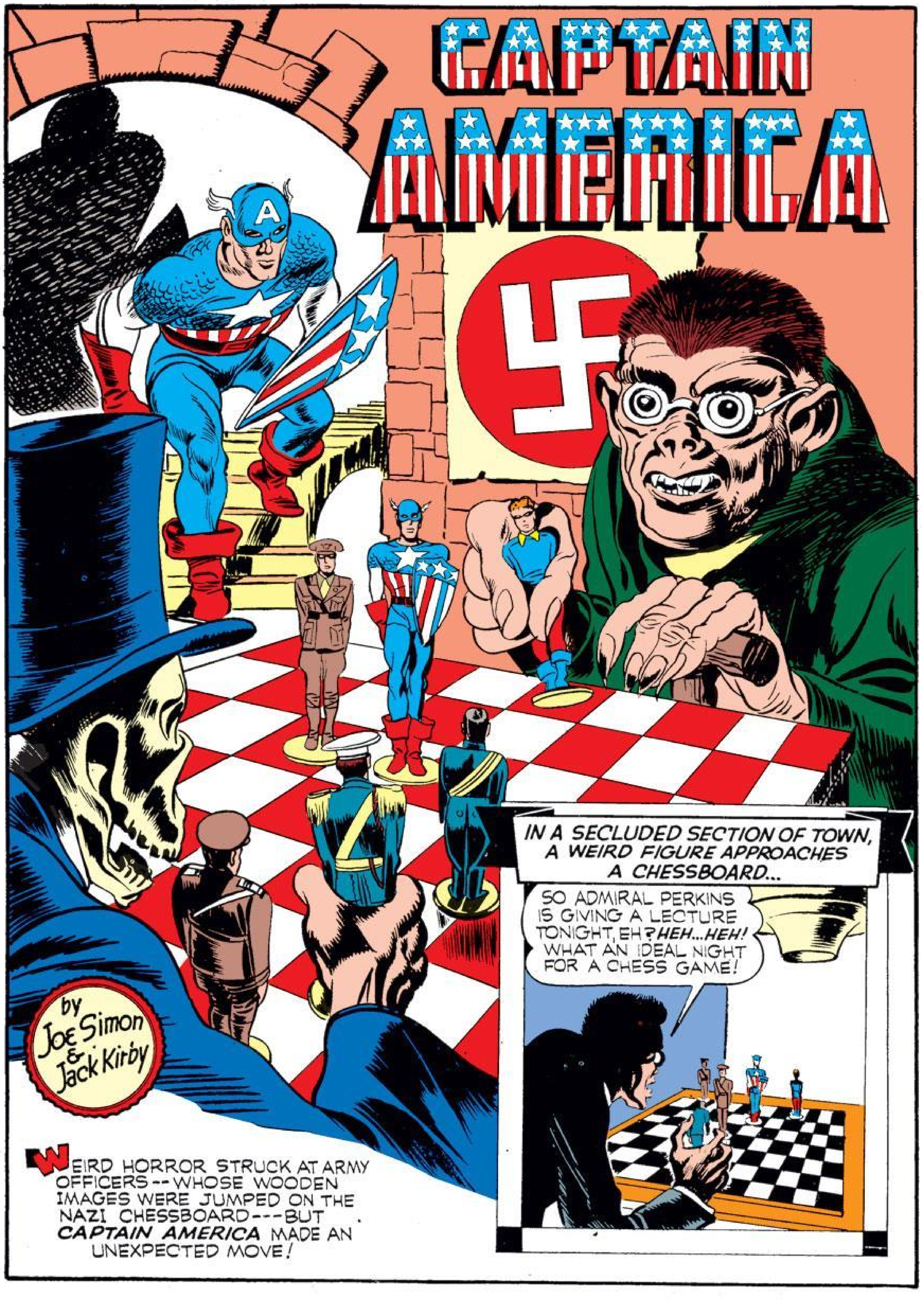
The whole post was standing at attention. The colonel was telling of the near crime of the previous night, for the sentry had not been killed, merely severely stunned. A confession had been forced from one of the two killers, and the entire gang was now under lock and key.

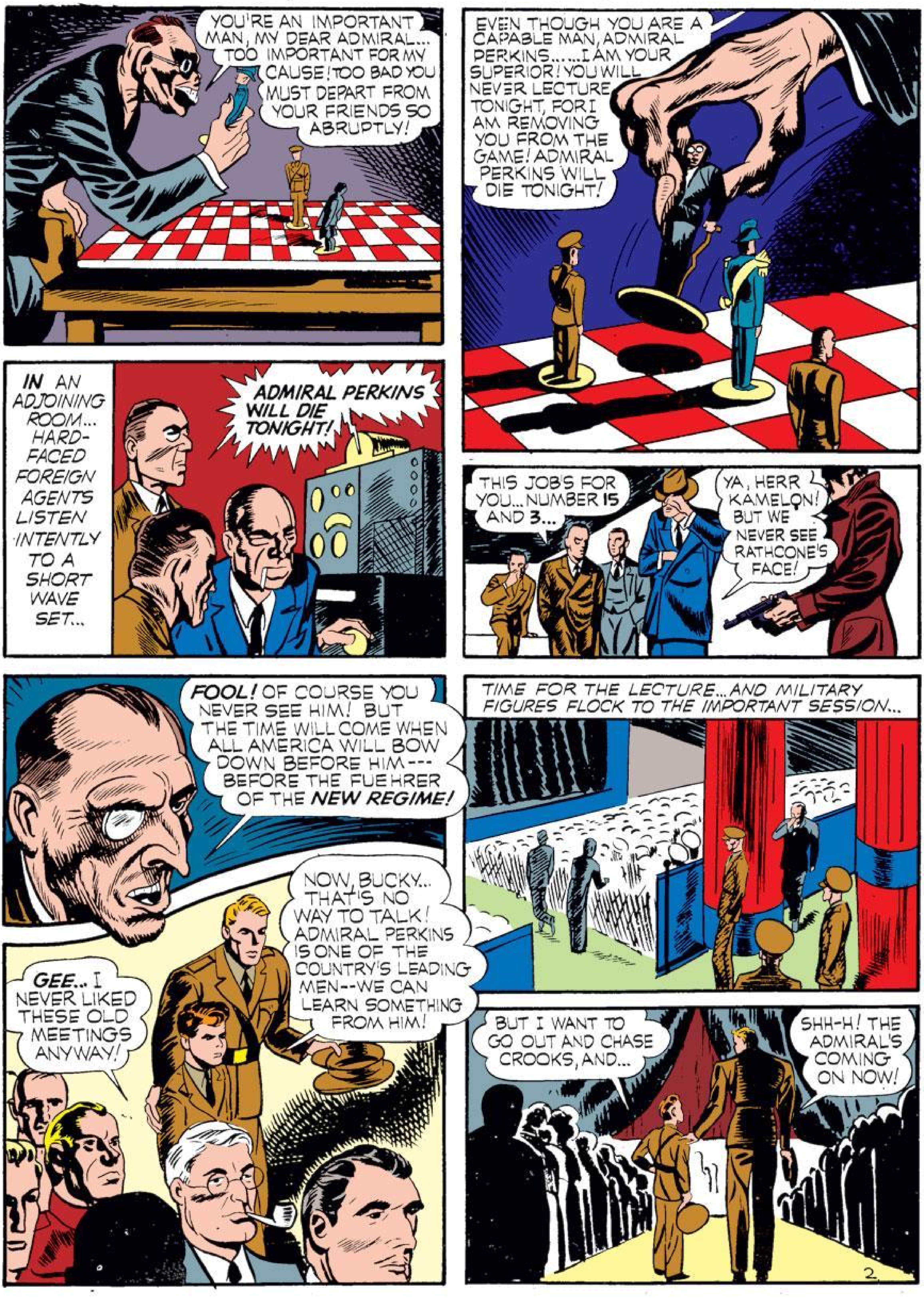
"—and to think," were the Colonel's concluding words, "That it is to the matchless bravery of Captain America that we all owe our lives. And who is this unknown hero? Who knows, he may be right here among us."

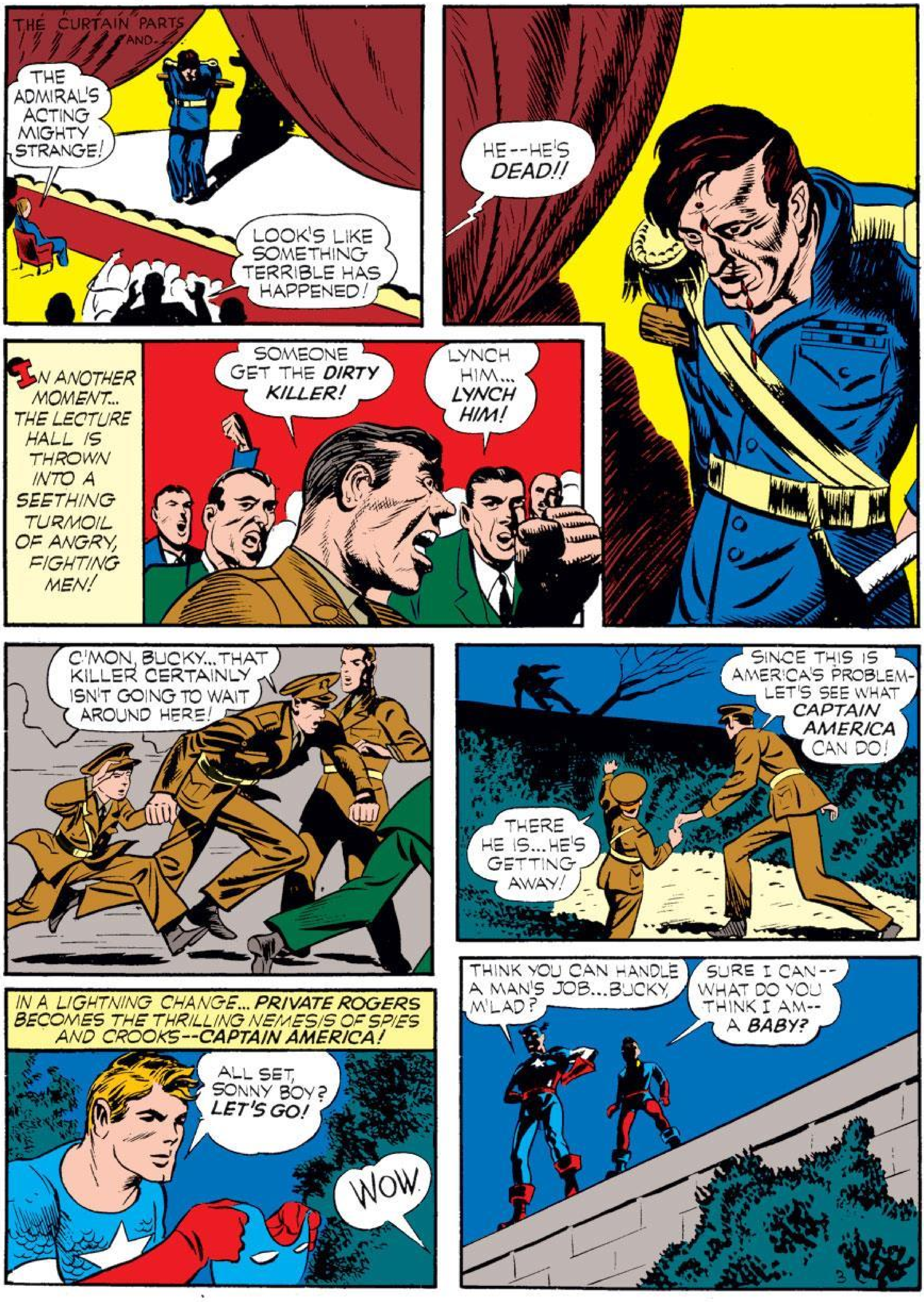
The Colonel looked sharply at Private Rogers. He could have sworn that he had seen the soldier wink at little Bucky.

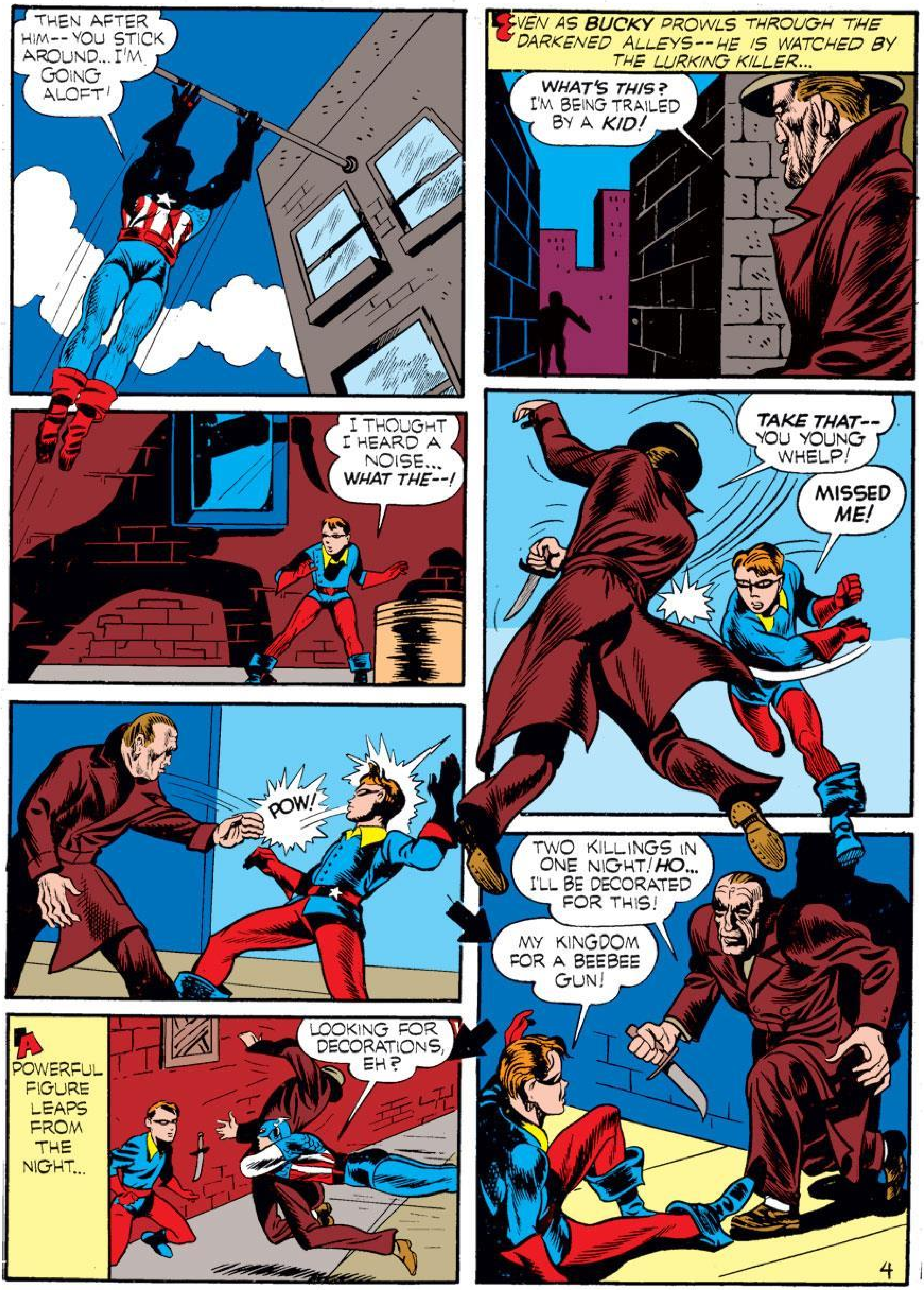

DAILY BULLETIN
CAPTAIN AMERICA NABS SABOTEURS IN ATTEMPT TO POISON ARMY POST

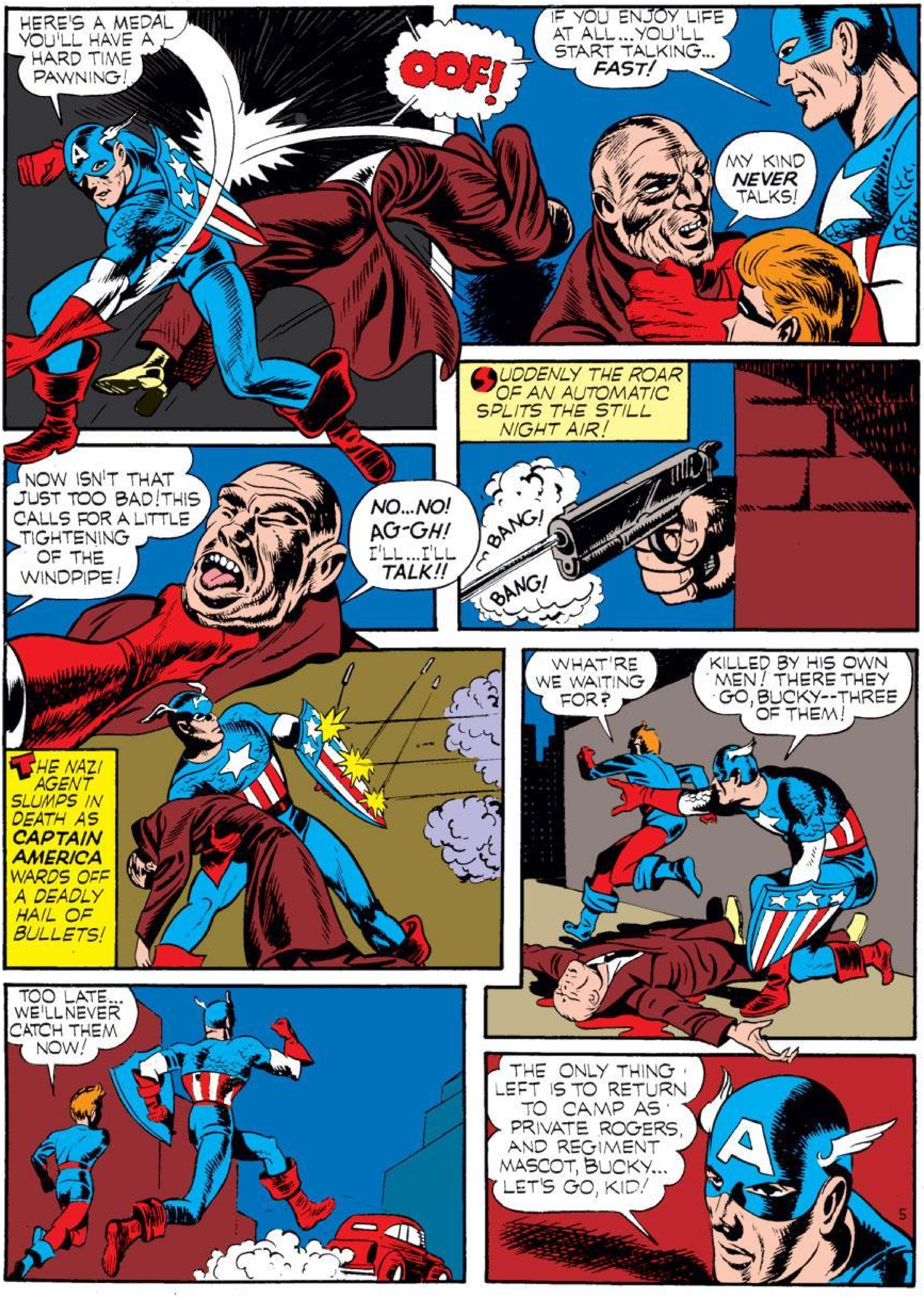
★ ★

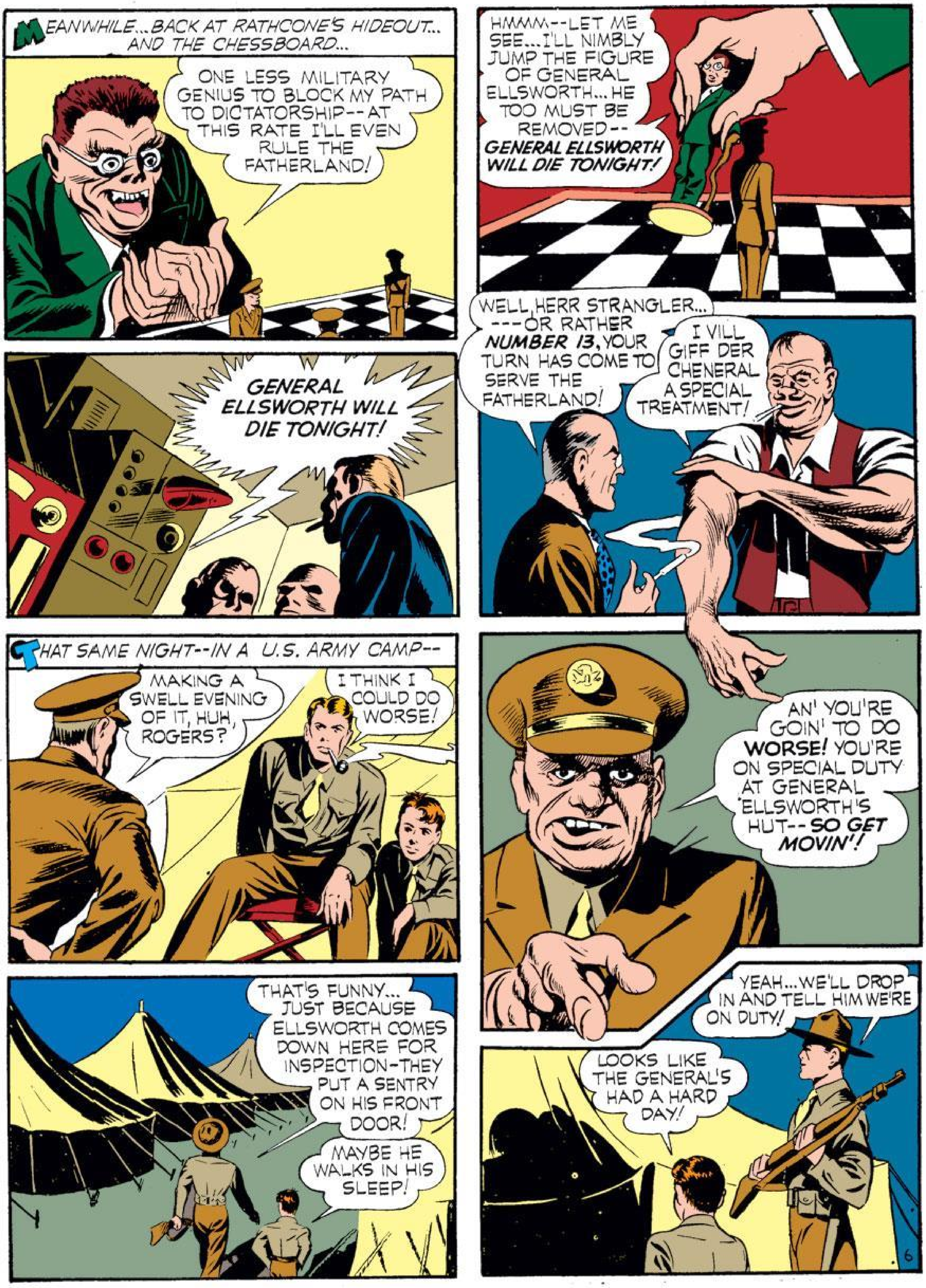

CAPTAIN AMERICA
by Joe Simon & Jack Kirby
IN A SECLUDED SECTION OF TOWN, A WEIRD FIGURE APPROACHES A CHESSBOARD...
SO ADMIRAL PERKINS IS GIVING A LECTURE TONIGHT, EH? HEH...HEH! WHAT AN IDEAL NIGHT FOR A CHESS GAME!
WEIRD HORROR STRUCK AT ARMY OFFICERS -- WHOSE WOODEN IMAGES WERE JUMPED ON THE NAZI CHESSBOARD --- BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA MADE AN UNEXPECTED MOVE!

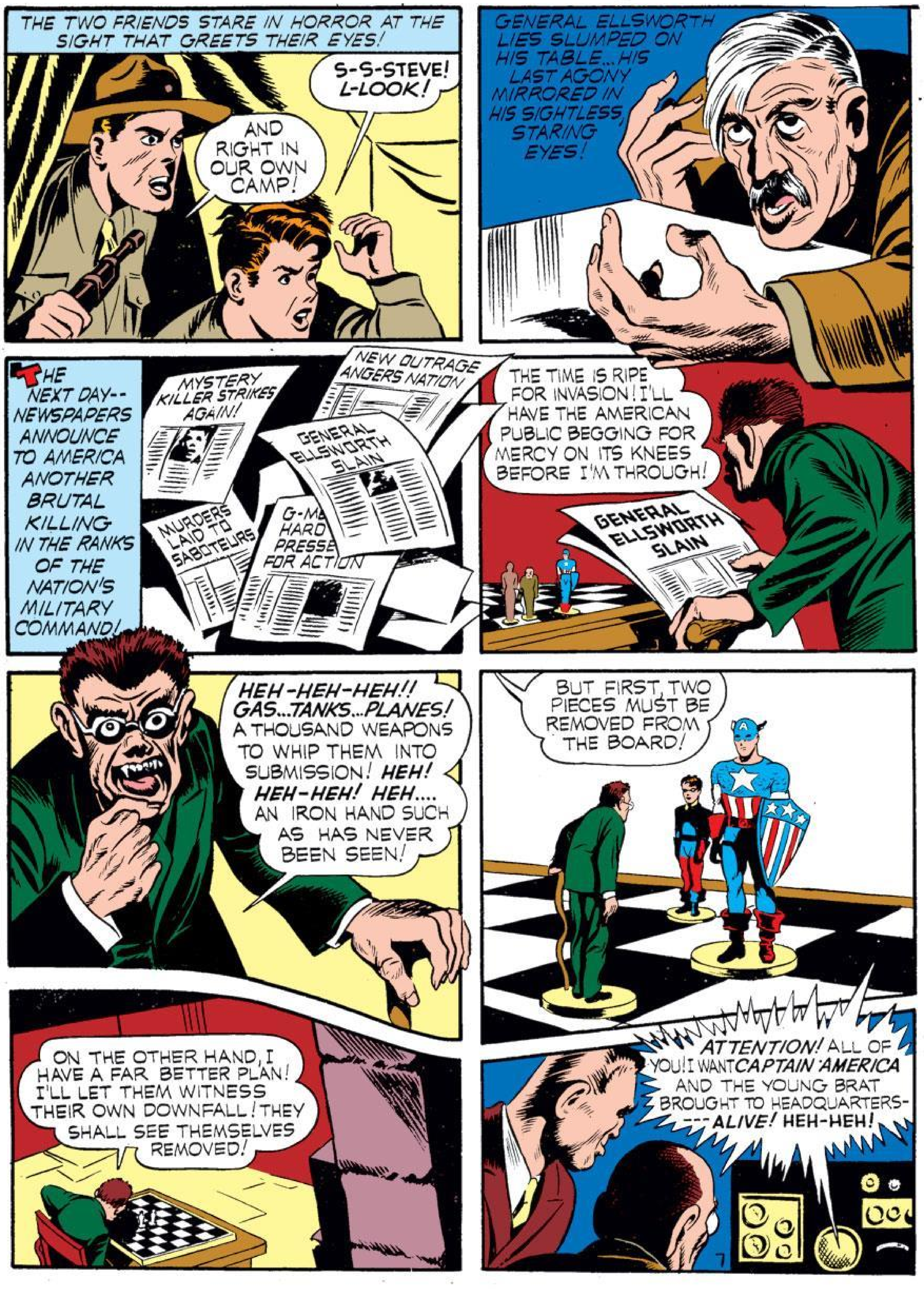

YOU'RE AN IMPORTANT MAN, MY DEAR ADMIRAL... TOO IMPORTANT FOR MY CAUSE! TOO BAD YOU MUST DEPART FROM YOUR FRIENDS SO ABRUPTLY!
EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE A CAPABLE MAN, ADMIRAL PERKINS......I AM YOUR SUPERIOR! YOU WILL NEVER LECTURE TONIGHT, FOR I AM REMOVING YOU FROM THE GAME! ADMIRAL PERKINS WILL DIE TONIGHT!
IN AN ADJOINING ROOM... HARD-FACED FOREIGN AGENTS LISTEN INTENTLY TO A SHORT WAVE SET...
ADMIRAL PERKINS WILL DIE TONIGHT!
THIS JOB'S FOR YOU... NUMBER 15 AND 3...
YA, HERR KAMELON! BUT WE NEVER SEE RATHCONE'S FACE!
FOOL! OF COURSE YOU NEVER SEE HIM! BUT THE TIME WILL COME WHEN ALL AMERICA WILL BOW DOWN BEFORE HIM--- BEFORE THE FUEHRER OF THE NEW REGIME!
TIME FOR THE LECTURE... AND MILITARY FIGURES FLOCK TO THE IMPORTANT SESSION...
NOW, BUCKY... THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK! ADMIRAL PERKINS IS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING MEN--WE CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM!
GEE... I NEVER LIKED THESE OLD MEETINGS ANYWAY!
BUT I WANT TO GO OUT AND CHASE CROOKS, AND...
SHH-H! THE ADMIRAL'S COMING ON NOW!

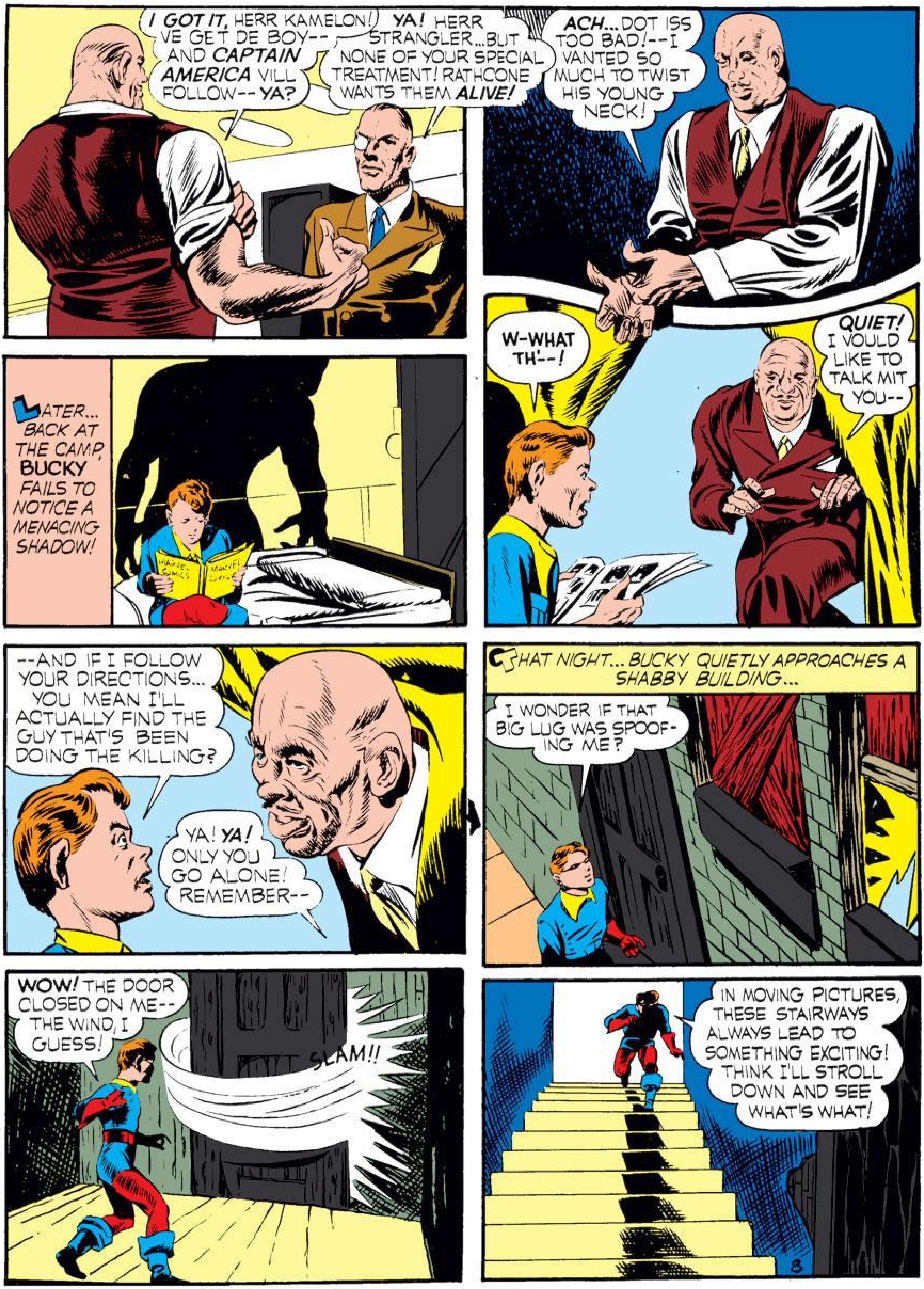

THE CURTAIN PARTS AND--
THE ADMIRAL'S ACTING MIGHTY STRANGE!
LOOK'S LIKE SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!
HE--HE'S *DEAD!!*
IN ANOTHER MOMENT... THE LECTURE HALL IS THROWN INTO A SEETHING TURMOIL OF ANGRY, FIGHTING MEN!
SOMEONE GET THE ***DIRTY KILLER!***
LYNCH HIM... ***LYNCH HIM!***
C'MON, BUCKY... THAT KILLER CERTAINLY ISN'T GOING TO WAIT AROUND HERE!
SINCE THIS IS AMERICA'S PROBLEM-LET'S SEE WHAT **CAPTAIN AMERICA** CAN DO!
THERE HE IS... HE'S GETTING AWAY!
IN A LIGHTNING CHANGE... **PRIVATE ROGERS** BECOMES THE THRILLING NEMESIS OF SPIES AND CROOKS--**CAPTAIN AMERICA!**
ALL SET, SONNY BOY? **LET'S GO!**
WOW.
THINK YOU CAN HANDLE A MAN'S JOB... BUCKY, M'LAD?
SURE I CAN--WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM--A ***BABY?***

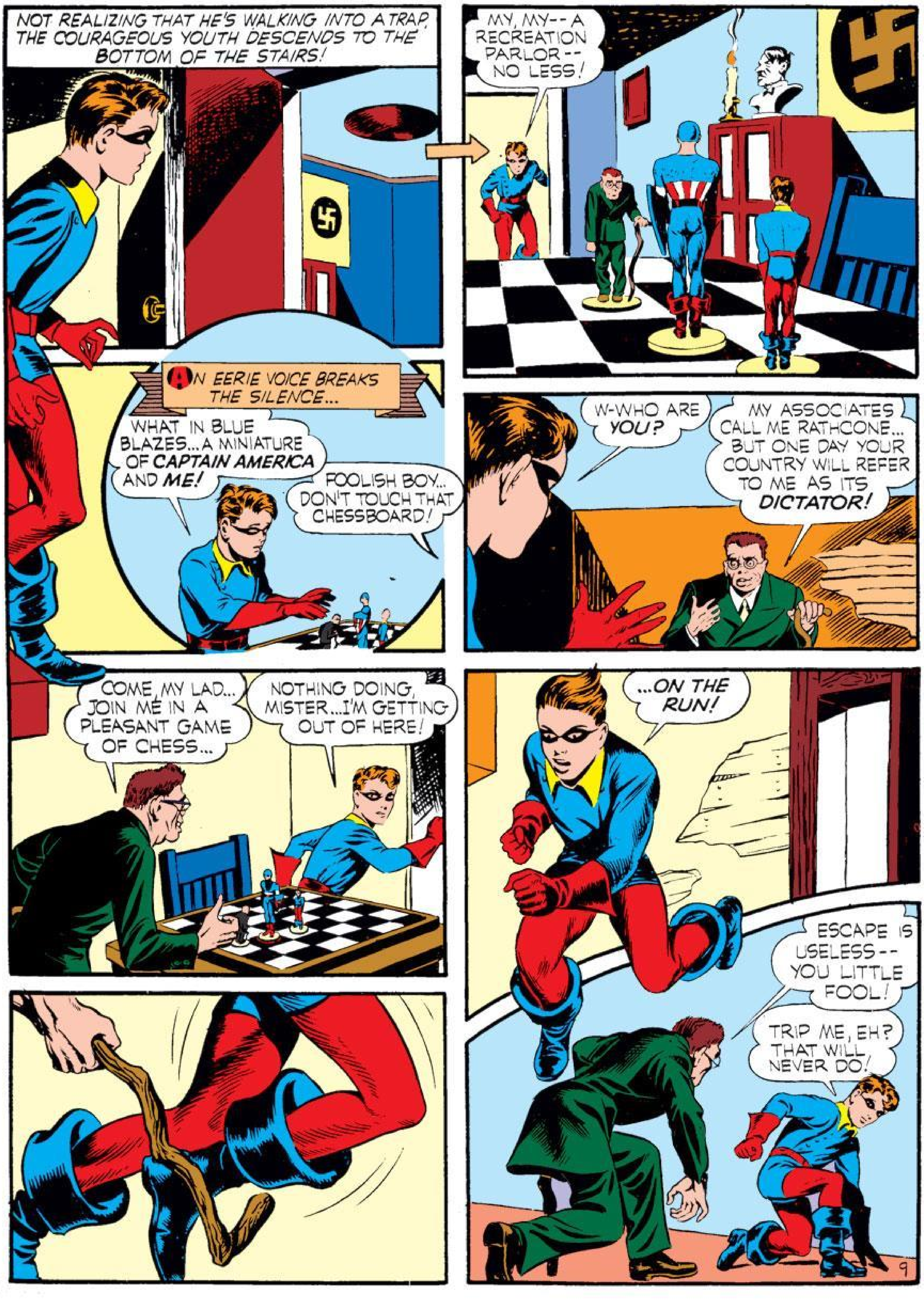

THEN AFTER HIM-- YOU STICK AROUND... I'M GOING ALOFT!
EVEN AS BUCKY PROWLS THROUGH THE DARKENED ALLEYS--HE IS WATCHED BY THE LURKING KILLER...
WHAT'S THIS? I'M BEING TRAILED BY A KID!
I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE... WHAT THE--!
TAKE THAT-- YOU YOUNG WHELP!
MISSED ME!
POW!
TWO KILLINGS IN ONE NIGHT! HO... I'LL BE DECORATED FOR THIS!
MY KINGDOM FOR A BEEBEE GUN!
A POWERFUL FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE NIGHT...
LOOKING FOR DECORATIONS, EH?

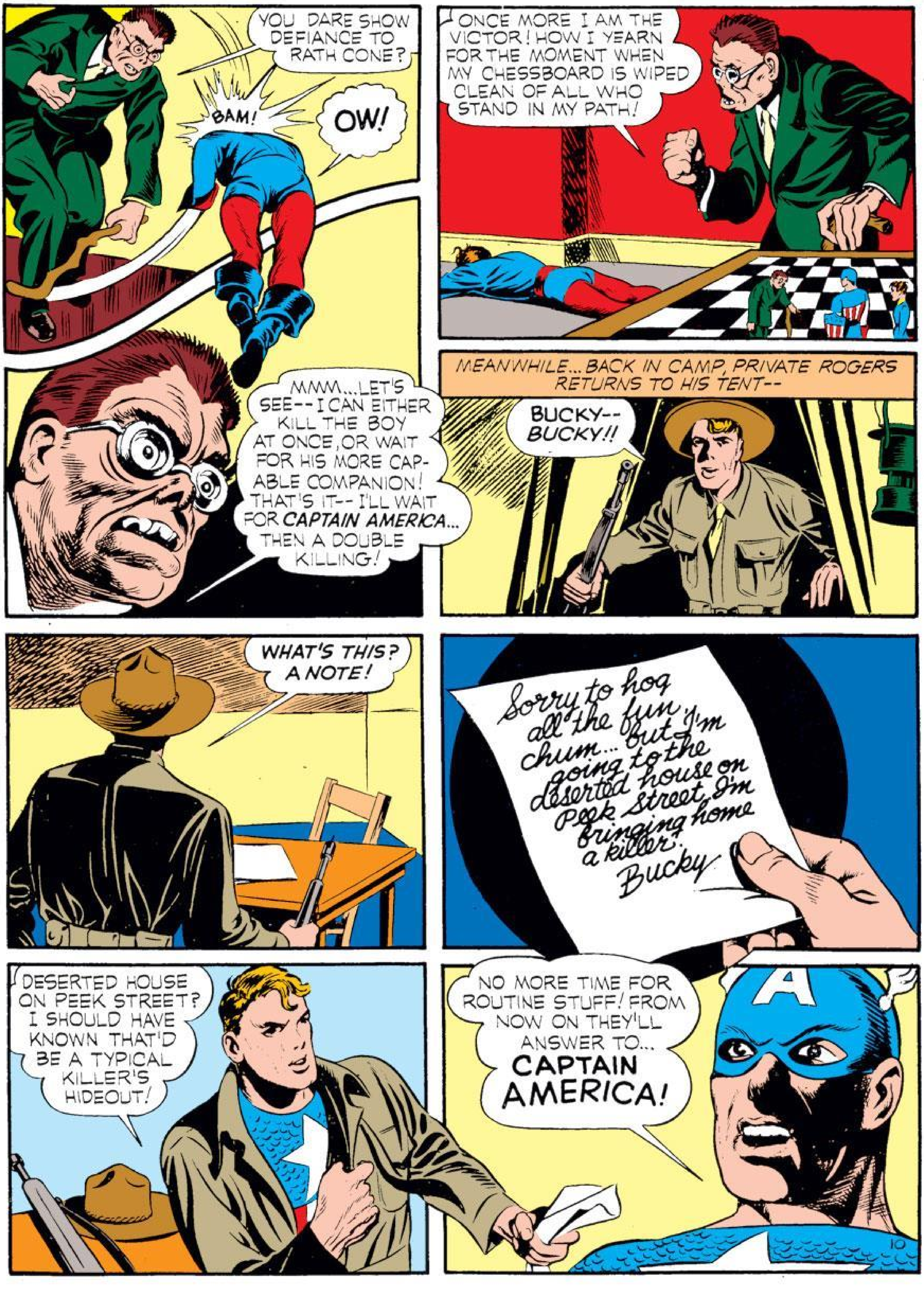

HERE'S A MEDAL YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME PAWNING!
OOF!
IF YOU ENJOY LIFE AT ALL... YOU'LL START TALKING... *FAST!*
MY KIND *NEVER* TALKS!
SUDDENLY THE ROAR OF AN AUTOMATIC SPLITS THE STILL NIGHT AIR!
NOW ISN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD! THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE TIGHTENING OF THE WINDPIPE!
NO... NO! AG-GH! I'LL... I'LL *TALK!!*
BANG!
BANG!
THE NAZI AGENT SLUMPS IN DEATH AS **CAPTAIN AMERICA** WARDS OFF A DEADLY HAIL OF BULLETS!
WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR?
KILLED BY HIS OWN MEN! THERE THEY GO, BUCKY--THREE OF THEM!
TOO LATE... WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW!
THE ONLY THING LEFT IS TO RETURN TO CAMP AS PRIVATE ROGERS, AND REGIMENT MASCOT, BUCKY... LET'S GO, KID!
5

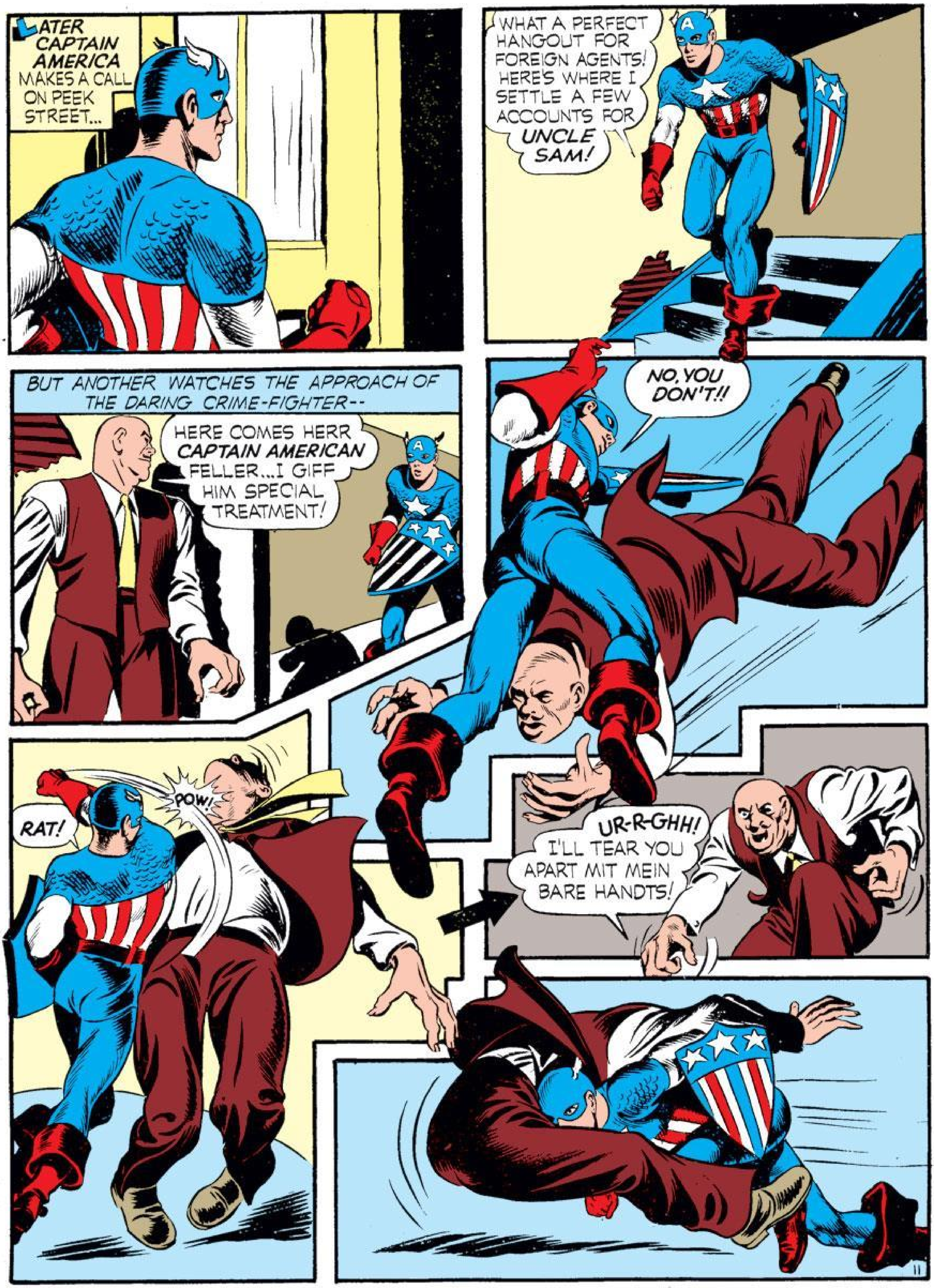

MEANWHILE...BACK AT RATHCONE'S HIDEOUT... AND THE CHESSBOARD...
ONE LESS MILITARY GENIUS TO BLOCK MY PATH TO DICTATORSHIP--AT THIS RATE I'LL EVEN RULE THE FATHERLAND!
HMMM--LET ME SEE...I'LL NIMBLY JUMP THE FIGURE OF GENERAL ELLSWORTH...HE TOO MUST BE REMOVED--**GENERAL ELLSWORTH WILL DIE TONIGHT!**
GENERAL ELLSWORTH WILL DIE TONIGHT!
WELL, HERR STRANGLER... ---OR RATHER **NUMBER 13**, YOUR TURN HAS COME TO SERVE THE FATHERLAND!
I VILL GIFF DER CHENERAL A SPECIAL TREATMENT!
THAT SAME NIGHT--IN A U.S. ARMY CAMP--
MAKING A SWELL EVENING OF IT, HUH, ROGERS?
I THINK I COULD DO WORSE!
AN' YOU'RE GOIN' TO DO **WORSE!** YOU'RE ON SPECIAL DUTY AT GENERAL ELLSWORTH'S HUT--**SO GET MOVIN'!**
THAT'S FUNNY... JUST BECAUSE ELLSWORTH COMES DOWN HERE FOR INSPECTION-THEY PUT A SENTRY ON HIS FRONT DOOR!
MAYBE HE WALKS IN HIS SLEEP!
YEAH...WE'LL DROP IN AND TELL HIM WE'RE ON DUTY!
LOOKS LIKE THE GENERAL'S HAD A HARD DAY!

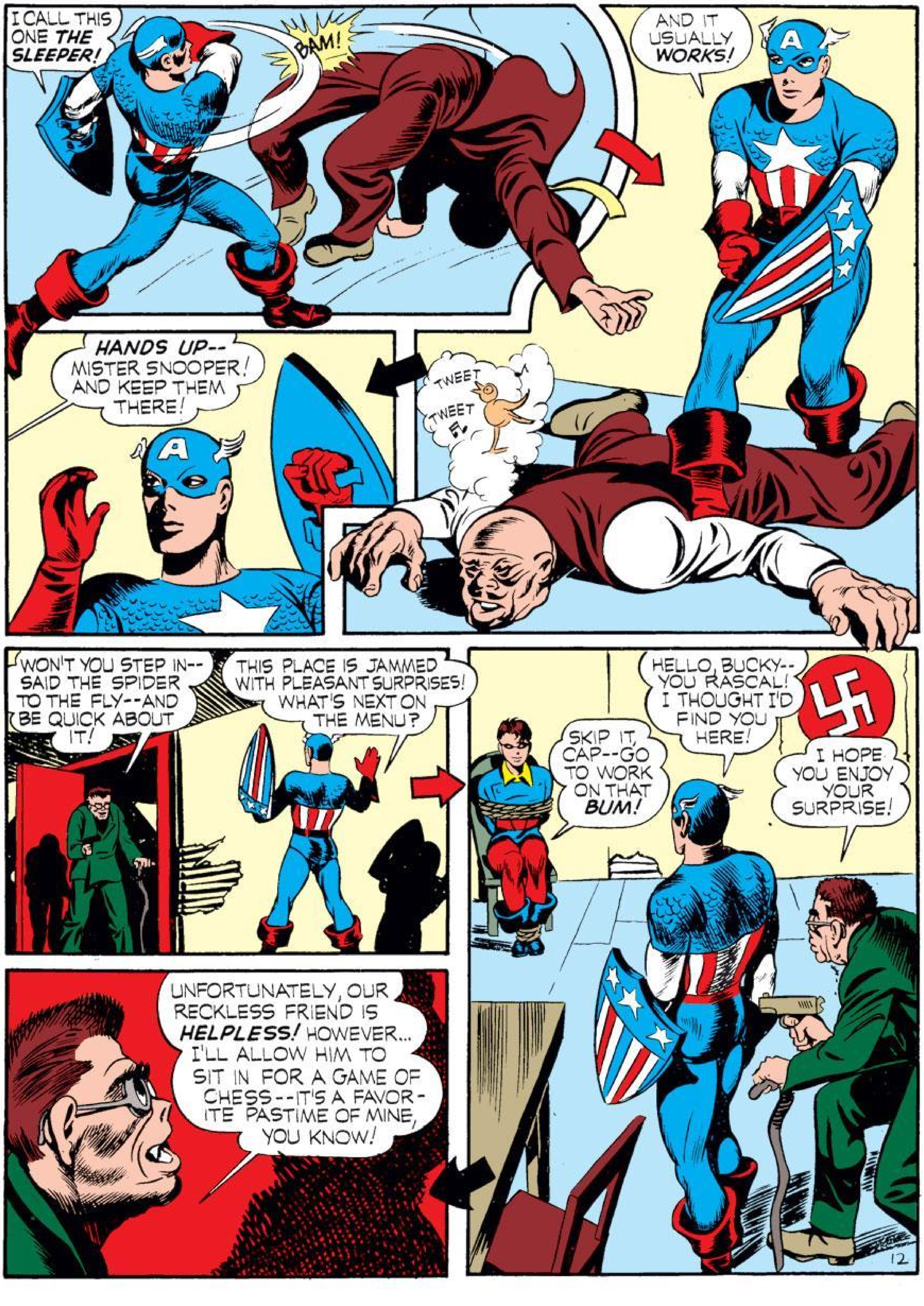

THE TWO FRIENDS STARE IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT THAT GREETS THEIR EYES!
S-S-STEVE! L-LOOK!
AND RIGHT IN OUR OWN CAMP!
GENERAL ELLSWORTH LIES SLUMPED ON HIS TABLE...HIS LAST AGONY MIRRORED IN HIS SIGHTLESS, STARING EYES!
THE NEXT DAY-- NEWSPAPERS ANNOUNCE TO AMERICA ANOTHER BRUTAL KILLING IN THE RANKS OF THE NATION'S MILITARY COMMAND!
MYSTERY KILLER STRIKES AGAIN!
NEW OUTRAGE ANGERS NATION
GENERAL ELLSWORTH SLAIN
MURDERS LAID TO SABOTEURS
G-ME HARD PRESSE FOR ACTION
THE TIME IS RIPE FOR INVASION! I'LL HAVE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC BEGGING FOR MERCY ON ITS KNEES BEFORE I'M THROUGH!
GENERAL ELLSWORTH SLAIN
HEH-HEH-HEH!! GAS...TANKS...PLANES! A THOUSAND WEAPONS TO WHIP THEM INTO SUBMISSION! HEH! HEH-HEH! HEH.... AN IRON HAND SUCH AS HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN!
BUT FIRST, TWO PIECES MUST BE REMOVED FROM THE BOARD!
ON THE OTHER HAND, I HAVE A FAR BETTER PLAN! I'LL LET THEM WITNESS THEIR OWN DOWNFALL! THEY SHALL SEE THEMSELVES REMOVED!
ATTENTION! ALL OF YOU! I WANT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE YOUNG BRAT BROUGHT TO HEADQUARTERS- ---ALIVE! HEH-HEH!
7

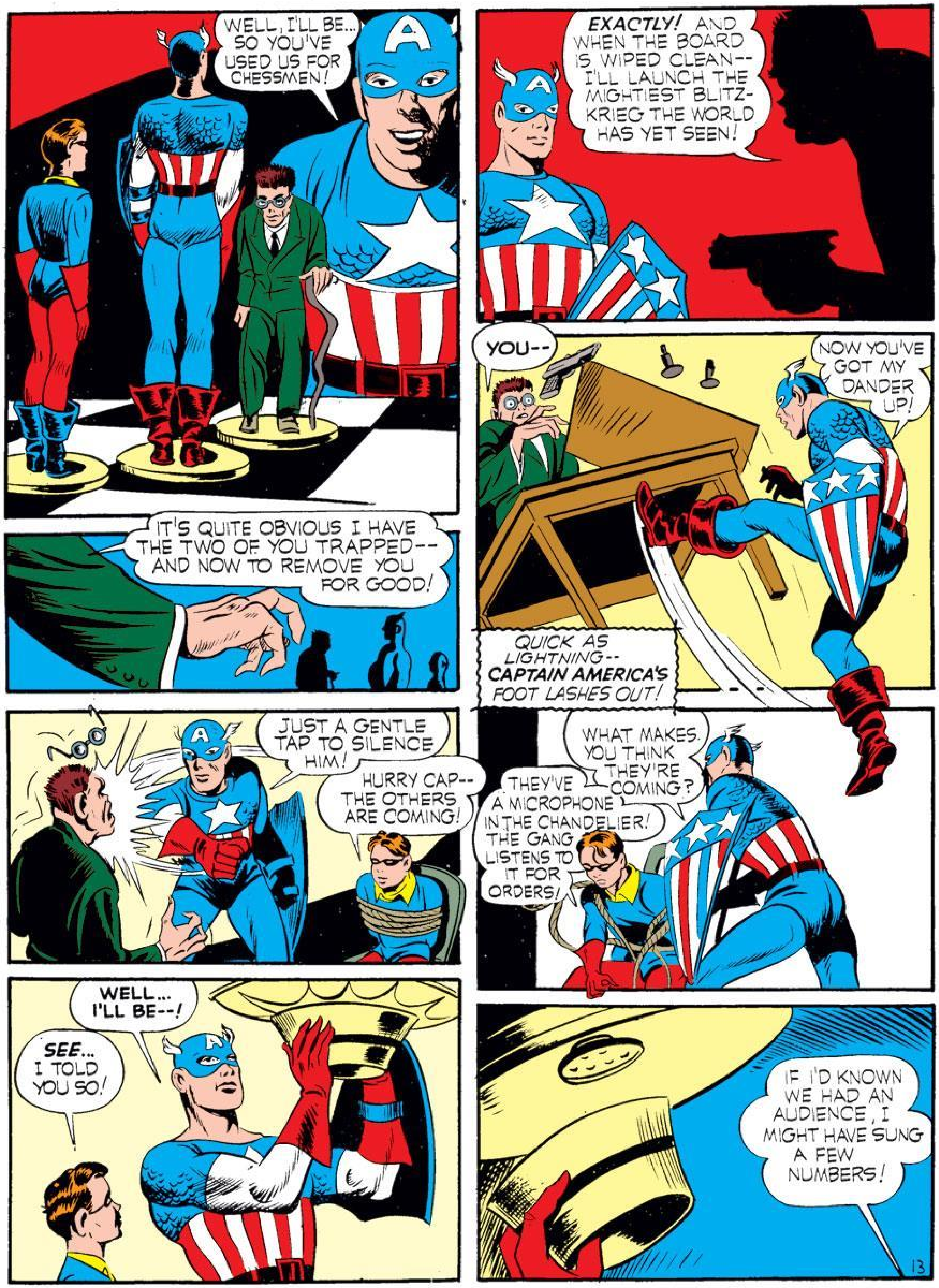

I GOT IT, HERR KAMELON! VE GET DE BOY-- AND CAPTAIN AMERICA VILL FOLLOW--YA?
YA! HERR STRANGLER...BUT NONE OF YOUR SPECIAL TREATMENT! RATHCONE WANTS THEM ALIVE!
ACH...DOT ISS TOO BAD!--I VANTED SO MUCH TO TWIST HIS YOUNG NECK!
LATER... BACK AT THE CAMP, BUCKY FAILS TO NOTICE A MENACING SHADOW!
MARVEL COMICS
MARVEL COMICS
W-WHAT TH'--!
QUIET! I VOULD LIKE TO TALK MIT YOU--
--AND IF I FOLLOW YOUR DIRECTIONS... YOU MEAN I'LL ACTUALLY FIND THE GUY THAT'S BEEN DOING THE KILLING?
YA! YA! ONLY YOU GO ALONE! REMEMBER--
THAT NIGHT... BUCKY QUIETLY APPROACHES A SHABBY BUILDING...
I WONDER IF THAT BIG LUG WAS SPOOFING ME?
WOW! THE DOOR CLOSED ON ME-- THE WIND, I GUESS!
SLAM!!
IN MOVING PICTURES, THESE STAIRWAYS ALWAYS LEAD TO SOMETHING EXCITING! THINK I'LL STROLL DOWN AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT!

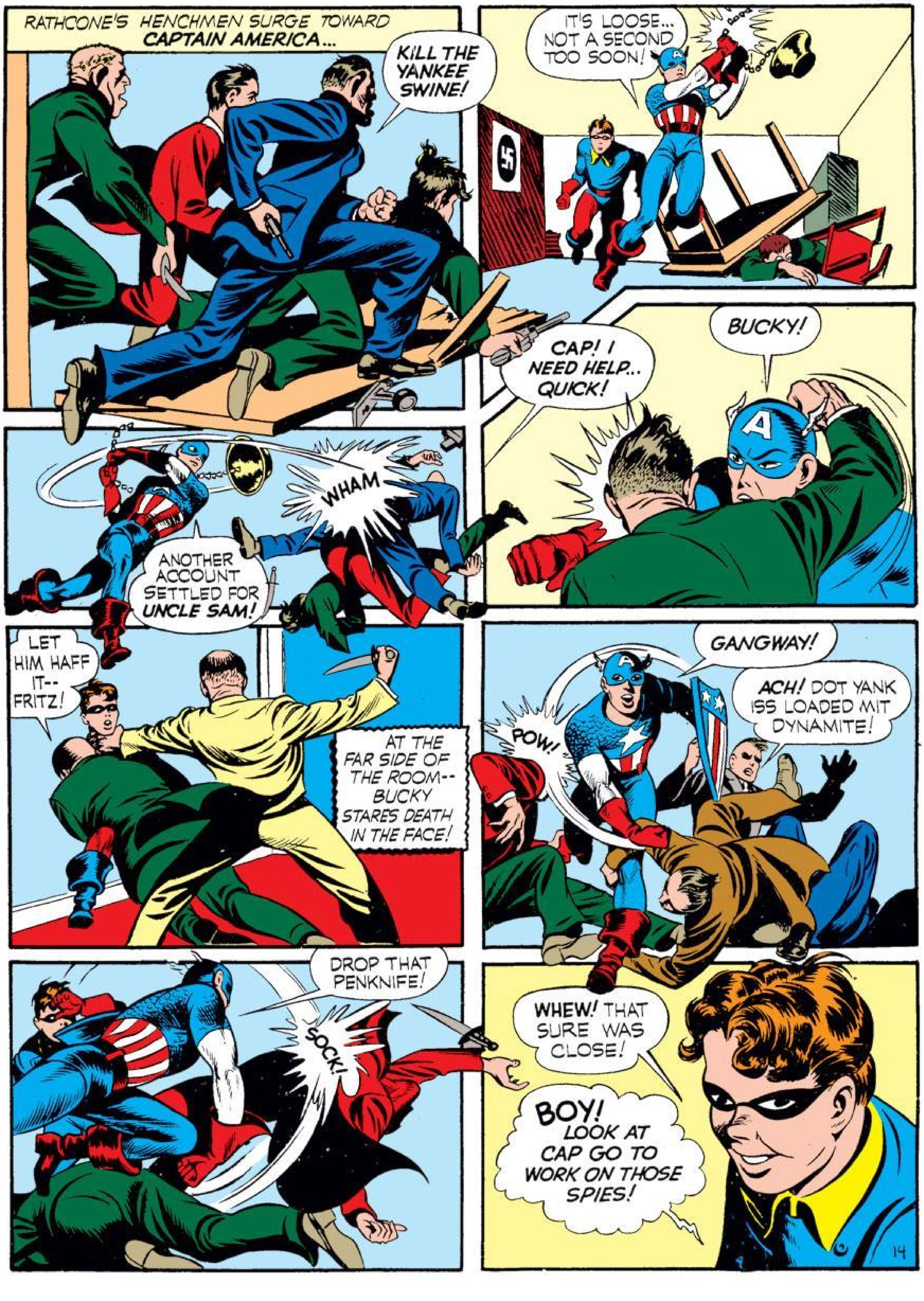

NOT REALIZING THAT HE'S WALKING INTO A TRAP, THE COURAGEOUS YOUTH DESCENDS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS!
MY, MY-- A RECREATION PARLOR -- NO LESS!
AN EERIE VOICE BREAKS THE SILENCE...
WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES... A MINIATURE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND ME!
FOOLISH BOY... DON'T TOUCH THAT CHESSBOARD!
W-WHO ARE YOU?
MY ASSOCIATES CALL ME RATHCONE... BUT ONE DAY YOUR COUNTRY WILL REFER TO ME AS ITS DICTATOR!
COME, MY LAD... JOIN ME IN A PLEASANT GAME OF CHESS...
NOTHING DOING, MISTER... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
...ON THE RUN!
ESCAPE IS USELESS -- YOU LITTLE FOOL!
TRIP ME, EH? THAT WILL NEVER DO!

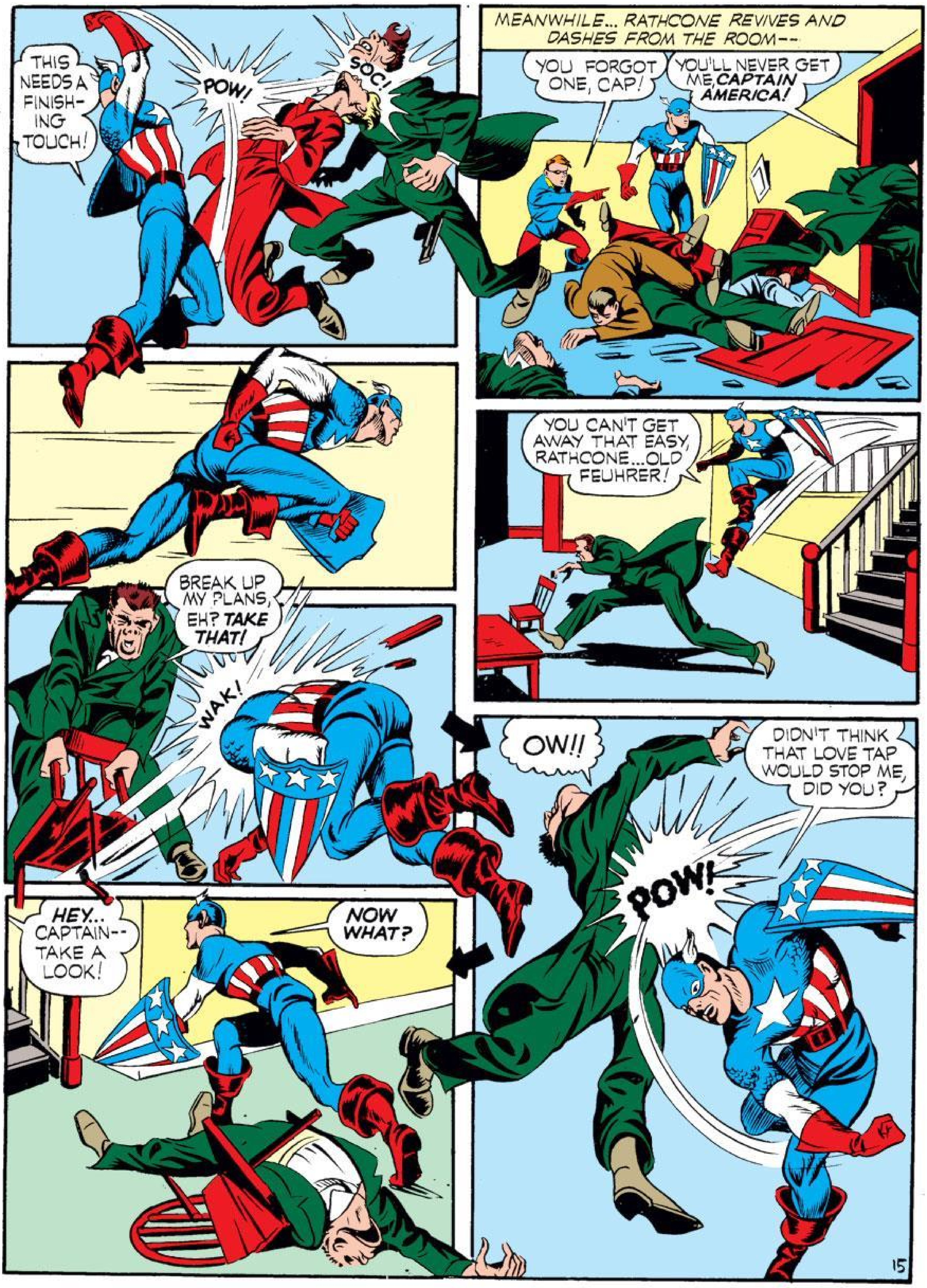

YOU DARE SHOW DEFIANCE TO RATH CONE?
BAM!
OW!
ONCE MORE I AM THE VICTOR! HOW I YEARN FOR THE MOMENT WHEN MY CHESSBOARD IS WIPED CLEAN OF ALL WHO STAND IN MY PATH!
MMM...LET'S SEE--I CAN EITHER KILL THE BOY AT ONCE, OR WAIT FOR HIS MORE CAPABLE COMPANION! THAT'S IT--I'LL WAIT FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA... THEN A DOUBLE KILLING!
MEANWHILE... BACK IN CAMP, PRIVATE ROGERS RETURNS TO HIS TENT--
BUCKY-- BUCKY!!
WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE!
Sorry to hog all the fun chum... but I'm going to the deserted house on Peek Street. I'm bringing home a killer! Bucky
DESERTED HOUSE ON PEEK STREET? I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT'D BE A TYPICAL KILLER'S HIDEOUT!
NO MORE TIME FOR ROUTINE STUFF! FROM NOW ON THEY'LL ANSWER TO... CAPTAIN AMERICA!

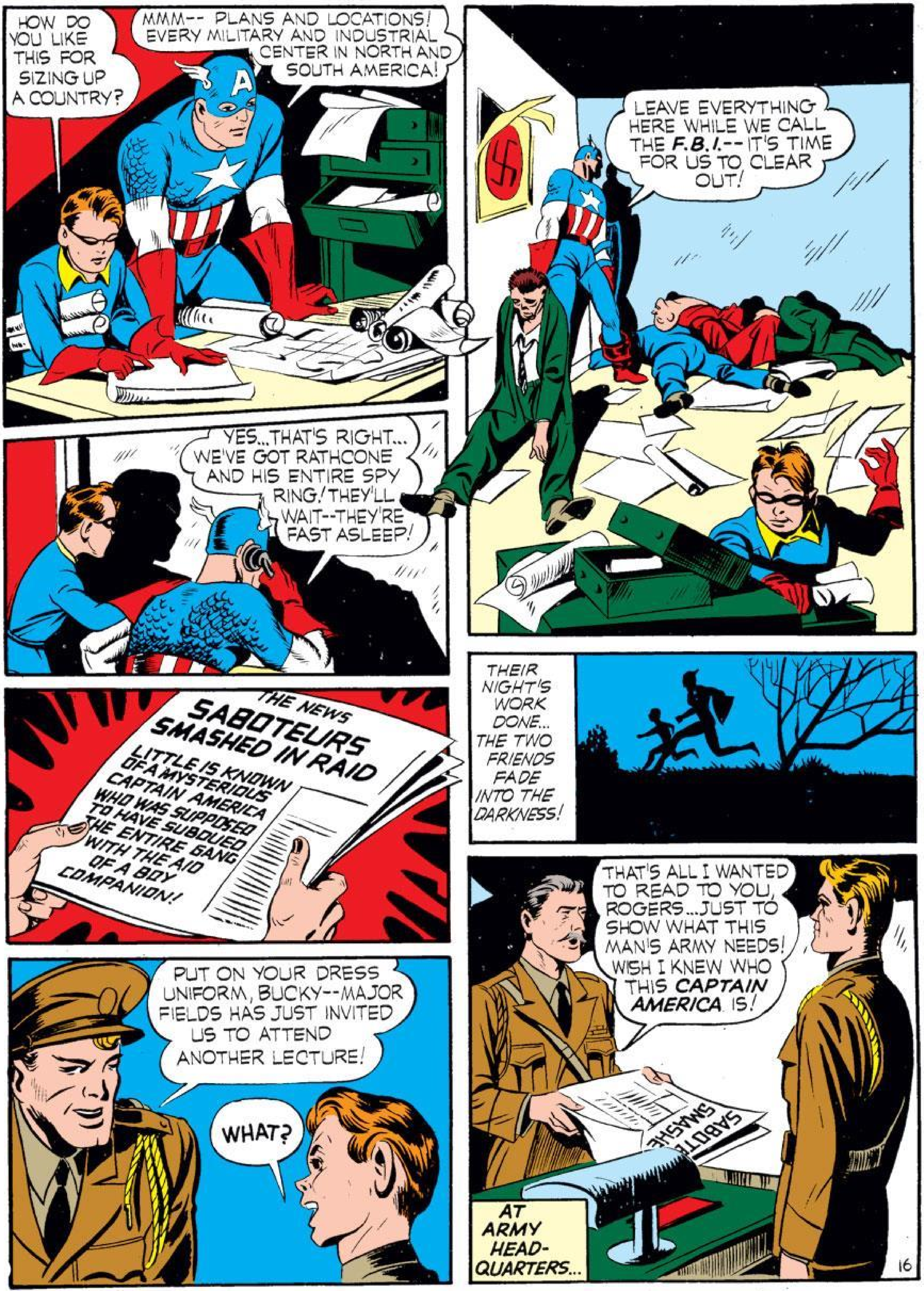

LATER CAPTAIN AMERICA MAKES A CALL ON PEEK STREET...
WHAT A PERFECT HANGOUT FOR FOREIGN AGENTS! HERE'S WHERE I SETTLE A FEW ACCOUNTS FOR UNCLE SAM!
BUT ANOTHER WATCHES THE APPROACH OF THE DARING CRIME-FIGHTER--
HERE COMES HERR CAPTAIN AMERICAN FELLER...I GIFF HIM SPECIAL TREATMENT!
NO, YOU DON'T!!
RAT!
POW!
UR-R-GHH! I'LL TEAR YOU APART MIT MEIN BARE HANDTS!

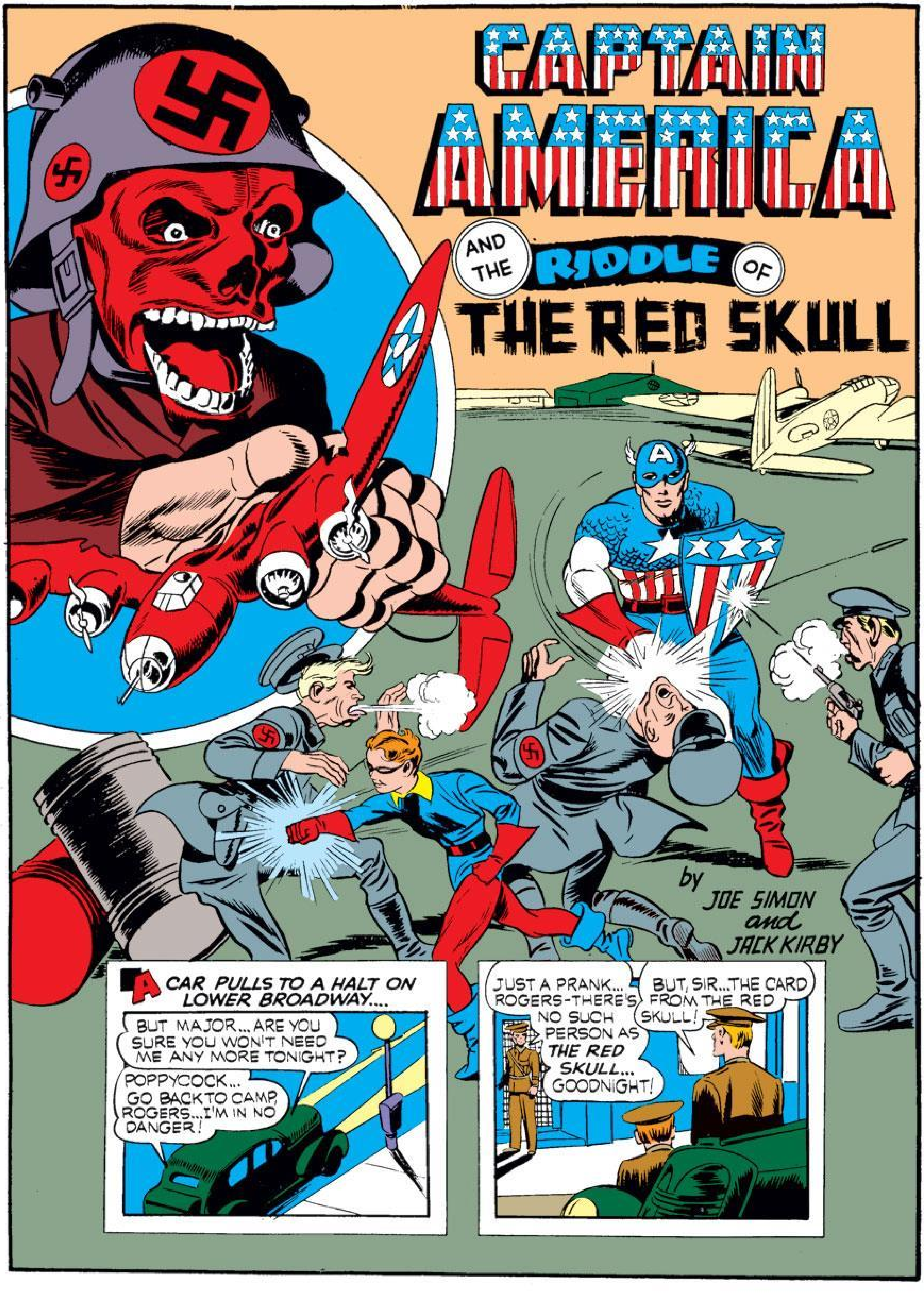

I CALL THIS ONE **THE SLEEPER!**
BAM!
AND IT USUALLY **WORKS!**
TWEET TWEET
HANDS UP-- MISTER SNOOPER! AND KEEP THEM THERE!
WON'T YOU STEP IN-- SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY--AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
THIS PLACE IS JAMMED WITH PLEASANT SURPRISES! WHAT'S NEXT ON THE MENU?
HELLO, BUCKY-- YOU RASCAL! I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!
SKIP IT, CAP--GO TO WORK ON THAT **BUM!**
I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR SURPRISE!
UNFORTUNATELY, OUR RECKLESS FRIEND IS **HELPLESS!** HOWEVER... I'LL ALLOW HIM TO SIT IN FOR A GAME OF CHESS--IT'S A FAVORITE PASTIME OF MINE, YOU KNOW!

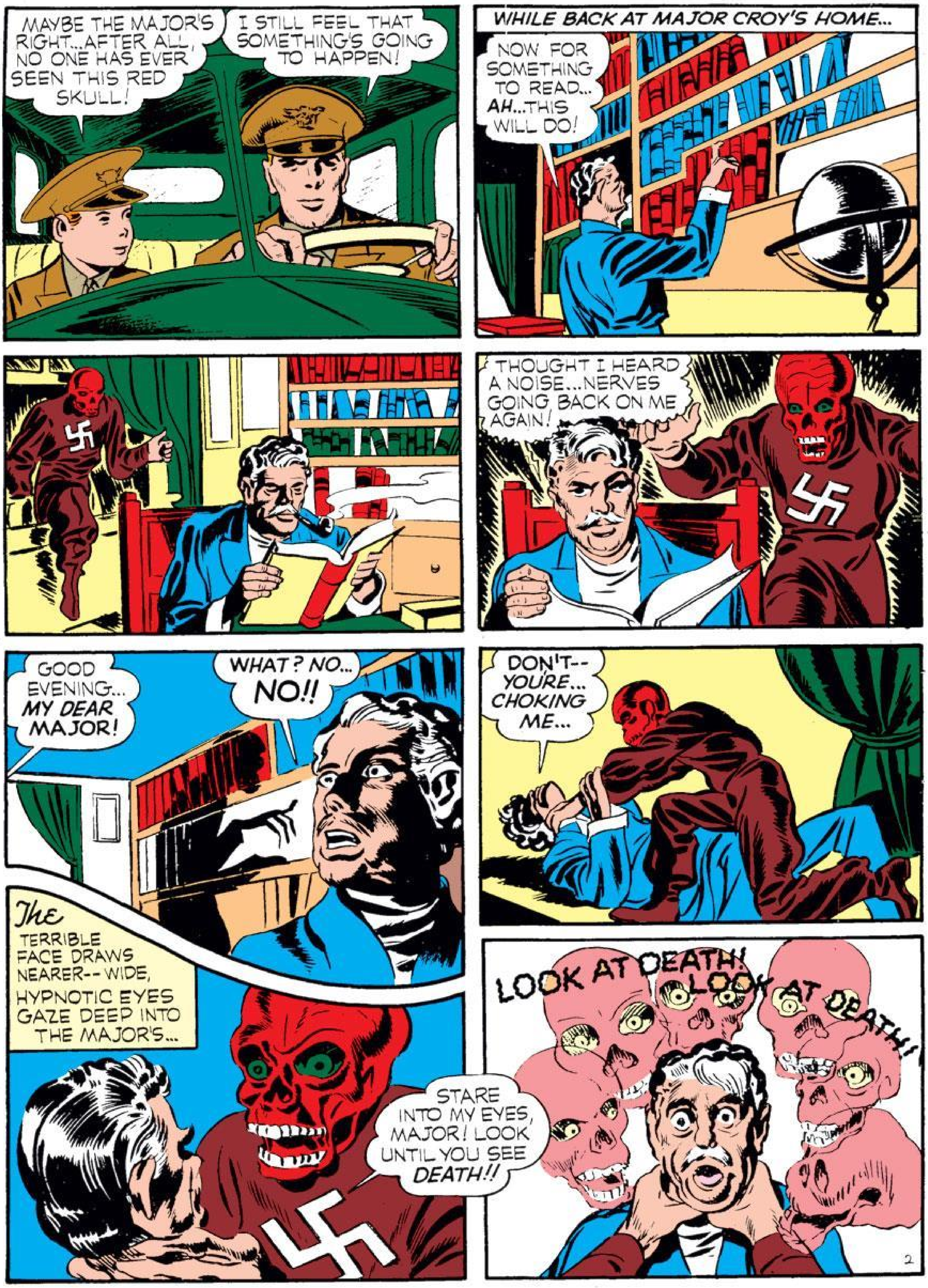

WELL, I'LL BE... SO YOU'VE USED US FOR CHESSMEN!
EXACTLY! AND WHEN THE BOARD IS WIPED CLEAN-- I'LL LAUNCH THE MIGHTIEST BLITZ-KRIEG THE WORLD HAS YET SEEN!
IT'S QUITE OBVIOUS I HAVE THE TWO OF YOU TRAPPED-- AND NOW TO REMOVE YOU FOR GOOD!
YOU--
NOW YOU'VE GOT MY DANDER UP!
QUICK AS LIGHTNING-- ***CAPTAIN AMERICA'S*** *FOOT LASHES OUT!*
JUST A GENTLE TAP TO SILENCE HIM!
HURRY CAP-- THE OTHERS ARE COMING!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY'RE COMING?
THEY'VE A MICROPHONE IN THE CHANDELIER! THE GANG LISTENS TO IT FOR ORDERS!
WELL... I'LL BE--!
SEE... I TOLD YOU SO!
IF I'D KNOWN WE HAD AN AUDIENCE, I MIGHT HAVE SUNG A FEW NUMBERS!

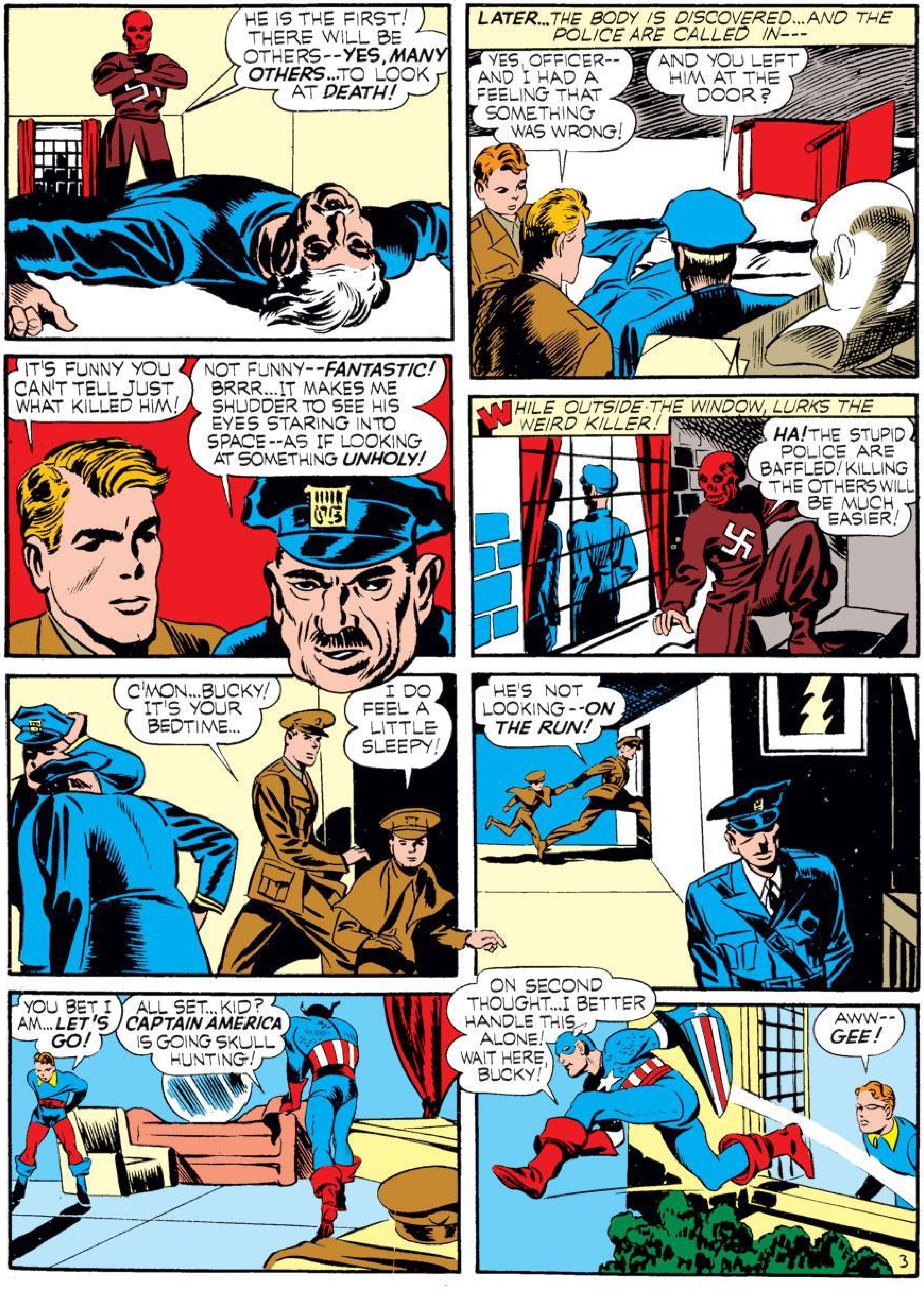

RATHCONE'S HENCHMEN SURGE TOWARD **CAPTAIN AMERICA...**
KILL THE YANKEE SWINE!
IT'S LOOSE... NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
ANOTHER ACCOUNT SETTLED FOR **UNCLE SAM!**
WHAM
CAP! I NEED HELP.. QUICK!
BUCKY!
LET HIM HAFF IT-- FRITZ!
AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM-- BUCKY STARES DEATH IN THE FACE!
GANGWAY!
POW!
ACH! DOT YANK ISS LOADED MIT DYNAMITE!
DROP THAT PENKNIFE!
SOCK!
WHEW! THAT SURE WAS CLOSE!
BOY! LOOK AT CAP GO TO WORK ON THOSE SPIES!

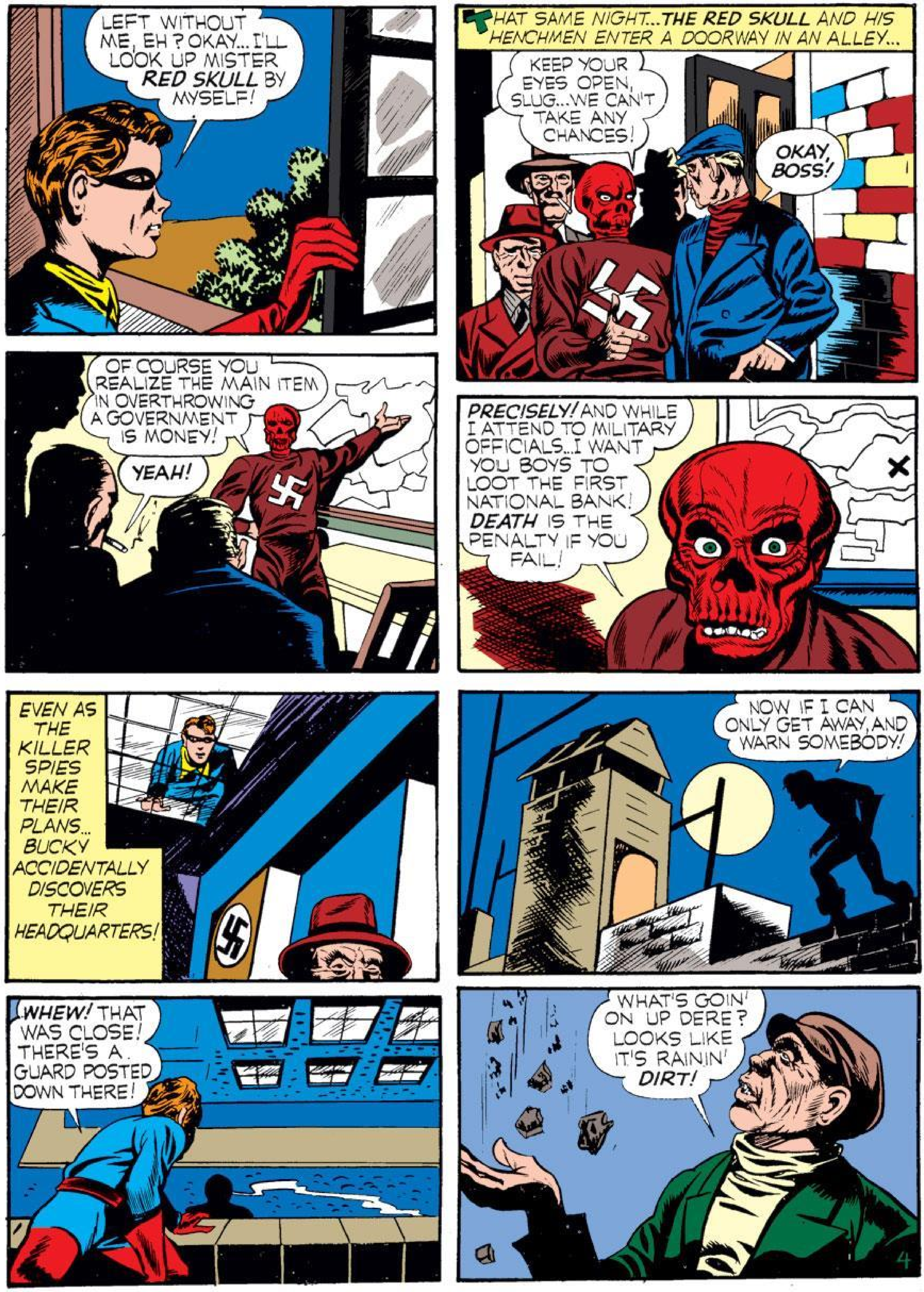

THIS NEEDS A FINISHING TOUCH!
POW!
SOC!
MEANWHILE... RATHCONE REVIVES AND DASHES FROM THE ROOM--
YOU FORGOT ONE, CAP!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, **CAPTAIN AMERICA!**
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY THAT EASY, RATHCONE...OLD FEUHRER!
BREAK UP MY PLANS, EH? **TAKE THAT!**
WAK!
OW!!
DIDN'T THINK THAT LOVE TAP WOULD STOP ME, DID YOU?
POW!
HEY... CAPTAIN-- TAKE A LOOK!
NOW WHAT?

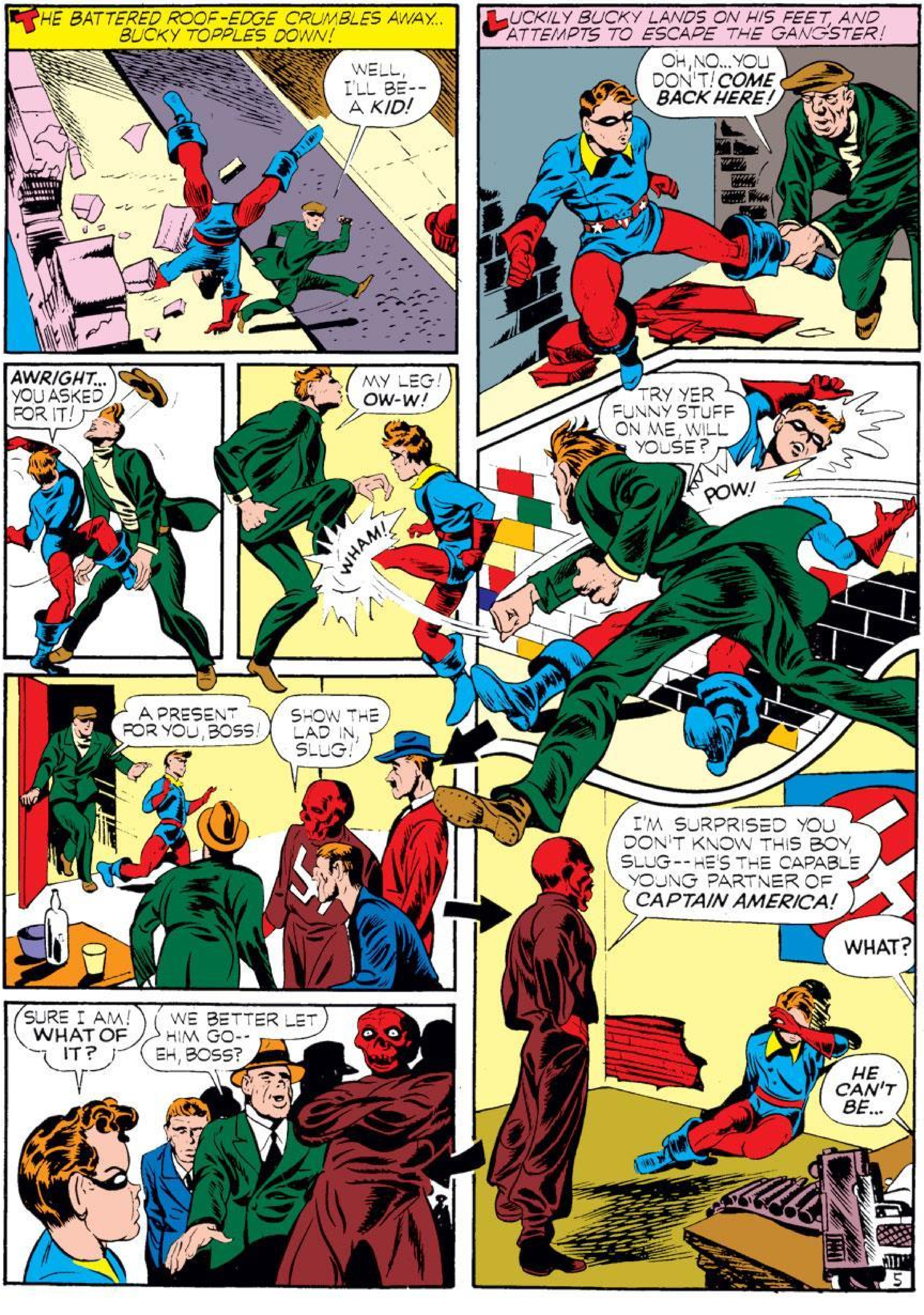

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS FOR SIZING UP A COUNTRY?
MMM-- PLANS AND LOCATIONS! EVERY MILITARY AND INDUSTRIAL CENTER IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA!
LEAVE EVERYTHING HERE WHILE WE CALL THE **F.B.I.**-- IT'S TIME FOR US TO CLEAR OUT!
YES... THAT'S RIGHT... WE'VE GOT RATHCONE AND HIS ENTIRE SPY RING! THEY'LL WAIT--THEY'RE FAST ASLEEP!
THE NEWS
SABOTEURS SMASHED IN RAID
LITTLE IS KNOWN OF A MYSTERIOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SUBDUED THE ENTIRE GANG WITH THE AID OF A BOY COMPANION!
THEIR NIGHT'S WORK DONE... THE TWO FRIENDS FADE INTO THE DARKNESS!
PUT ON YOUR DRESS UNIFORM, BUCKY--MAJOR FIELDS HAS JUST INVITED US TO ATTEND ANOTHER LECTURE!
WHAT?
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO READ TO YOU, ROGERS... JUST TO SHOW WHAT THIS MAN'S ARMY NEEDS! WISH I KNEW WHO THIS **CAPTAIN AMERICA** IS!
SABOTE SMASHE
AT ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS...
16

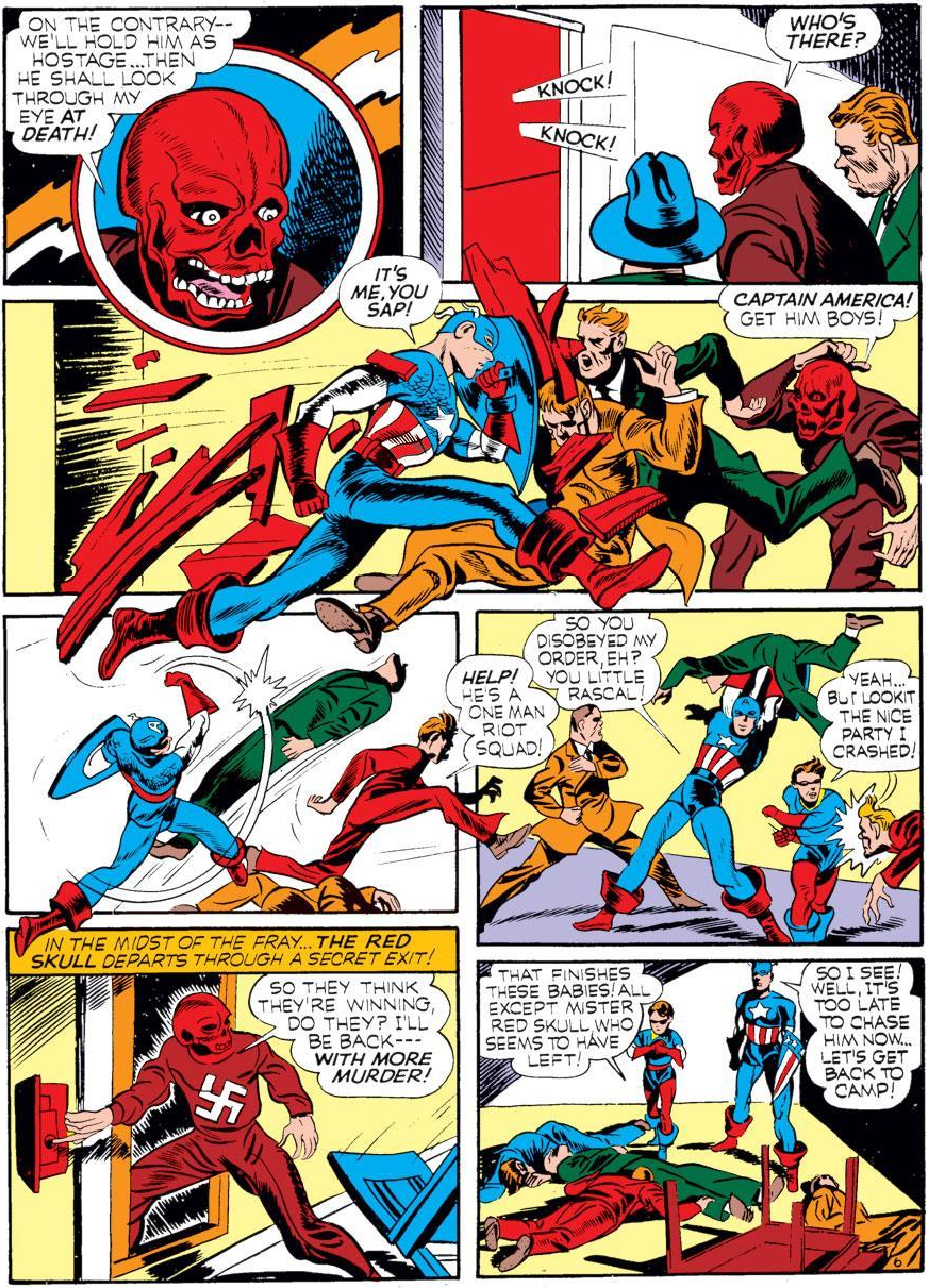

CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND THE RIDDLE OF THE RED SKULL
by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY
A CAR PULLS TO A HALT ON LOWER BROADWAY....
BUT MAJOR... ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T NEED ME ANY MORE TONIGHT?
POPPYCOCK... GO BACK TO CAMP, ROGERS... I'M IN NO DANGER!
JUST A PRANK... ROGERS-THERE'S NO SUCH PERSON AS THE RED SKULL... GOODNIGHT!
BUT, SIR... THE CARD FROM THE RED SKULL!

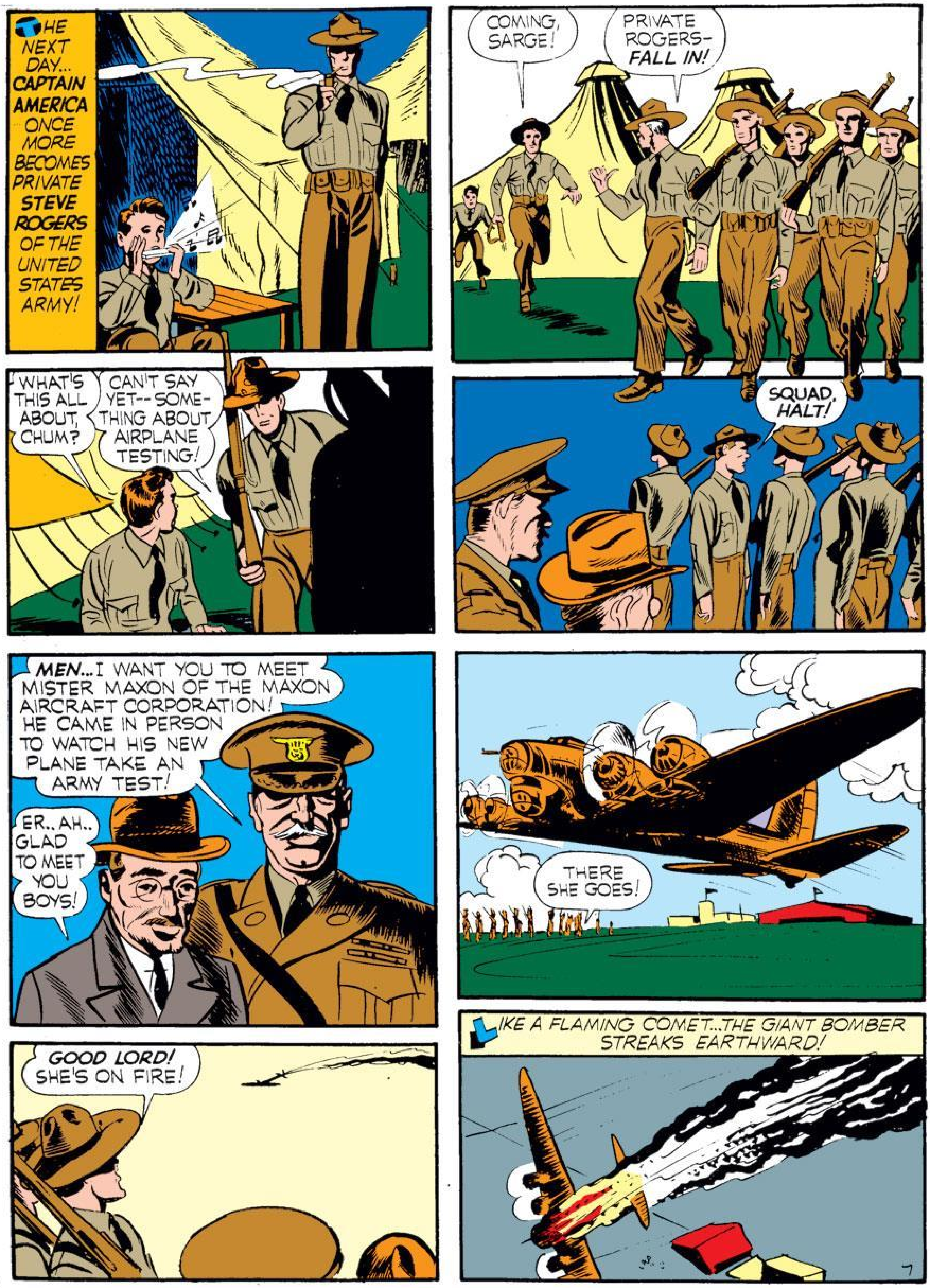

MAYBE THE MAJOR'S RIGHT...AFTER ALL, NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN THIS RED SKULL!
I STILL FEEL THAT SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!
WHILE BACK AT MAJOR CROY'S HOME...
NOW FOR SOMETHING TO READ... AH...THIS WILL DO!
THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE...NERVES GOING BACK ON ME AGAIN!
GOOD EVENING... MY DEAR MAJOR!
WHAT? NO... NO!!
DON'T-- YOU'RE... CHOKING ME...
The TERRIBLE FACE DRAWS NEARER-- WIDE, HYPNOTIC EYES GAZE DEEP INTO THE MAJOR'S...
STARE INTO MY EYES, MAJOR! LOOK UNTIL YOU SEE DEATH!!
LOOK AT DEATH! LOOK AT DEATH!!

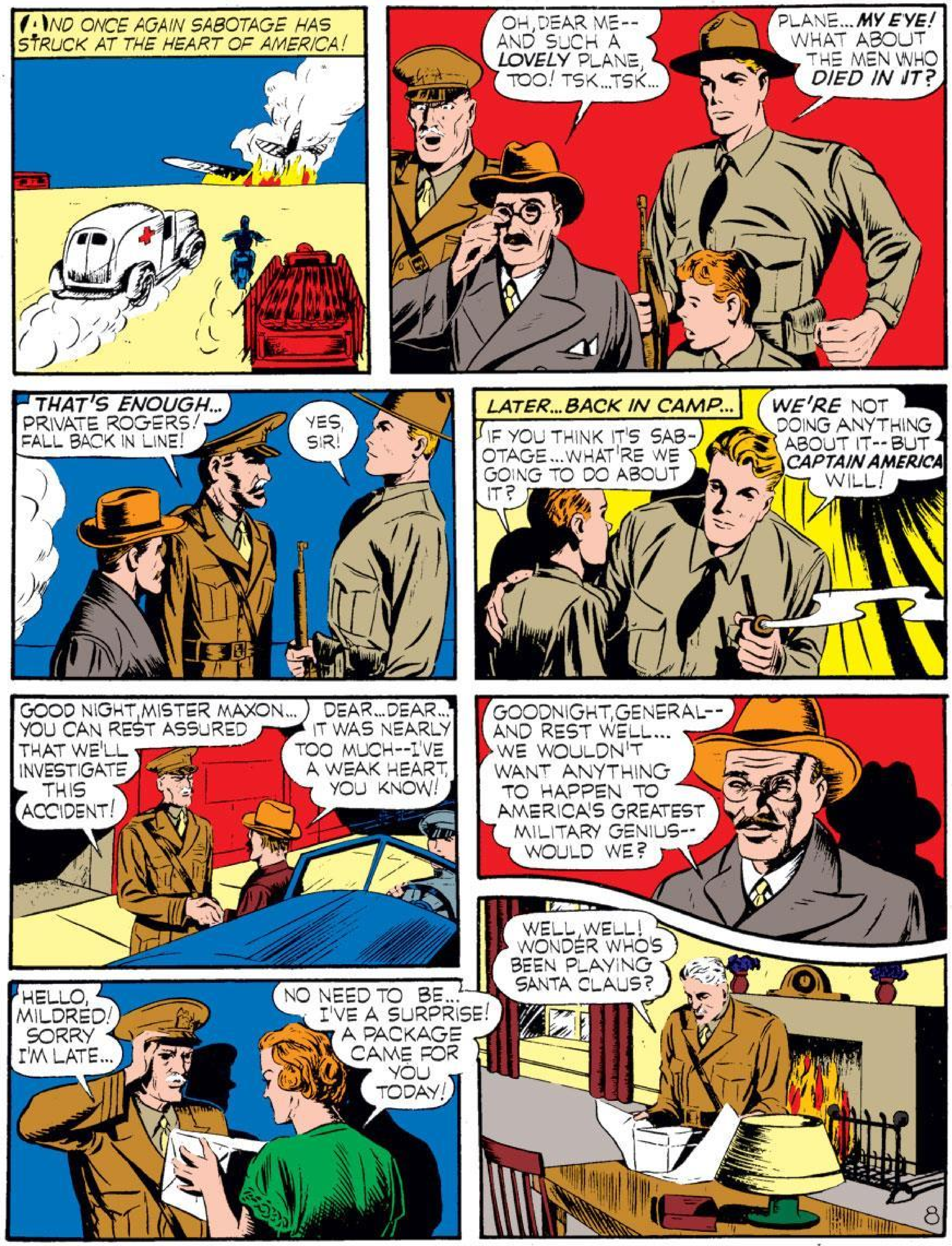

HE IS THE FIRST! THERE WILL BE OTHERS--**YES, MANY OTHERS**...TO LOOK AT **DEATH!**
LATER...THE BODY IS DISCOVERED...AND THE POLICE ARE CALLED IN---
YES, OFFICER-- AND I HAD A FEELING THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG!
AND YOU LEFT HIM AT THE DOOR?
IT'S FUNNY YOU CAN'T TELL JUST WHAT KILLED HIM!
NOT FUNNY--**FANTASTIC!** BRRR...IT MAKES ME SHUDDER TO SEE HIS EYES STARING INTO SPACE--AS IF LOOKING AT SOMETHING **UNHOLY!**
WHILE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, LURKS THE WEIRD KILLER!
HA! THE STUPID POLICE ARE BAFFLED! KILLING THE OTHERS WILL BE MUCH EASIER!
C'MON...BUCKY! IT'S YOUR BEDTIME...
I DO FEEL A LITTLE SLEEPY!
HE'S NOT LOOKING--**ON THE RUN!**
YOU BET I AM...**LET'S GO!**
ALL SET...KID? **CAPTAIN AMERICA** IS GOING SKULL HUNTING!
ON SECOND THOUGHT...I BETTER HANDLE THIS ALONE! WAIT HERE, BUCKY!
AWW-- **GEE!**

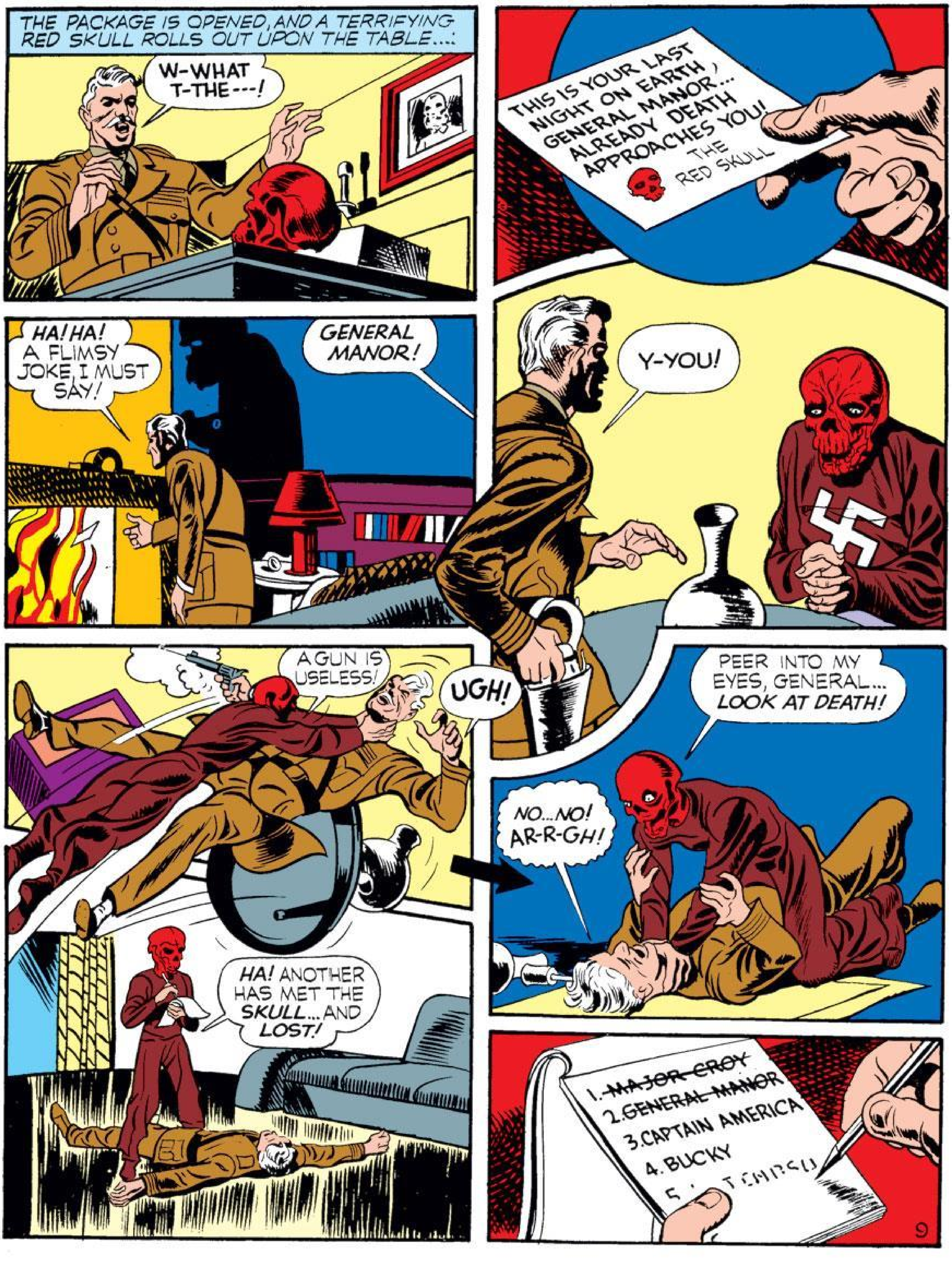

LEFT WITHOUT ME, EH ? OKAY... I'LL LOOK UP MISTER **RED SKULL** BY MYSELF!
*T*HAT SAME NIGHT... ***THE RED SKULL*** *AND HIS HENCHMEN ENTER A DOORWAY IN AN ALLEY...*
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, SLUG... WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
OKAY, BOSS!
OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THE MAIN ITEM IN OVERTHROWING A GOVERNMENT IS MONEY!
YEAH!
PRECISELY! AND WHILE I ATTEND TO MILITARY OFFICIALS... I WANT YOU BOYS TO LOOT THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK! ***DEATH*** IS THE PENALTY IF YOU FAIL!
EVEN AS THE KILLER SPIES MAKE THEIR PLANS... BUCKY ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERS THEIR HEADQUARTERS!
NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET AWAY, AND WARN SOMEBODY!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! THERE'S A GUARD POSTED DOWN THERE!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON UP DERE ? LOOKS LIKE IT'S RAININ' ***DIRT!***

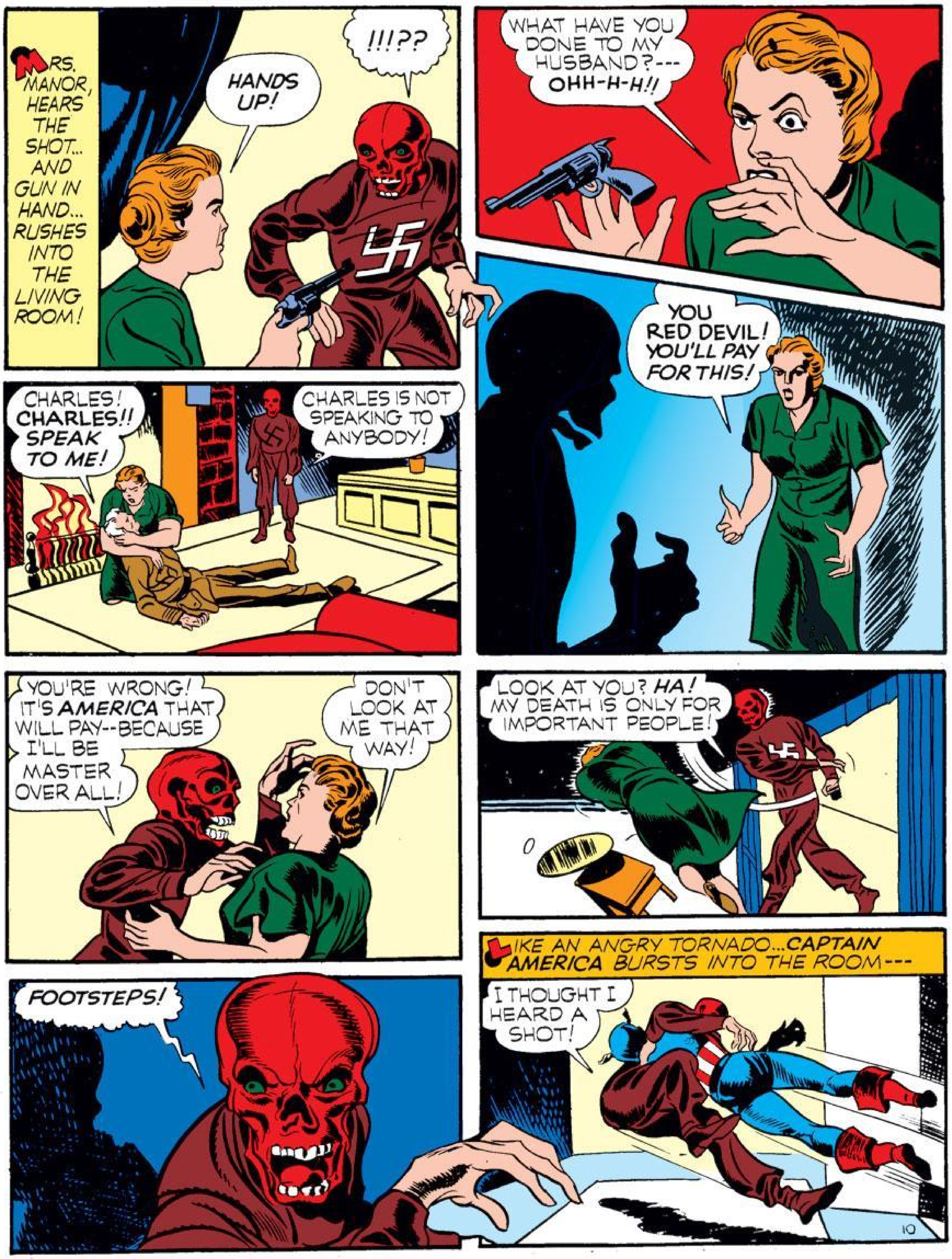

THE BATTERED ROOF-EDGE CRUMBLES AWAY... BUCKY TOPPLES DOWN!
WELL, I'LL BE-- A KID!
LUCKILY BUCKY LANDS ON HIS FEET, AND ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE THE GANGSTER!
OH, NO... YOU DON'T! COME BACK HERE!
AWRIGHT... YOU ASKED FOR IT!
MY LEG! OW-W!
WHAM!
TRY YER FUNNY STUFF ON ME, WILL YOUSE?
POW!
A PRESENT FOR YOU, BOSS!
SHOW THE LAD IN, SLUG!
I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T KNOW THIS BOY, SLUG--HE'S THE CAPABLE YOUNG PARTNER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHAT?
HE CAN'T BE...
SURE I AM! WHAT OF IT?
WE BETTER LET HIM GO-- EH, BOSS?

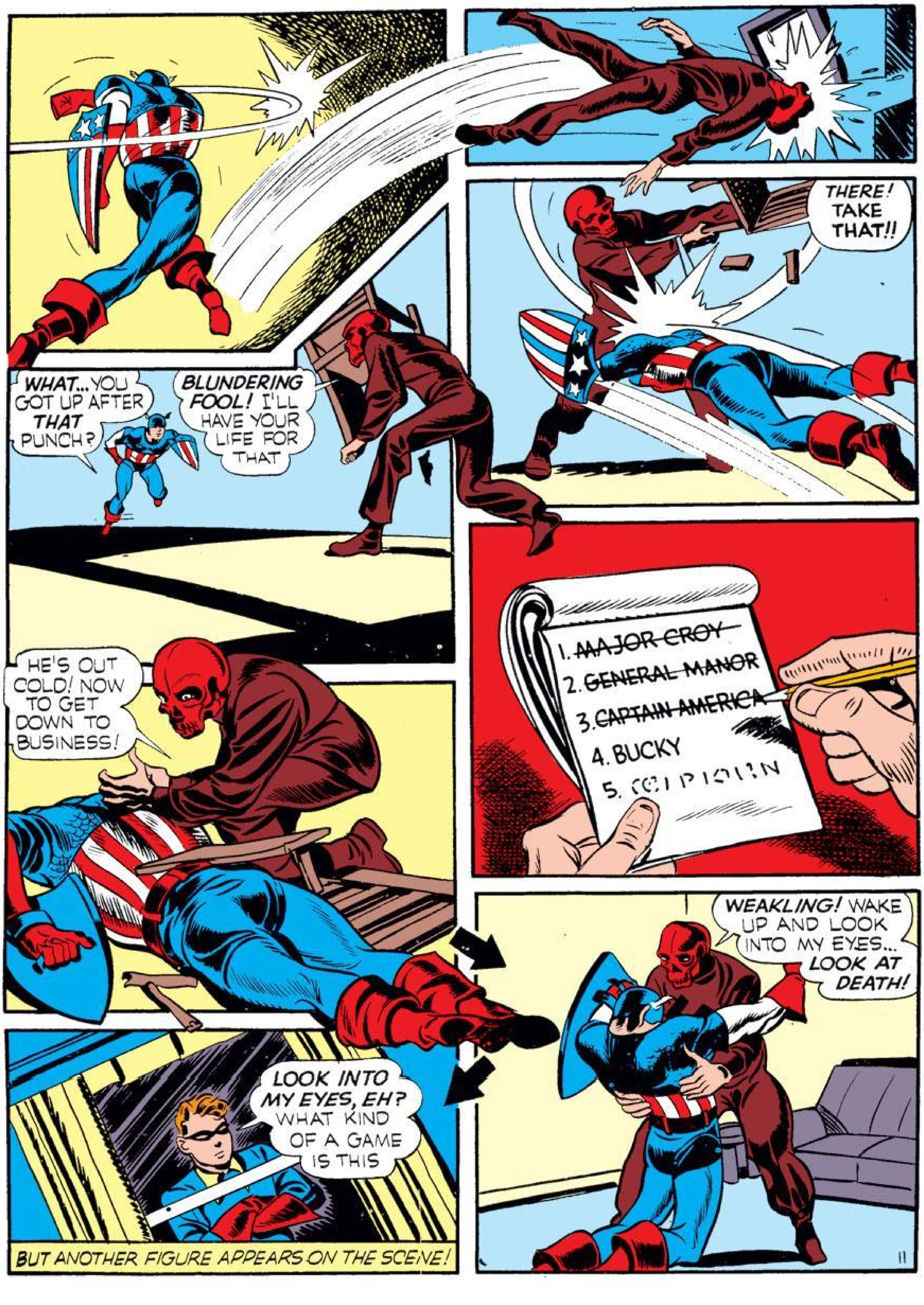

ON THE CONTRARY-- WE'LL HOLD HIM AS HOSTAGE...THEN HE SHALL LOOK THROUGH MY EYE **AT DEATH!**
WHO'S THERE?
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
IT'S ME, YOU SAP!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! GET HIM BOYS!
HELP! HE'S A ONE MAN RIOT SQUAD!
SO YOU DISOBEYED MY ORDER, EH? YOU LITTLE RASCAL!
YEAH... BUT LOOKIT THE NICE PARTY I CRASHED!
IN THE MIDST OF THE FRAY... **THE RED SKULL** DEPARTS THROUGH A SECRET EXIT!
SO THEY THINK THEY'RE WINNING, DO THEY? I'LL BE BACK--- **WITH MORE MURDER!**
THAT FINISHES THESE BABIES! ALL EXCEPT MISTER RED SKULL WHO SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT!
SO I SEE! WELL, IT'S TOO LATE TO CHASE HIM NOW... LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP!

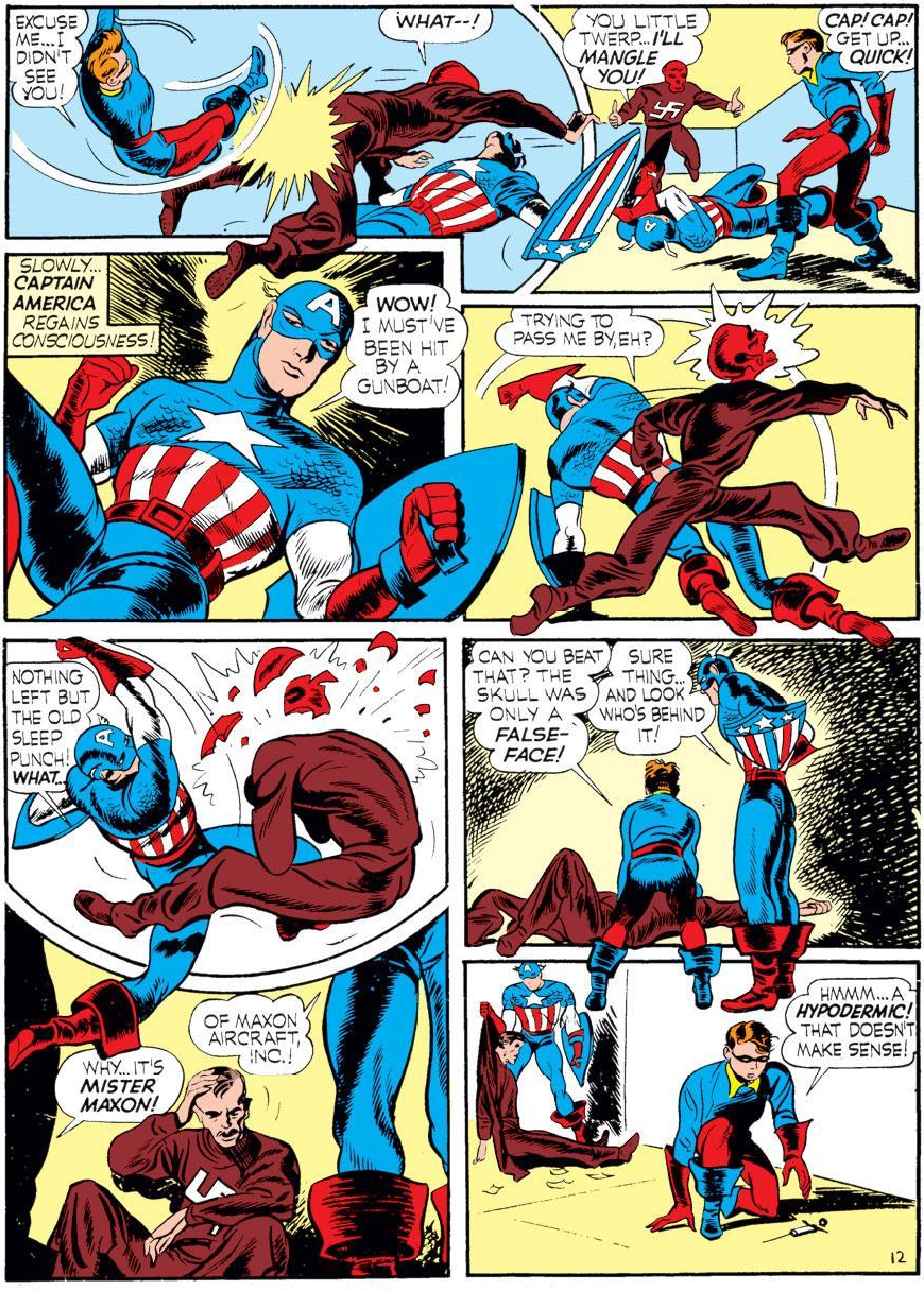

THE NEXT DAY... CAPTAIN AMERICA ONCE MORE BECOMES PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY!
PRIVATE ROGERS– FALL IN!
COMING, SARGE!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, CHUM?
CAN'T SAY YET-- SOMETHING ABOUT AIRPLANE TESTING!
SQUAD, HALT!
MEN... I WANT YOU TO MEET MISTER MAXON OF THE MAXON AIRCRAFT CORPORATION! HE CAME IN PERSON TO WATCH HIS NEW PLANE TAKE AN ARMY TEST!
ER.. AH.. GLAD TO MEET YOU BOYS!
THERE SHE GOES!
GOOD LORD! SHE'S ON FIRE!
LIKE A FLAMING COMET... THE GIANT BOMBER STREAKS EARTHWARD!

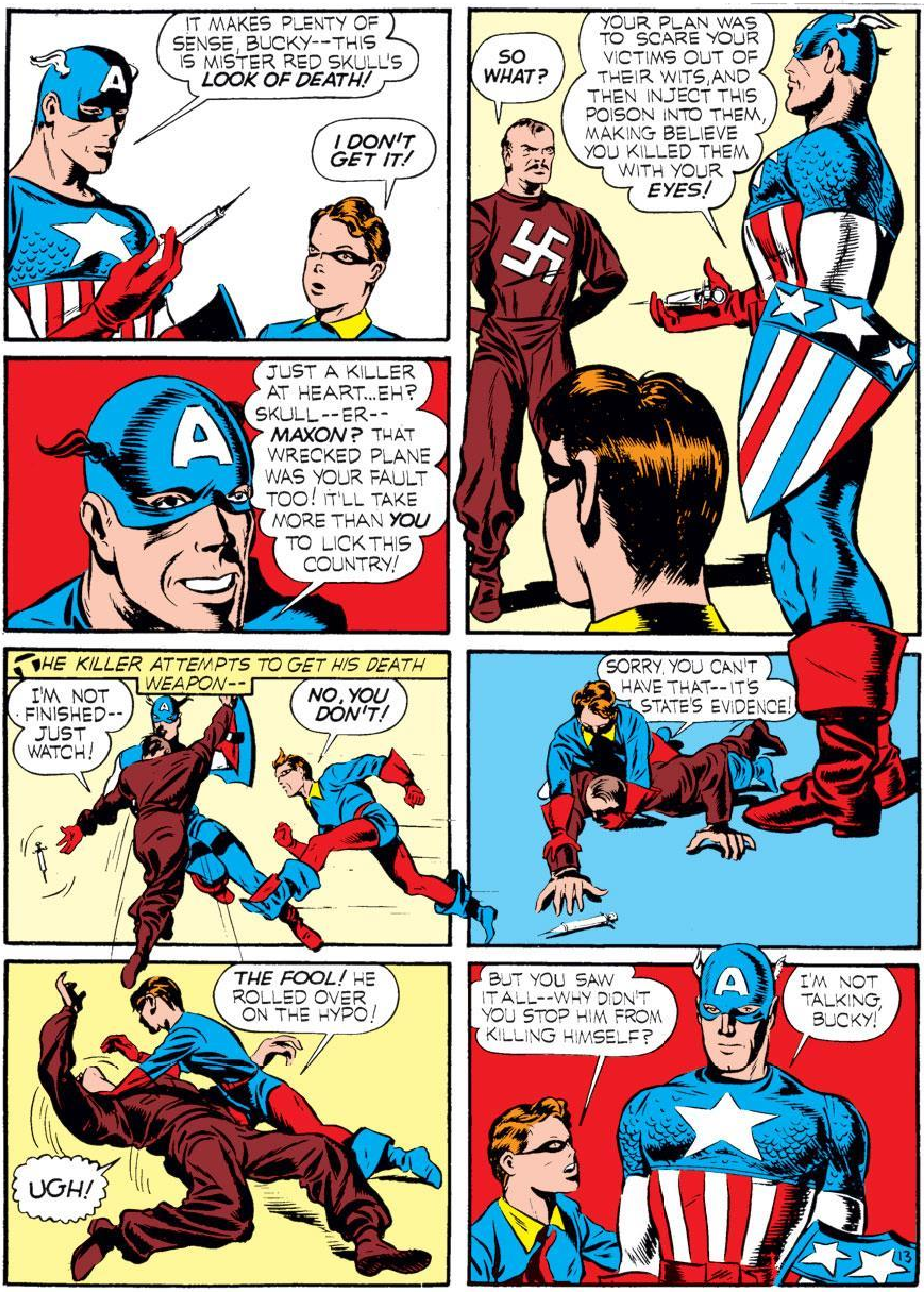

AND ONCE AGAIN SABOTAGE HAS STRUCK AT THE HEART OF AMERICA!
OH, DEAR ME-- AND SUCH A **LOVELY** PLANE, TOO! TSK...TSK...
PLANE... **MY EYE!** WHAT ABOUT THE MEN WHO **DIED IN IT?**
THAT'S ENOUGH... PRIVATE ROGERS! FALL BACK IN LINE!
YES, SIR!
LATER...BACK IN CAMP...
IF YOU THINK IT'S SABOTAGE...WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
WE'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT--BUT **CAPTAIN AMERICA** WILL!
GOOD NIGHT, MISTER MAXON... YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT WE'LL INVESTIGATE THIS ACCIDENT!
DEAR...DEAR... IT WAS NEARLY TOO MUCH--I'VE A WEAK HEART, YOU KNOW!
GOODNIGHT, GENERAL-- AND REST WELL... WE WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO AMERICA'S GREATEST MILITARY GENIUS-- WOULD WE?
HELLO, MILDRED! SORRY I'M LATE...
NO NEED TO BE... I'VE A SURPRISE! A PACKAGE CAME FOR YOU TODAY!
WELL, WELL! WONDER WHO'S BEEN PLAYING SANTA CLAUS?

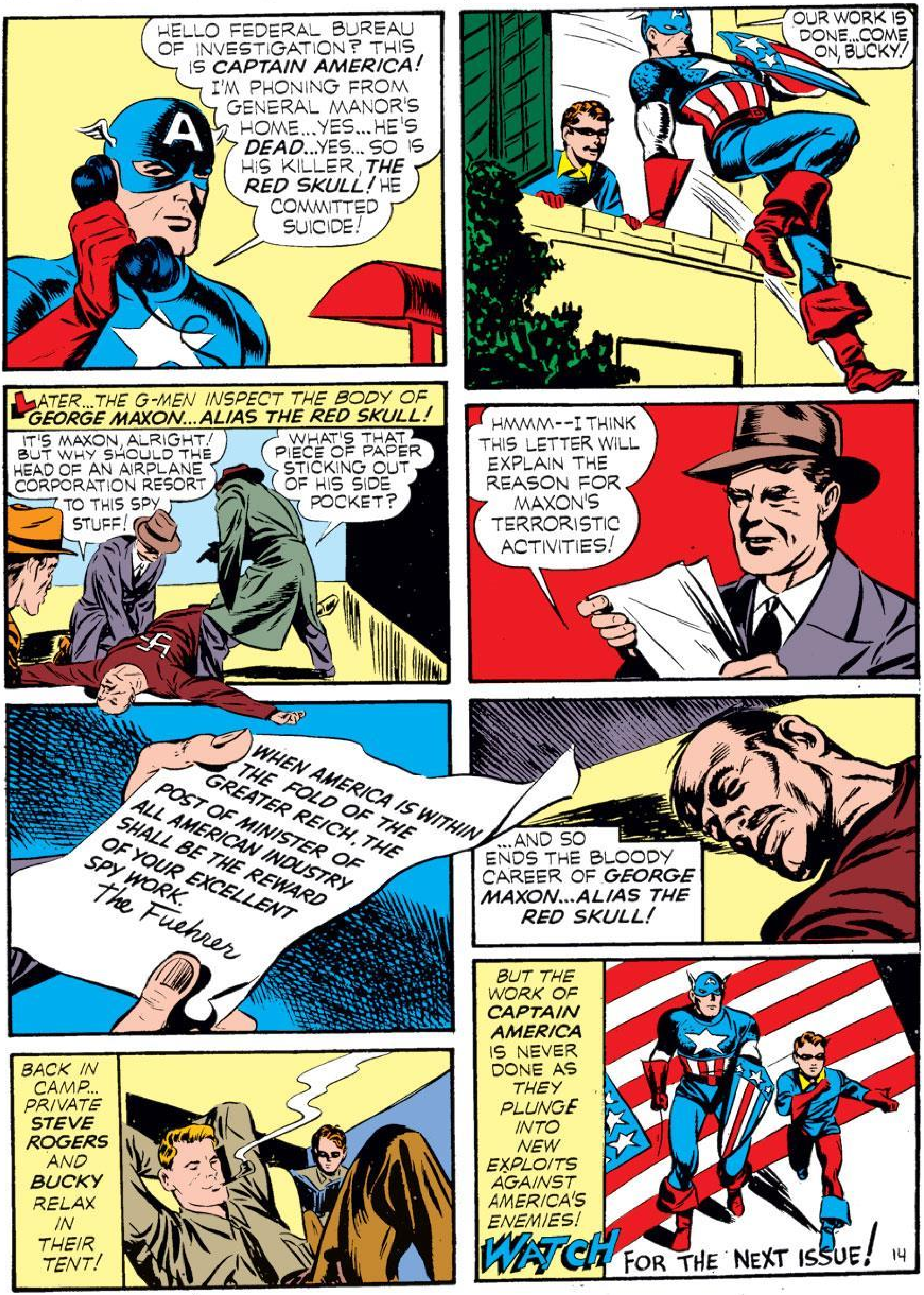

THE PACKAGE IS OPENED, AND A TERRIFYING RED SKULL ROLLS OUT UPON THE TABLE...:
W-WHAT T-THE---!
THIS IS YOUR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH, GENERAL MANOR... ALREADY DEATH APPROACHES YOU! THE RED SKULL
HA! HA! A FLIMSY JOKE I MUST SAY!
GENERAL MANOR!
Y-YOU!
A GUN IS USELESS!
UGH!
PEER INTO MY EYES, GENERAL... LOOK AT DEATH!
NO...NO! AR-R-GH!
HA! ANOTHER HAS MET THE SKULL... AND LOST!
1. ~~MAJOR CROY~~
2. ~~GENERAL MANOR~~
3. CAPTAIN AMERICA
4. BUCKY
5. ...TOMPSO

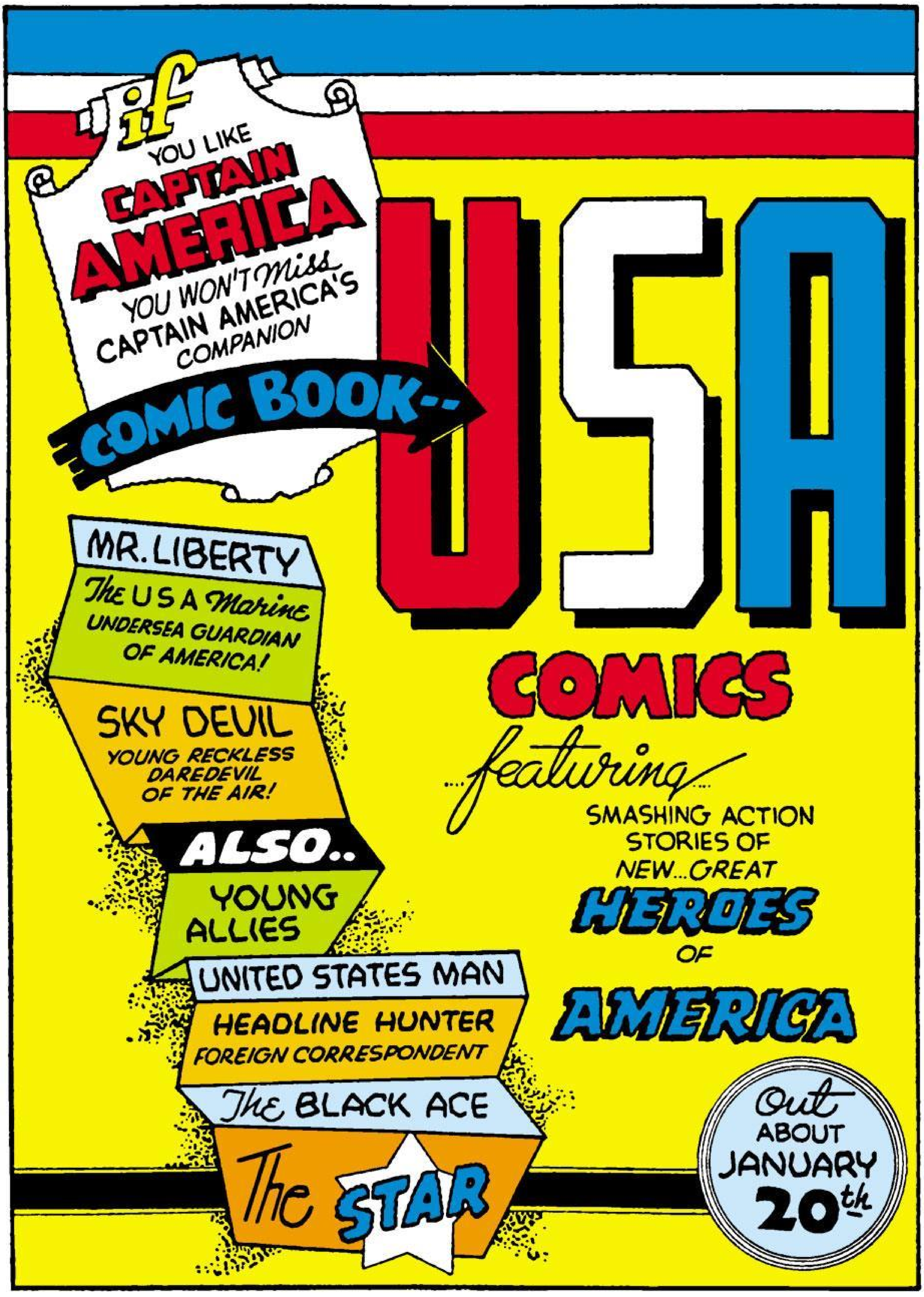

MRS. MANOR, HEARS THE SHOT... AND GUN IN HAND... RUSHES INTO THE LIVING ROOM!
HANDS UP!
!!!??
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY HUSBAND?--- OHH-H-H!!
CHARLES! CHARLES!! SPEAK TO ME!
CHARLES IS NOT SPEAKING TO ANYBODY!
YOU RED DEVIL! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
YOU'RE WRONG! IT'S AMERICA THAT WILL PAY--BECAUSE I'LL BE MASTER OVER ALL!
DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY!
LOOK AT YOU? HA! MY DEATH IS ONLY FOR IMPORTANT PEOPLE!
FOOTSTEPS!
LIKE AN ANGRY TORNADO...CAPTAIN AMERICA BURSTS INTO THE ROOM---
I THOUGHT I HEARD A SHOT!

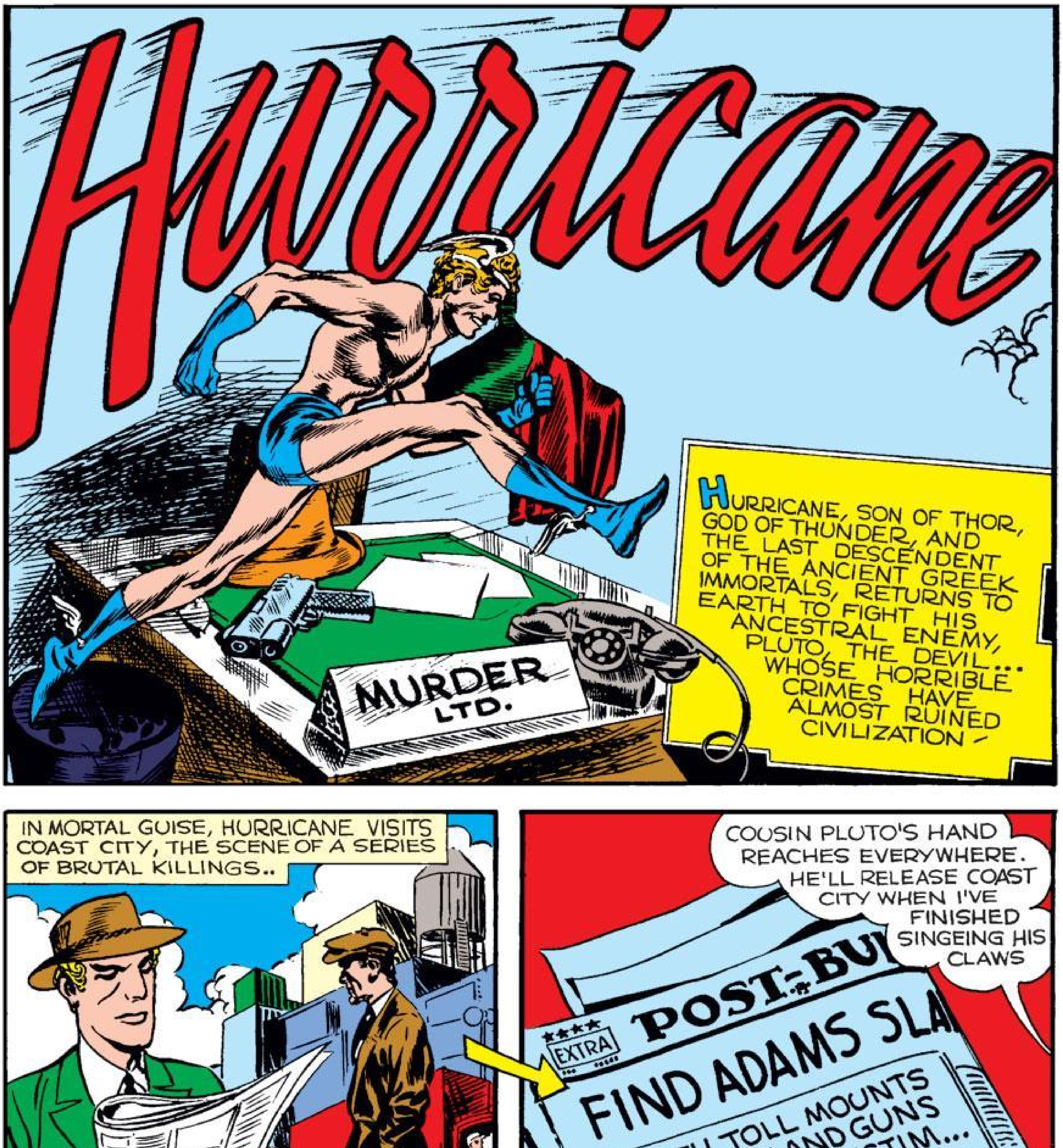

THERE! TAKE THAT!!
WHAT...YOU GOT UP AFTER THAT PUNCH?
BLUNDERING FOOL! I'LL HAVE YOUR LIFE FOR THAT
1. ~~MAJOR CROY~~
2. ~~GENERAL MANOR~~
3. ~~CAPTAIN AMERICA~~
4. BUCKY
5. [illegible]
HE'S OUT COLD! NOW TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
WEAKLING! WAKE UP AND LOOK INTO MY EYES... LOOK AT DEATH!
LOOK INTO MY EYES, EH? WHAT KIND OF A GAME IS THIS
BUT ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARS ON THE SCENE!

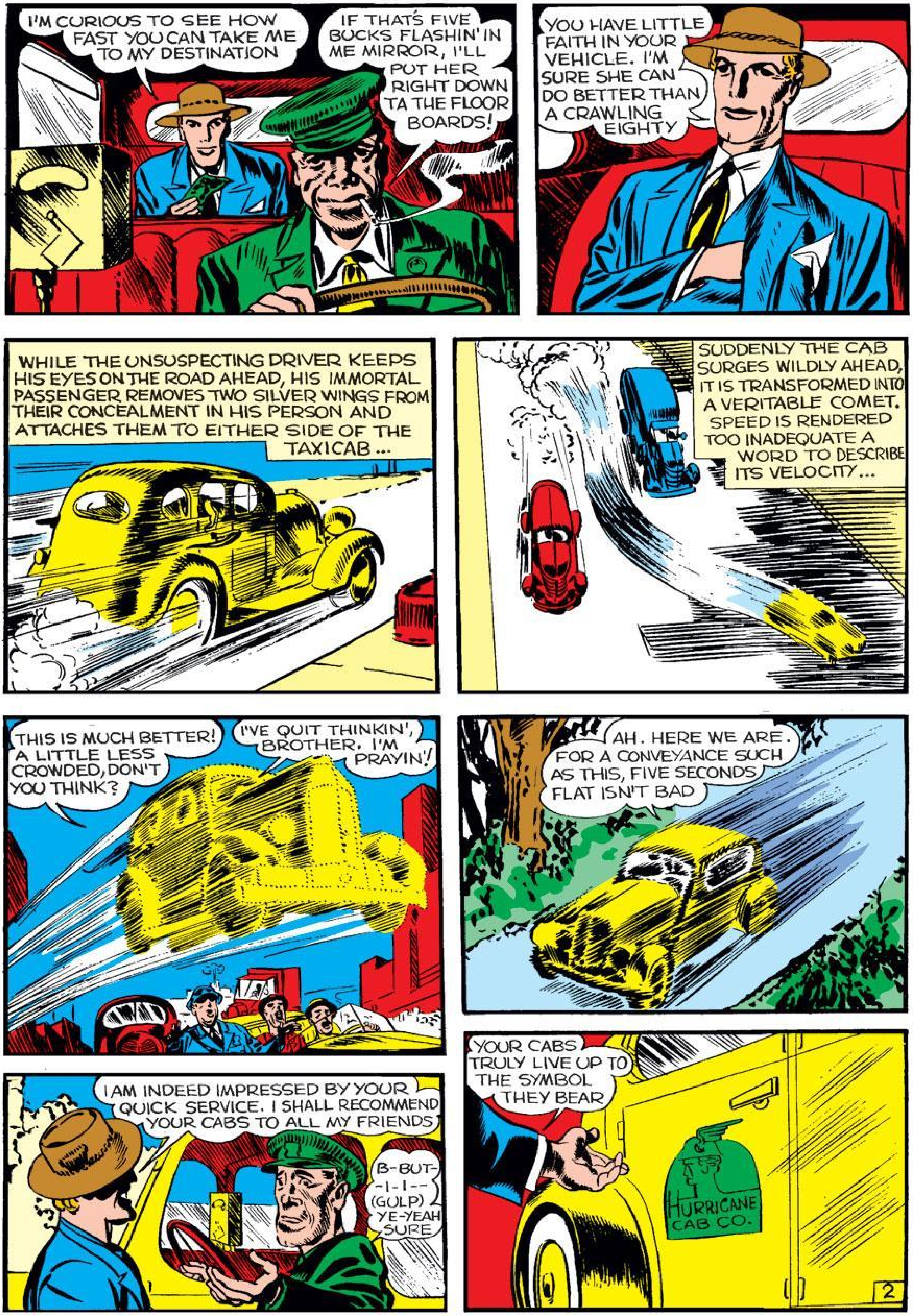

EXCUSE ME...I DIDN'T SEE YOU!
WHAT--!
YOU LITTLE TWERP...**I'LL MANGLE YOU!**
CAP! CAP! GET UP... **QUICK!**
SLOWLY... **CAPTAIN AMERICA** REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!
WOW! I MUST'VE BEEN HIT BY A GUNBOAT!
TRYING TO PASS ME BY, EH?
NOTHING LEFT BUT THE OLD SLEEP PUNCH! **WHAT...**
WHY...IT'S **MISTER MAXON!**
OF MAXON AIRCRAFT, INC.!
CAN YOU BEAT THAT? THE SKULL WAS ONLY A **FALSE-FACE!**
SURE THING... AND LOOK WHO'S BEHIND IT!
HMMM... A **HYPODERMIC!** THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

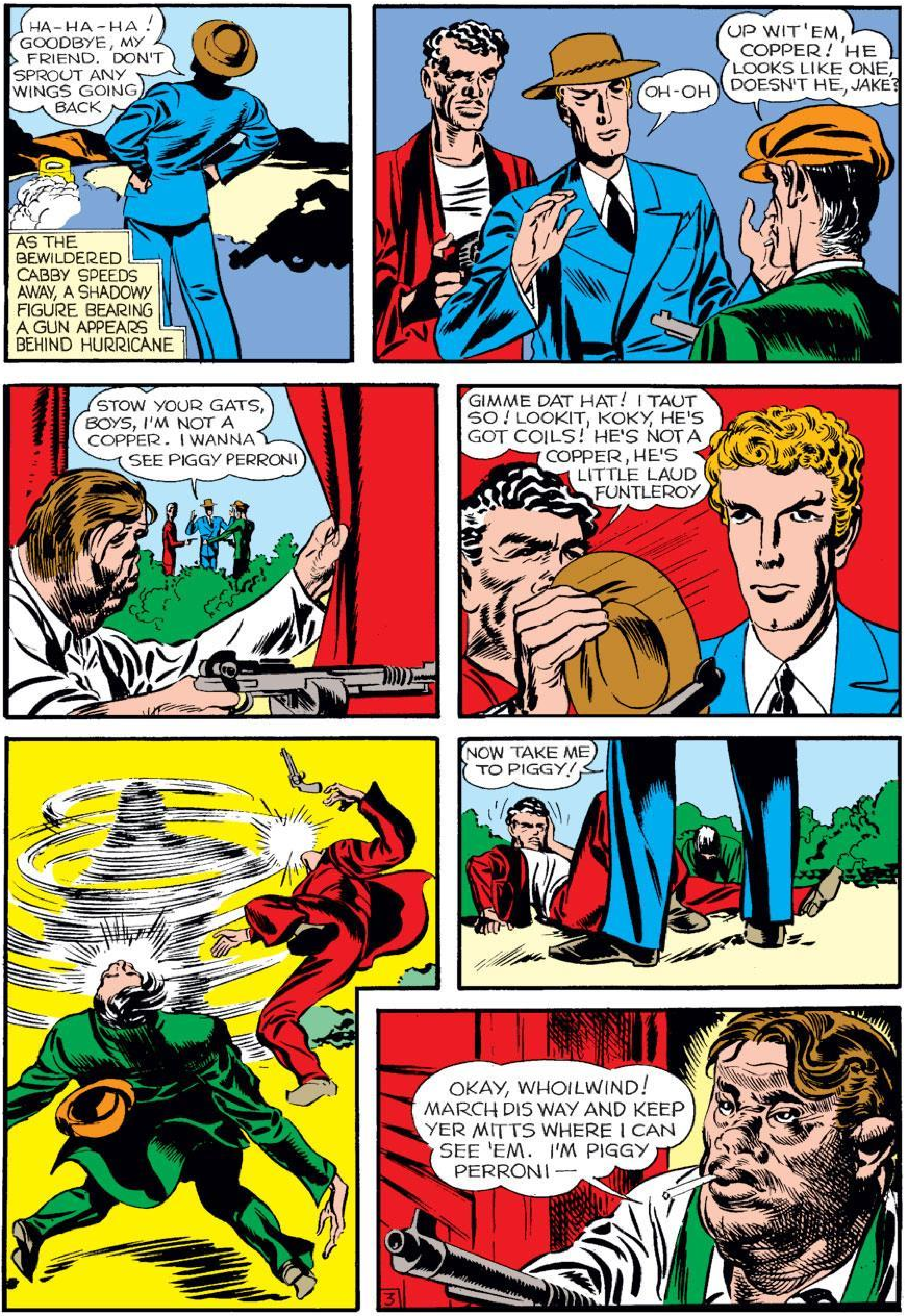

IT MAKES PLENTY OF SENSE, BUCKY--THIS IS MISTER RED SKULL'S **LOOK OF DEATH!**
I DON'T GET IT!
SO WHAT?
YOUR PLAN WAS TO SCARE YOUR VICTIMS OUT OF THEIR WITS, AND THEN INJECT THIS POISON INTO THEM, MAKING BELIEVE YOU KILLED THEM WITH YOUR **EYES!**
JUST A KILLER AT HEART...EH? SKULL--ER--**MAXON?** THAT WRECKED PLANE WAS YOUR FAULT TOO! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN **YOU** TO LICK THIS COUNTRY!
THE KILLER ATTEMPTS TO GET HIS DEATH WEAPON--
I'M NOT FINISHED--JUST WATCH!
NO, YOU DON'T!
SORRY, YOU CAN'T HAVE THAT--IT'S STATE'S EVIDENCE!
THE FOOL! HE ROLLED OVER ON THE HYPO!
UGH!
BUT YOU SAW IT ALL--WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM FROM KILLING HIMSELF?
I'M NOT TALKING, BUCKY!

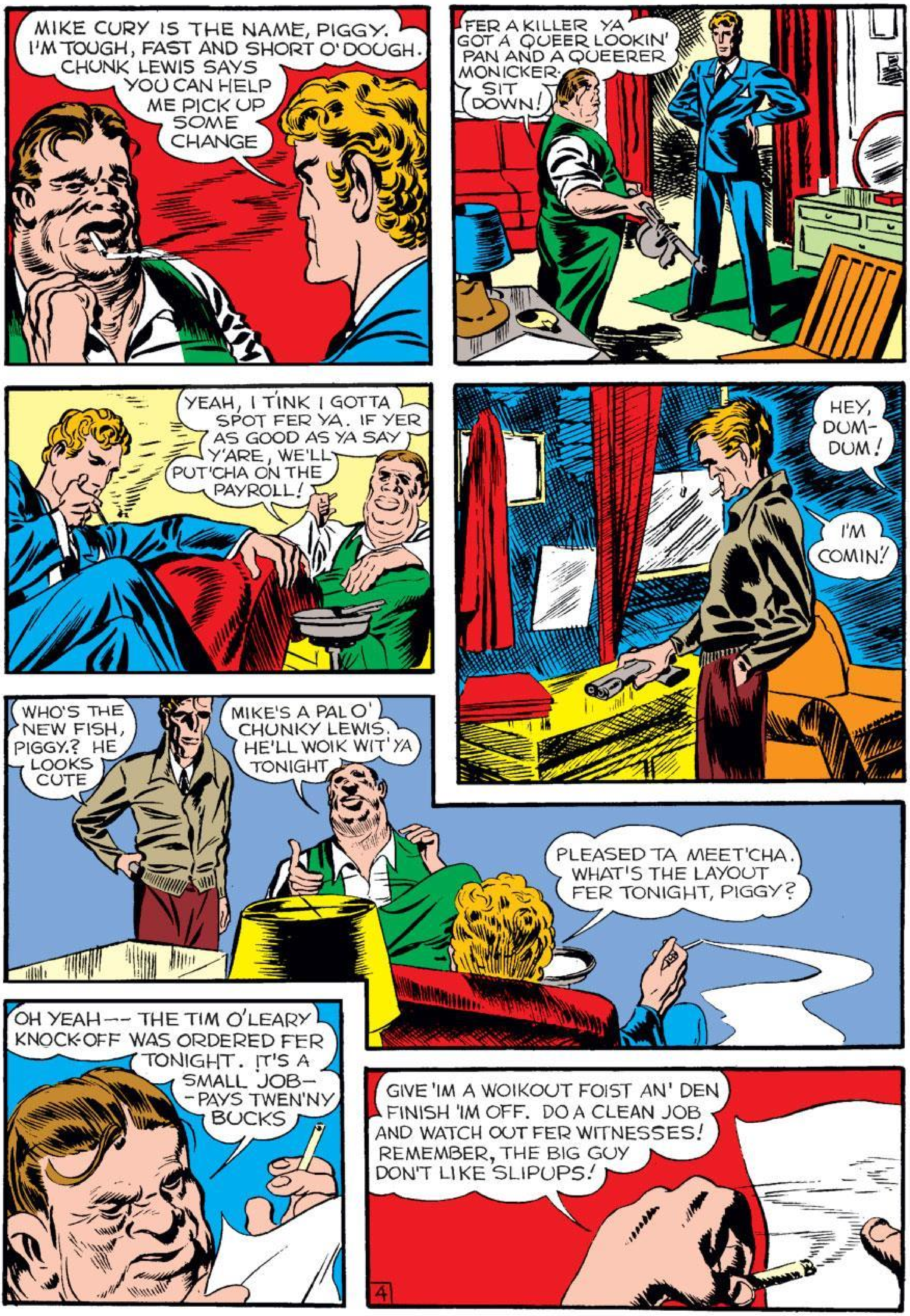

HELLO FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION? THIS IS **CAPTAIN AMERICA!** I'M PHONING FROM GENERAL MANOR'S HOME...YES...HE'S **DEAD...**YES... SO IS HIS KILLER, **THE RED SKULL!** HE COMMITTED SUICIDE!
OUR WORK IS DONE...COME ON, BUCKY!
LATER...THE G-MEN INSPECT THE BODY OF **GEORGE MAXON...ALIAS THE RED SKULL!**
IT'S MAXON, ALRIGHT! BUT WHY SHOULD THE HEAD OF AN AIRPLANE CORPORATION RESORT TO THIS SPY STUFF!
WHAT'S THAT PIECE OF PAPER STICKING OUT OF HIS SIDE POCKET?
HMMM--I THINK THIS LETTER WILL EXPLAIN THE REASON FOR MAXON'S TERRORISTIC ACTIVITIES!
WHEN AMERICA IS WITHIN THE FOLD OF THE GREATER REICH, THE POST OF MINISTER OF ALL AMERICAN INDUSTRY SHALL BE THE REWARD OF YOUR EXCELLENT SPY WORK. The Fuehrer
...AND SO ENDS THE BLOODY CAREER OF **GEORGE MAXON...ALIAS THE RED SKULL!**
BACK IN CAMP... PRIVATE **STEVE ROGERS** AND **BUCKY** RELAX IN THEIR TENT!
BUT THE WORK OF **CAPTAIN AMERICA** IS NEVER DONE AS **THEY PLUNGE INTO NEW EXPLOITS AGAINST AMERICA'S ENEMIES!**
WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE!

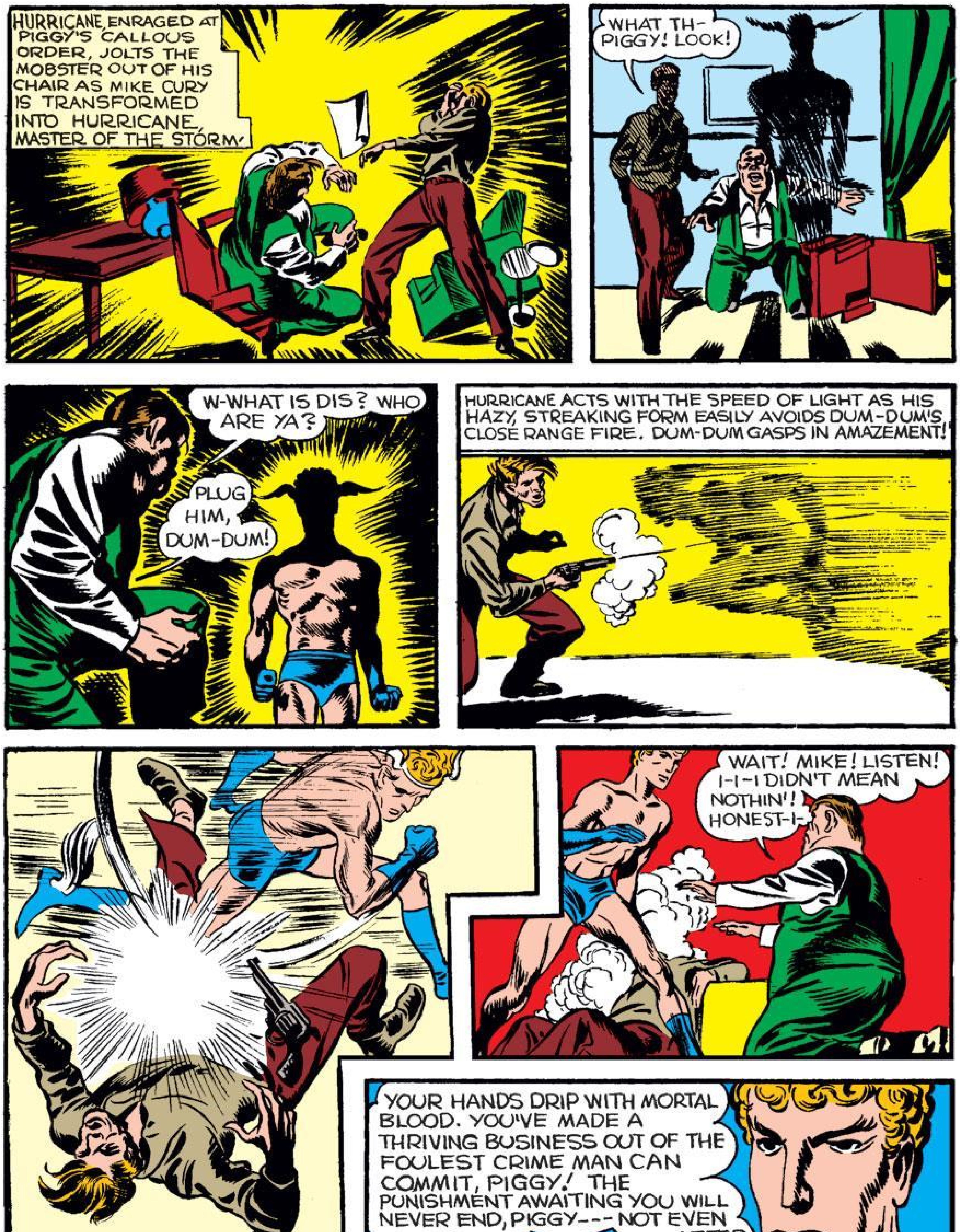

if
YOU LIKE
CAPTAIN AMERICA
YOU WON'T miss
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
COMPANION
COMIC BOOK--
USA
COMICS
featuring
SMASHING ACTION
STORIES OF
NEW...GREAT
HEROES
OF
AMERICA
MR. LIBERTY
The U S A Marine
UNDERSEA GUARDIAN
OF AMERICA!
SKY DEVIL
YOUNG RECKLESS
DAREDEVIL
OF THE AIR!
ALSO..
YOUNG
ALLIES
UNITED STATES MAN
HEADLINE HUNTER
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT
The BLACK ACE
The STAR
Out
ABOUT
JANUARY
20th

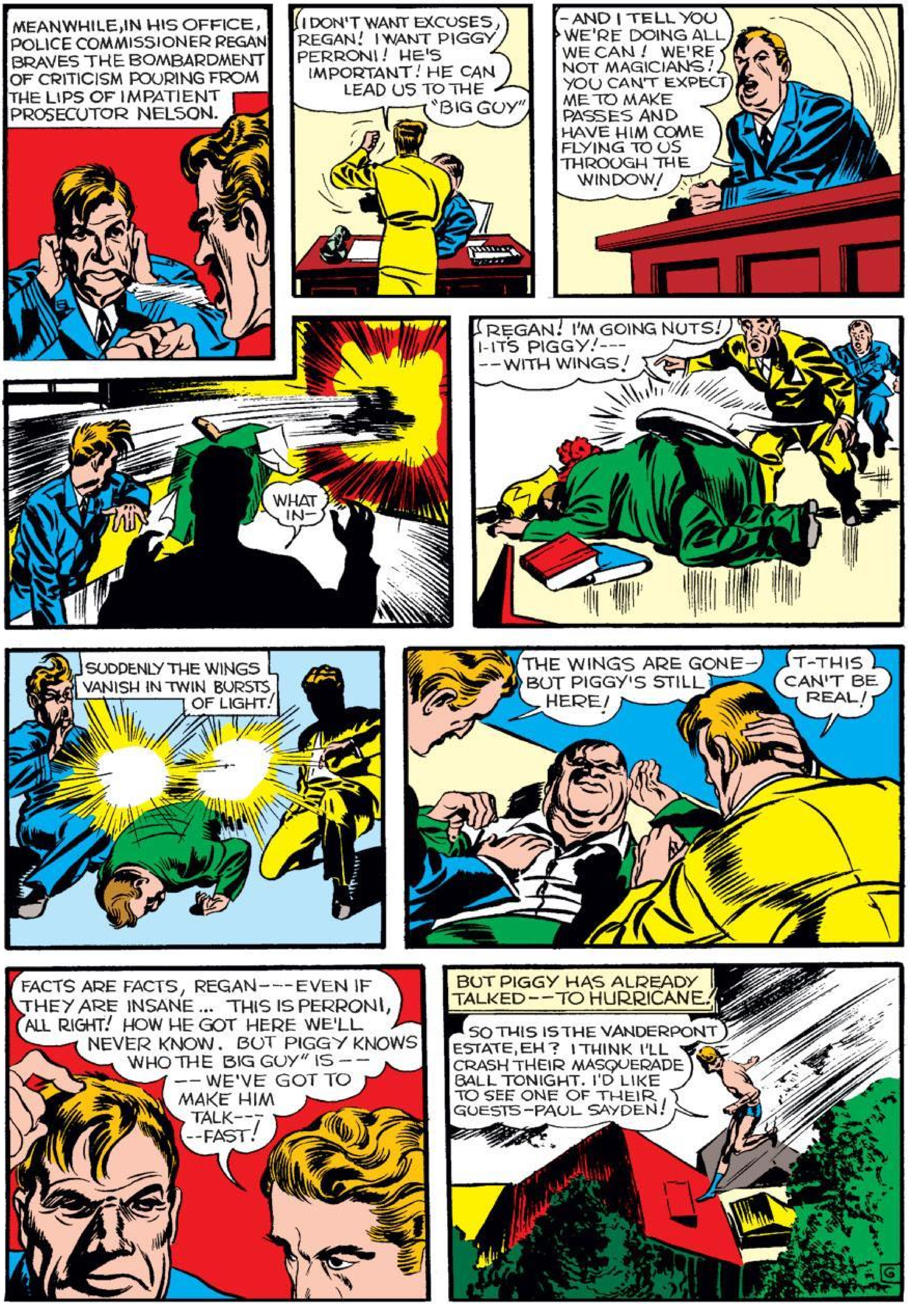

Hurricane
HURRICANE, SON OF THOR, GOD OF THUNDER, AND THE LAST DESCENDENT OF THE ANCIENT GREEK IMMORTALS, RETURNS TO EARTH TO FIGHT HIS ANCESTRAL ENEMY, PLUTO, THE DEVIL... WHOSE HORRIBLE CRIMES HAVE ALMOST RUINED CIVILIZATION -
MURDER LTD.
IN MORTAL GUISE, HURRICANE VISITS COAST CITY, THE SCENE OF A SERIES OF BRUTAL KILLINGS..
COUSIN PLUTO'S HAND REACHES EVERYWHERE. HE'LL RELEASE COAST CITY WHEN I'VE FINISHED SINGEING HIS CLAWS
POST-BU
EXTRA
FIND ADAMS SLA
DEATH TOLL MOUNTS AS GANGLAND GUNS CLAIM NEW VICTIM...
IMMEDIATE ACTION TO BE TAKEN-SAYS PROS. NELSON
DRUMMOND SEEKS PIGGY PERRONI QUESTION
LATEST VICTIM
BAN
I'M IN QUEST OF TRANSPORTATION, FRIEND
IF YA MEAN YA WANNA TAXI, HOP IN, MISTER

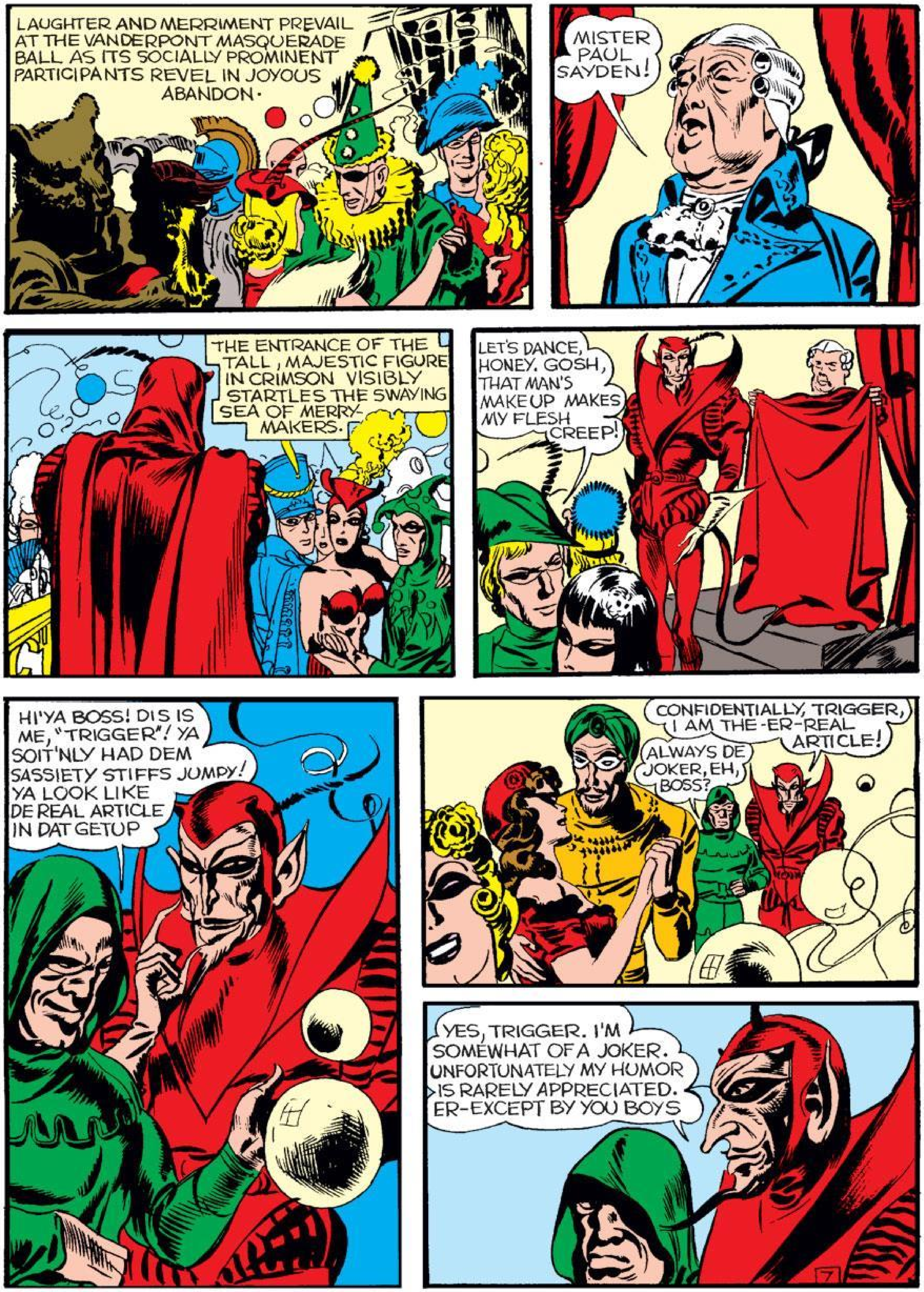

I'M CURIOUS TO SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN TAKE ME TO MY DESTINATION
IF THAT'S FIVE BUCKS FLASHIN' IN ME MIRROR, I'LL PUT HER RIGHT DOWN TA THE FLOOR BOARDS!
YOU HAVE LITTLE FAITH IN YOUR VEHICLE. I'M SURE SHE CAN DO BETTER THAN A CRAWLING EIGHTY
WHILE THE UNSUSPECTING DRIVER KEEPS HIS EYES ON THE ROAD AHEAD, HIS IMMORTAL PASSENGER REMOVES TWO SILVER WINGS FROM THEIR CONCEALMENT IN HIS PERSON AND ATTACHES THEM TO EITHER SIDE OF THE TAXICAB...
SUDDENLY THE CAB SURGES WILDLY AHEAD, IT IS TRANSFORMED INTO A VERITABLE COMET. SPEED IS RENDERED TOO INADEQUATE A WORD TO DESCRIBE ITS VELOCITY...
THIS IS MUCH BETTER! A LITTLE LESS CROWDED, DON'T YOU THINK?
I'VE QUIT THINKIN', BROTHER. I'M PRAYIN'!
AH. HERE WE ARE. FOR A CONVEYANCE SUCH AS THIS, FIVE SECONDS FLAT ISN'T BAD
I AM INDEED IMPRESSED BY YOUR QUICK SERVICE. I SHALL RECOMMEND YOUR CABS TO ALL MY FRIENDS
B-BUT- -I-I-- (GULP) YE-YEAH SURE
YOUR CABS TRULY LIVE UP TO THE SYMBOL THEY BEAR
HURRICANE CAB CO.

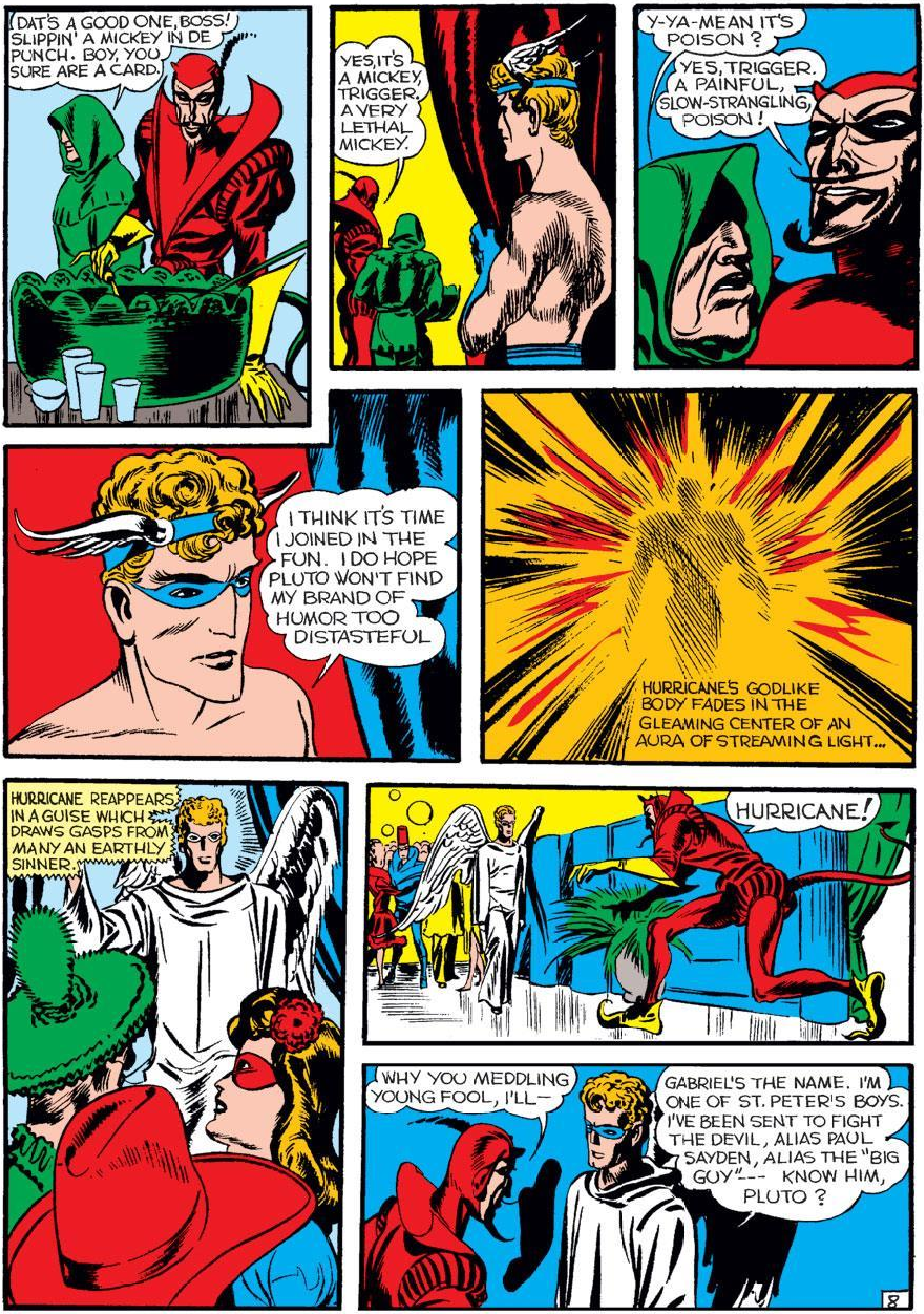

HA-HA-HA! GOODBYE, MY FRIEND. DON'T SPROUT ANY WINGS GOING BACK
AS THE BEWILDERED CABBY SPEEDS AWAY, A SHADOWY FIGURE BEARING A GUN APPEARS BEHIND HURRICANE
OH-OH
UP WIT'EM, COPPER! HE LOOKS LIKE ONE, DOESN'T HE, JAKE?
STOW YOUR GATS, BOYS, I'M NOT A COPPER. I WANNA SEE PIGGY PERRONI
GIMME DAT HAT! I TAUT SO! LOOKIT, KOKY, HE'S GOT COILS! HE'S NOT A COPPER, HE'S LITTLE LAUD FUNTLEROY
NOW TAKE ME TO PIGGY!
OKAY, WHOILWIND! MARCH DIS WAY AND KEEP YER MITTS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM. I'M PIGGY PERRONI—
3

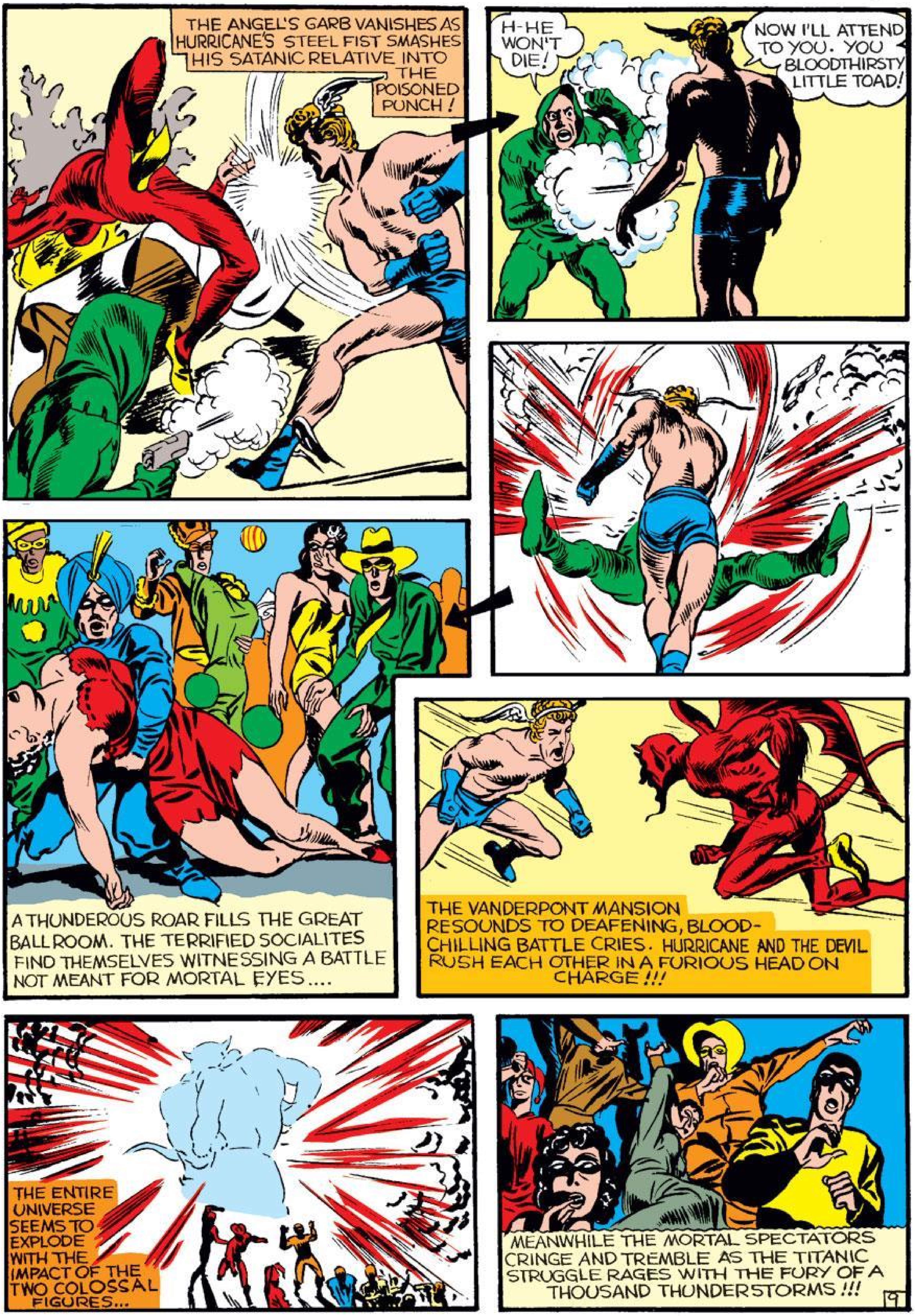

MIKE CURY IS THE NAME, PIGGY. I'M TOUGH, FAST AND SHORT O' DOUGH. CHUNK LEWIS SAYS YOU CAN HELP ME PICK UP SOME CHANGE
FER A KILLER YA GOT A QUEER LOOKIN' PAN AND A QUEERER MONICKER. SIT DOWN!
YEAH, I TINK I GOTTA SPOT FER YA. IF YER AS GOOD AS YA SAY Y'ARE, WE'LL PUT'CHA ON THE PAYROLL!
HEY, DUM-DUM!
I'M COMIN'!
WHO'S THE NEW FISH, PIGGY.? HE LOOKS CUTE
MIKE'S A PAL O' CHUNKY LEWIS. HE'LL WOIK WIT'YA TONIGHT
PLEASED TA MEET'CHA. WHAT'S THE LAYOUT FER TONIGHT, PIGGY?
OH YEAH-- THE TIM O'LEARY KNOCK-OFF WAS ORDERED FER TONIGHT. IT'S A SMALL JOB--PAYS TWEN'NY BUCKS
GIVE 'IM A WOIKOUT FOIST AN' DEN FINISH 'IM OFF. DO A CLEAN JOB AND WATCH OUT FER WITNESSES! REMEMBER, THE BIG GUY DON'T LIKE SLIPUPS!

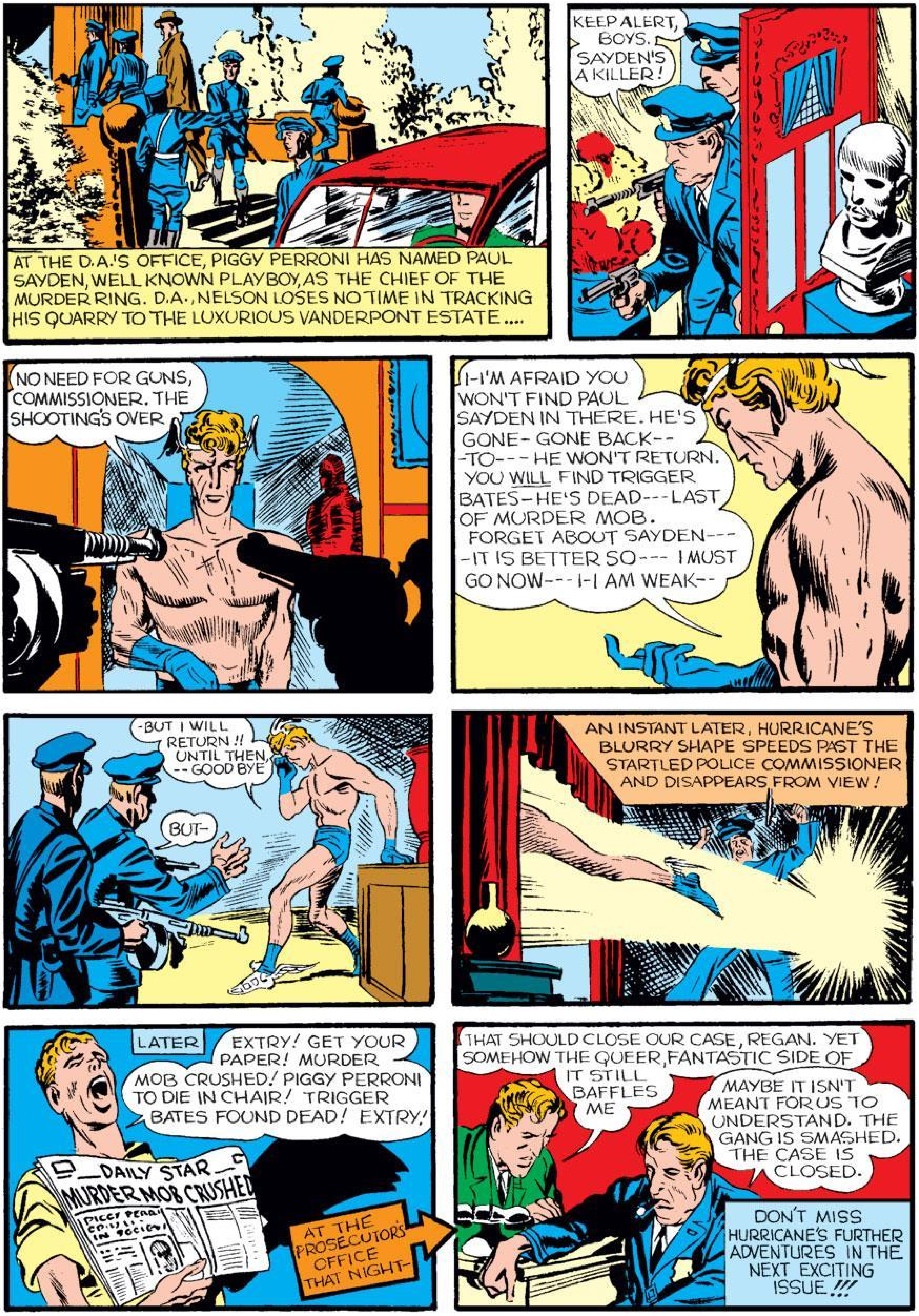

HURRICANE, ENRAGED AT PIGGY'S CALLOUS ORDER, JOLTS THE MOBSTER OUT OF HIS CHAIR AS MIKE CURY IS TRANSFORMED INTO HURRICANE, MASTER OF THE STORM!
WHAT TH- PIGGY! LOOK!
W-WHAT IS DIS? WHO ARE YA?
PLUG HIM, DUM-DUM!
HURRICANE ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT AS HIS HAZY, STREAKING FORM EASILY AVOIDS DUM-DUM'S CLOSE RANGE FIRE. DUM-DUM GASPS IN AMAZEMENT!
FROM OUT OF NOWHERE COMES A TERRIFIC IMPACT WHICH SENDS THE BEWILDERED KILLER CRASHING INTO OBLIVION—A SPRAWLING, UNCONSCIOUS MASS IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM ...
WAIT! MIKE! LISTEN! I-I-I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'! HONEST-I-
YOUR HANDS DRIP WITH MORTAL BLOOD. YOU'VE MADE A THRIVING BUSINESS OUT OF THE FOULEST CRIME MAN CAN COMMIT, PIGGY! THE PUNISHMENT AWAITING YOU WILL NEVER END, PIGGY--- NOT EVEN AFTER THE CHAIR

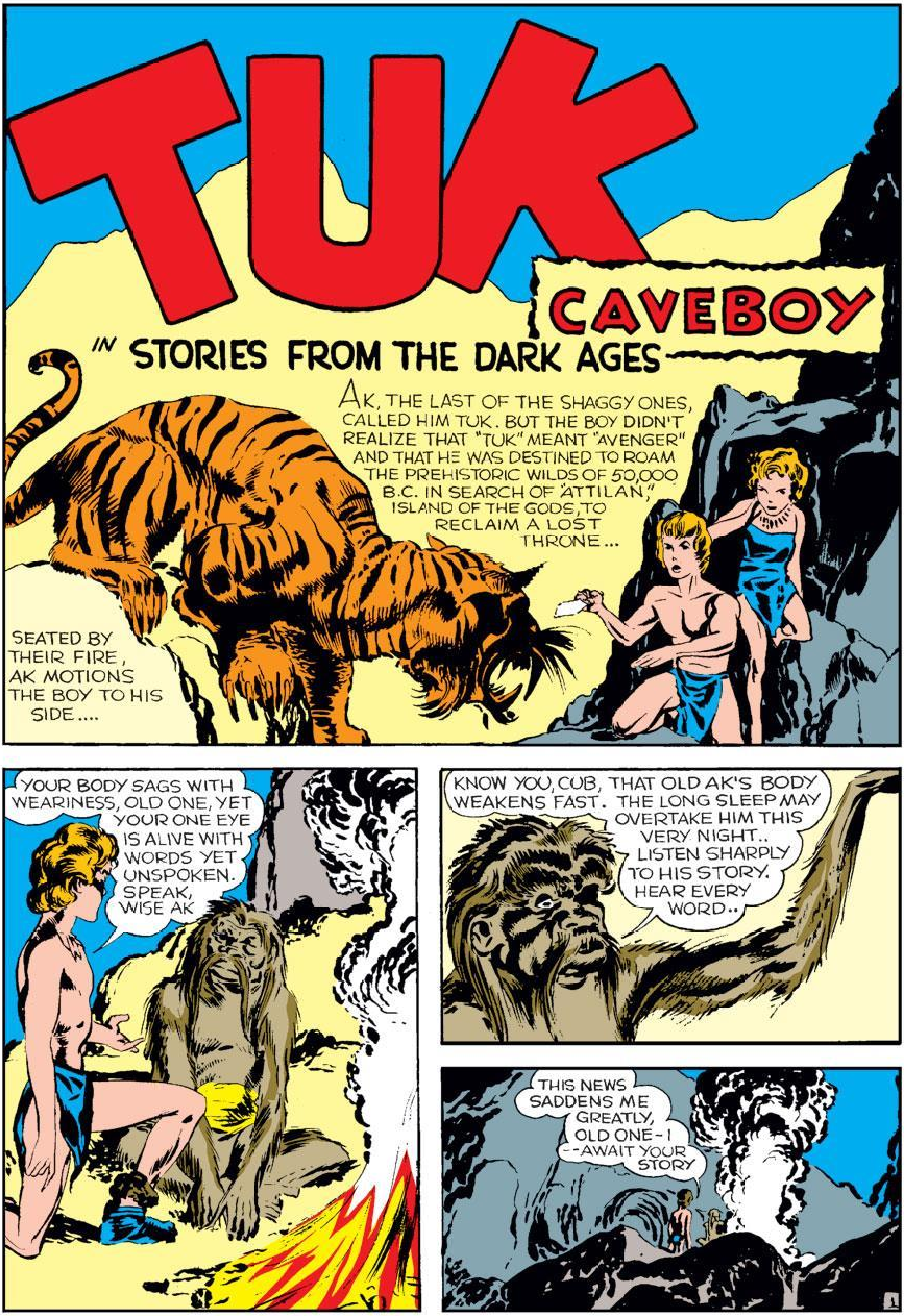

MEANWHILE, IN HIS OFFICE, POLICE COMMISSIONER REGAN BRAVES THE BOMBARDMENT OF CRITICISM POURING FROM THE LIPS OF IMPATIENT PROSECUTOR NELSON.
I DON'T WANT EXCUSES, REGAN! I WANT PIGGY PERRONI! HE'S IMPORTANT! HE CAN LEAD US TO THE "BIG GUY"
-AND I TELL YOU WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN! WE'RE NOT MAGICIANS! YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO MAKE PASSES AND HAVE HIM COME FLYING TO US THROUGH THE WINDOW!
WHAT IN-
REGAN! I'M GOING NUTS! I-IT'S PIGGY!--- --WITH WINGS!
SUDDENLY THE WINGS VANISH IN TWIN BURSTS OF LIGHT!
THE WINGS ARE GONE- BUT PIGGY'S STILL HERE!
T-THIS CAN'T BE REAL!
FACTS ARE FACTS, REGAN---EVEN IF THEY ARE INSANE... THIS IS PERRONI, ALL RIGHT! HOW HE GOT HERE WE'LL NEVER KNOW. BUT PIGGY KNOWS WHO THE BIG GUY" IS --- -- WE'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM TALK--- --FAST!
BUT PIGGY HAS ALREADY TALKED--TO HURRICANE!
SO THIS IS THE VANDERPONT ESTATE, EH? I THINK I'LL CRASH THEIR MASQUERADE BALL TONIGHT. I'D LIKE TO SEE ONE OF THEIR GUESTS-PAUL SAYDEN!
6


LAUGHTER AND MERRIMENT PREVAIL AT THE VANDERPONT MASQUERADE BALL AS ITS SOCIALLY PROMINENT PARTICIPANTS REVEL IN JOYOUS ABANDON.
MISTER PAUL SAYDEN!
THE ENTRANCE OF THE TALL, MAJESTIC FIGURE IN CRIMSON VISIBLY STARTLES THE SWAYING SEA OF MERRY-MAKERS.
LET'S DANCE, HONEY. GOSH, THAT MAN'S MAKEUP MAKES MY FLESH CREEP!
HI'YA BOSS! DIS IS ME, "TRIGGER"! YA SOIT'NLY HAD DEM SASSIETY STIFFS JUMPY! YA LOOK LIKE DE REAL ARTICLE IN DAT GETUP
ALWAYS DE JOKER, EH, BOSS?
CONFIDENTIALLY, TRIGGER, I AM THE-ER-REAL ARTICLE!
YES, TRIGGER. I'M SOMEWHAT OF A JOKER. UNFORTUNATELY MY HUMOR IS RARELY APPRECIATED. ER-EXCEPT BY YOU BOYS
7


DAT'S A GOOD ONE, BOSS! SLIPPIN' A MICKEY IN DE PUNCH. BOY, YOU SURE ARE A CARD.
YES, IT'S A MICKEY, TRIGGER. A VERY LETHAL MICKEY.
Y-YA-MEAN IT'S POISON ?
YES, TRIGGER. A PAINFUL, SLOW-STRANGLING, POISON !
I THINK IT'S TIME I JOINED IN THE FUN. I DO HOPE PLUTO WON'T FIND MY BRAND OF HUMOR TOO DISTASTEFUL
HURRICANE'S GODLIKE BODY FADES IN THE GLEAMING CENTER OF AN AURA OF STREAMING LIGHT...
HURRICANE REAPPEARS IN A GUISE WHICH DRAWS GASPS FROM MANY AN EARTHLY SINNER.
HURRICANE!
WHY YOU MEDDLING YOUNG FOOL, I'LL—
GABRIEL'S THE NAME. I'M ONE OF ST. PETER'S BOYS. I'VE BEEN SENT TO FIGHT THE DEVIL, ALIAS PAUL SAYDEN, ALIAS THE "BIG GUY"--- KNOW HIM, PLUTO ?


THE ANGEL'S GARB VANISHES AS HURRICANE'S STEEL FIST SMASHES HIS SATANIC RELATIVE INTO THE POISONED PUNCH!
H-HE WON'T DIE!
NOW I'LL ATTEND TO YOU. YOU BLOODTHIRSTY LITTLE TOAD!
A THUNDEROUS ROAR FILLS THE GREAT BALLROOM. THE TERRIFIED SOCIALITES FIND THEMSELVES WITNESSING A BATTLE NOT MEANT FOR MORTAL EYES....
THE VANDERPONT MANSION RESOUNDS TO DEAFENING, BLOOD-CHILLING BATTLE CRIES. HURRICANE AND THE DEVIL RUSH EACH OTHER IN A FURIOUS HEAD ON CHARGE!!!
THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE SEEMS TO EXPLODE WITH THE IMPACT OF THE TWO COLOSSAL FIGURES...
MEANWHILE THE MORTAL SPECTATORS CRINGE AND TREMBLE AS THE TITANIC STRUGGLE RAGES WITH THE FURY OF A THOUSAND THUNDERSTORMS!!!


AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE, PIGGY PERRONI HAS NAMED PAUL SAYDEN, WELL KNOWN PLAYBOY, AS THE CHIEF OF THE MURDER RING. D.A., NELSON LOSES NO TIME IN TRACKING HIS QUARRY TO THE LUXURIOUS VANDERPONT ESTATE....
KEEP ALERT, BOYS. SAYDEN'S A KILLER!
NO NEED FOR GUNS, COMMISSIONER. THE SHOOTING'S OVER
I-I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T FIND PAUL SAYDEN IN THERE. HE'S GONE- GONE BACK-- -TO--- HE WON'T RETURN. YOU WILL FIND TRIGGER BATES- HE'S DEAD--- LAST OF MURDER MOB. FORGET ABOUT SAYDEN--- -IT IS BETTER SO--- I MUST GO NOW--- I-I AM WEAK--
-BUT I WILL RETURN!! UNTIL THEN, --GOOD BYE
BUT-
AN INSTANT LATER, HURRICANE'S BLURRY SHAPE SPEEDS PAST THE STARTLED POLICE COMMISSIONER AND DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW!
LATER
EXTRY! GET YOUR PAPER! MURDER MOB CRUSHED! PIGGY PERRONI TO DIE IN CHAIR! TRIGGER BATES FOUND DEAD! EXTRY!
DAILY STAR
MURDER MOB CRUSHED
AT THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE THAT NIGHT-
THAT SHOULD CLOSE OUR CASE, REGAN. YET SOMEHOW THE QUEER, FANTASTIC SIDE OF IT STILL BAFFLES ME
MAYBE IT ISN'T MEANT FOR US TO UNDERSTAND. THE GANG IS SMASHED. THE CASE IS CLOSED.
DON'T MISS HURRICANE'S FURTHER ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE!!!


TUK
CAVEBOY
IN STORIES FROM THE DARK AGES
AK, THE LAST OF THE SHAGGY ONES, CALLED HIM TUK. BUT THE BOY DIDN'T REALIZE THAT "TUK" MEANT "AVENGER" AND THAT HE WAS DESTINED TO ROAM THE PREHISTORIC WILDS OF 50,000 B.C. IN SEARCH OF "ATTILAN," ISLAND OF THE GODS, TO RECLAIM A LOST THRONE...
SEATED BY THEIR FIRE, AK MOTIONS THE BOY TO HIS SIDE....
YOUR BODY SAGS WITH WEARINESS, OLD ONE, YET YOUR ONE EYE IS ALIVE WITH WORDS YET UNSPOKEN. SPEAK, WISE AK
KNOW YOU, CUB, THAT OLD AK'S BODY WEAKENS FAST. THE LONG SLEEP MAY OVERTAKE HIM THIS VERY NIGHT.. LISTEN SHARPLY TO HIS STORY. HEAR EVERY WORD..
THIS NEWS SADDENS ME GREATLY, OLD ONE - I --AWAIT YOUR STORY
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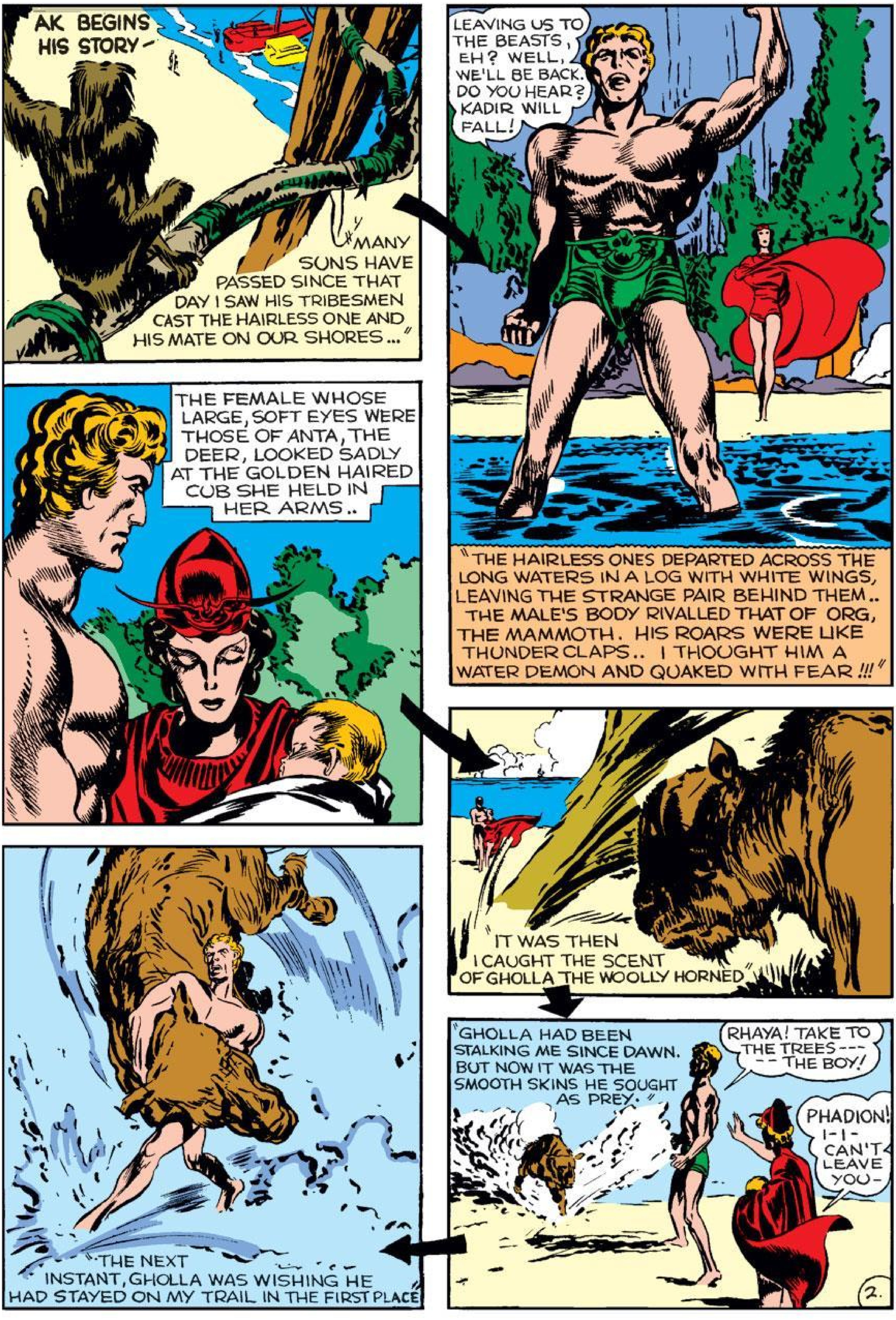
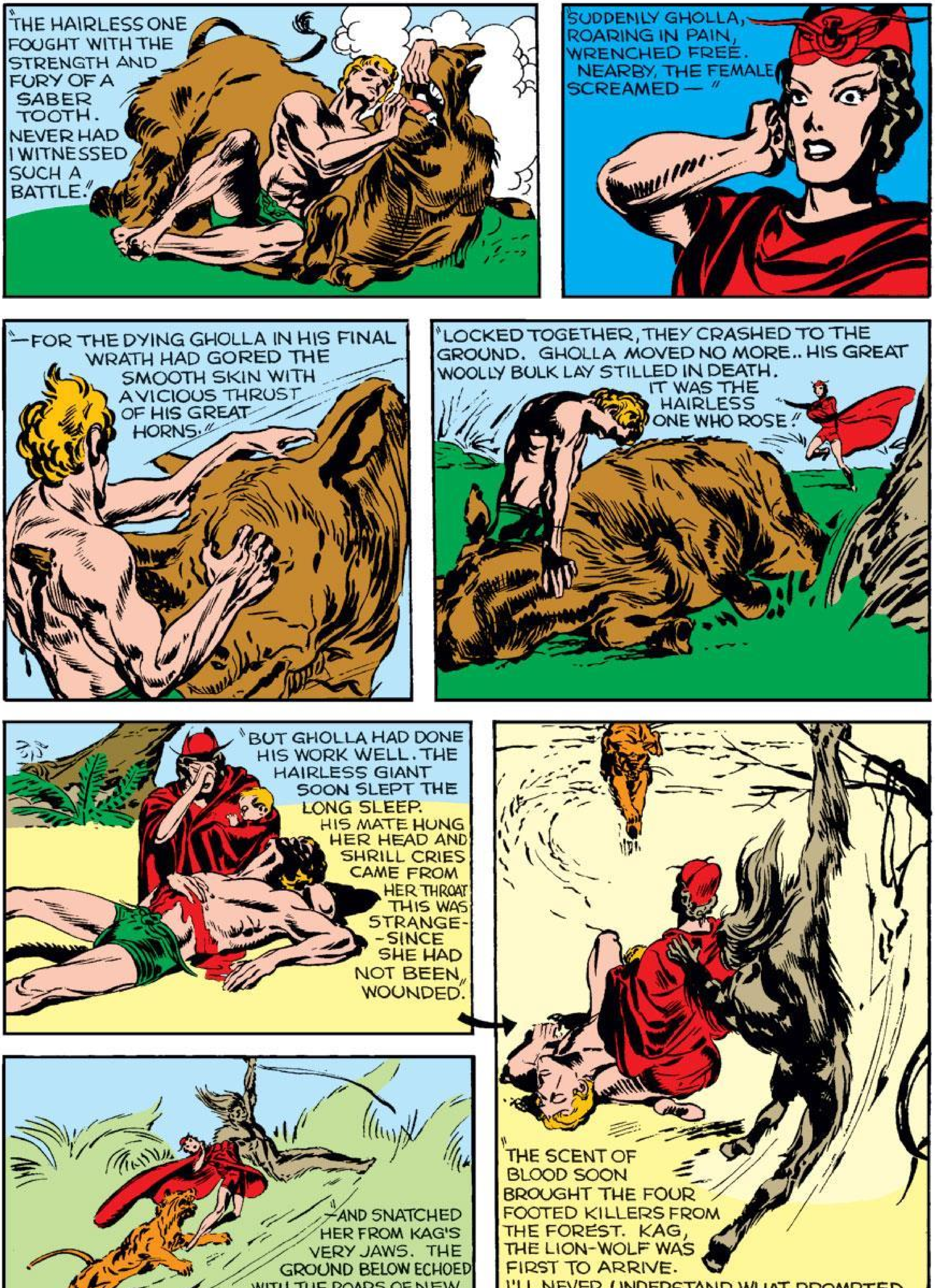
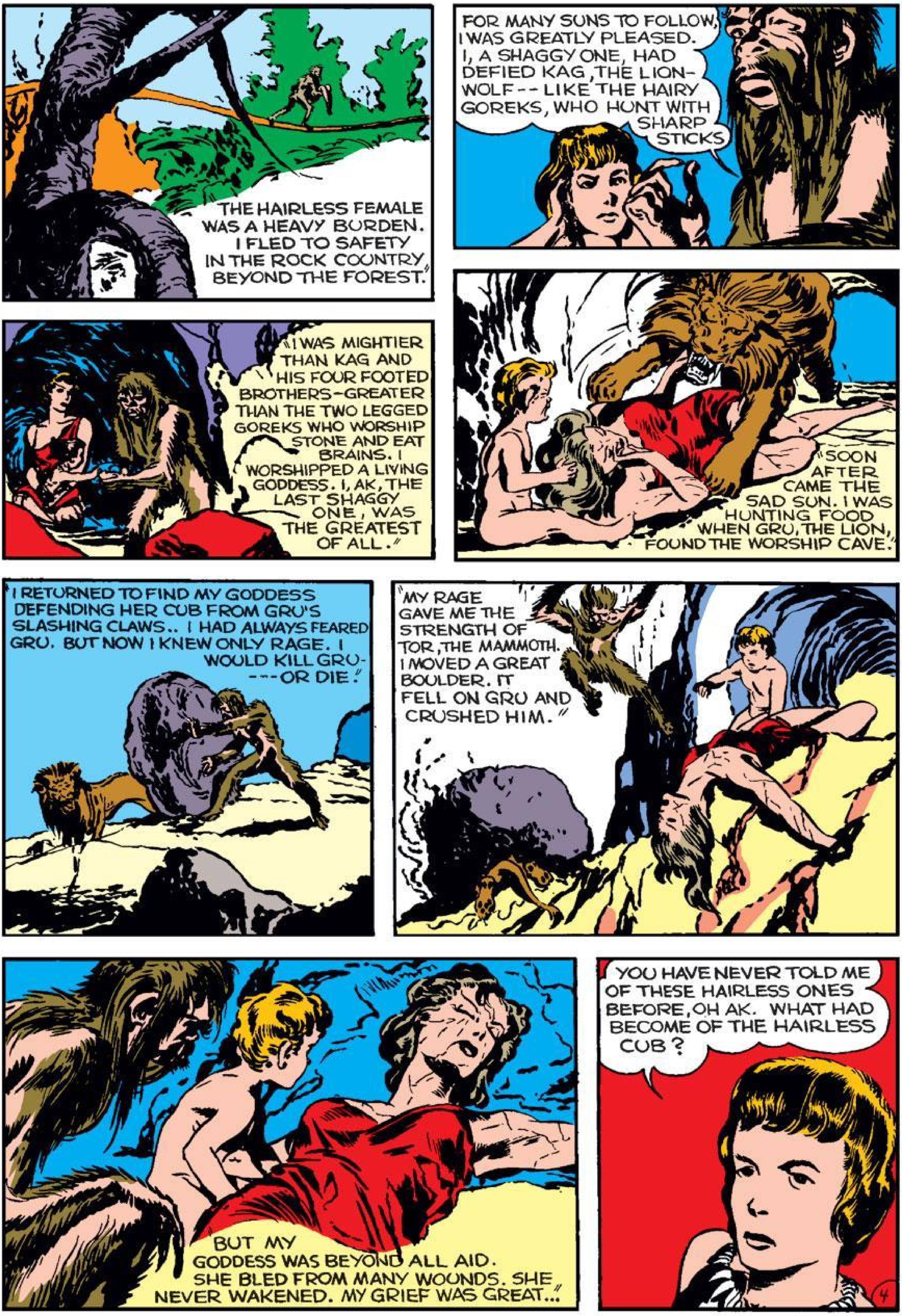
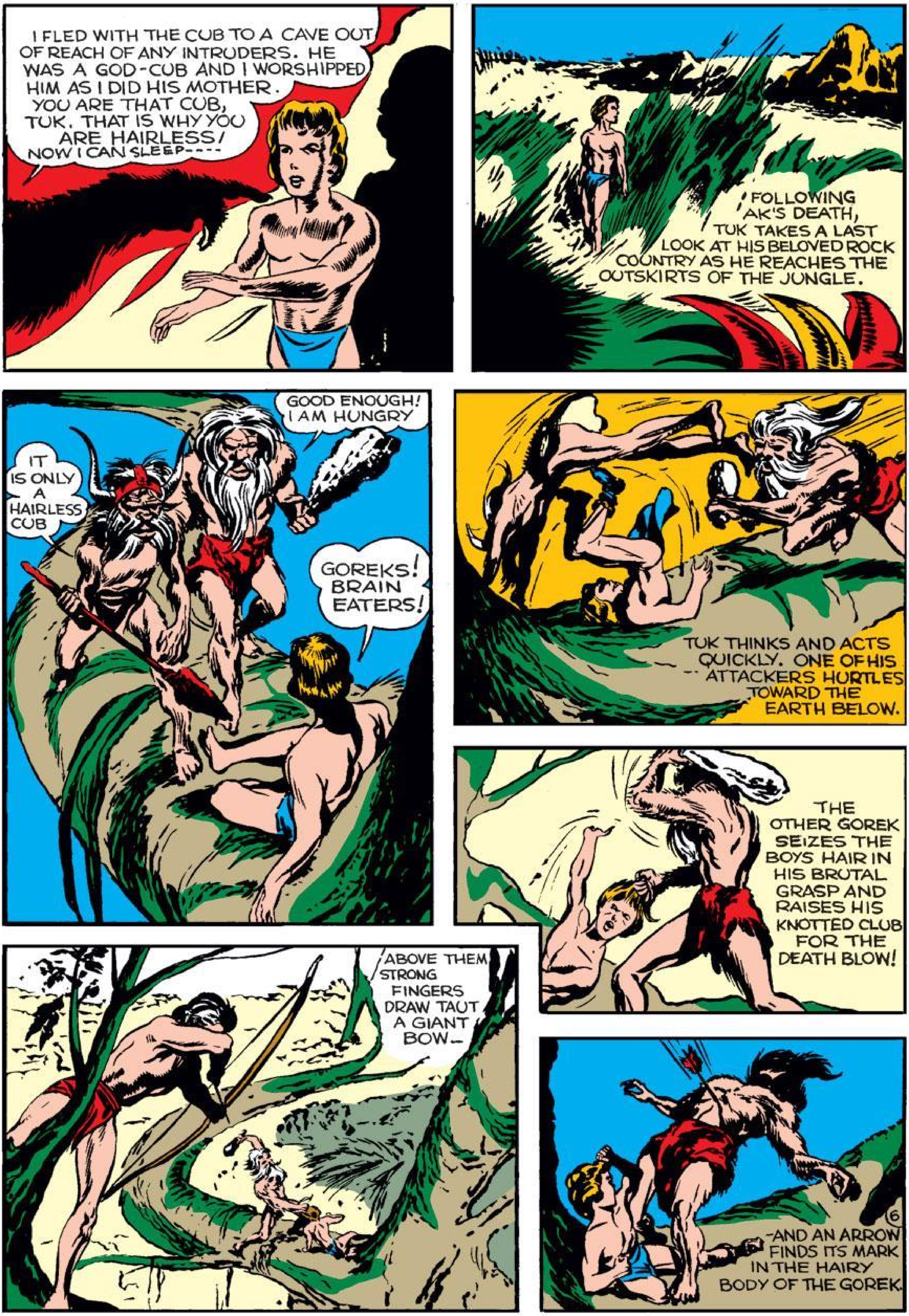

AK BEGINS HIS STORY-
"MANY SUNS HAVE PASSED SINCE THAT DAY I SAW HIS TRIBESMEN CAST THE HAIRLESS ONE AND HIS MATE ON OUR SHORES..."
LEAVING US TO THE BEASTS, EH? WELL, WE'LL BE BACK. DO YOU HEAR? KADIR WILL FALL!
"THE HAIRLESS ONES DEPARTED ACROSS THE LONG WATERS IN A LOG WITH WHITE WINGS, LEAVING THE STRANGE PAIR BEHIND THEM.. THE MALE'S BODY RIVALLED THAT OF ORG, THE MAMMOTH. HIS ROARS WERE LIKE THUNDER CLAPS.. I THOUGHT HIM A WATER DEMON AND QUAKED WITH FEAR !!!"
THE FEMALE WHOSE LARGE, SOFT EYES WERE THOSE OF ANTA, THE DEER, LOOKED SADLY AT THE GOLDEN HAIRED CUB SHE HELD IN HER ARMS..
"IT WAS THEN I CAUGHT THE SCENT OF GHOLLA THE WOOLLY HORNED"
"GHOLLA HAD BEEN STALKING ME SINCE DAWN. BUT NOW IT WAS THE SMOOTH SKINS HE SOUGHT AS PREY."
RHAYA! TAKE TO THE TREES--- -- THE BOY!
PHADION! I-I- CAN'T LEAVE YOU-
"THE NEXT INSTANT, GHOLLA WAS WISHING HE HAD STAYED ON MY TRAIL IN THE FIRST PLACE"


"THE HAIRLESS ONE FOUGHT WITH THE STRENGTH AND FURY OF A SABER TOOTH. NEVER HAD I WITNESSED SUCH A BATTLE."
"SUDDENLY GHOLLA, ROARING IN PAIN, WRENCHED FREE. NEARBY, THE FEMALE SCREAMED — "
"—FOR THE DYING GHOLLA IN HIS FINAL WRATH HAD GORED THE SMOOTH SKIN WITH A VICIOUS THRUST OF HIS GREAT HORNS."
"LOCKED TOGETHER, THEY CRASHED TO THE GROUND. GHOLLA MOVED NO MORE.. HIS GREAT WOOLLY BULK LAY STILLED IN DEATH. IT WAS THE HAIRLESS ONE WHO ROSE."
"BUT GHOLLA HAD DONE HIS WORK WELL. THE HAIRLESS GIANT SOON SLEPT THE LONG SLEEP. HIS MATE HUNG HER HEAD AND SHRILL CRIES CAME FROM HER THROAT THIS WAS STRANGE--SINCE SHE HAD NOT BEEN WOUNDED."
"THE SCENT OF BLOOD SOON BROUGHT THE FOUR FOOTED KILLERS FROM THE FOREST. KAG, THE LION-WOLF WAS FIRST TO ARRIVE. I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHAT PROMPTED MY ACT. I SWUNG FROM A VINE TOWARD THE DOOMED, HAIRLESS FEMALE — — "
"—AND SNATCHED HER FROM KAG'S VERY JAWS. THE GROUND BELOW ECHOED WITH THE ROARS OF NEW ARRIVALS. I KNEW ALL SIGNS OF GHOLLA AND THE SMOOTH SKIN WOULD SOON BE GONE..."


THE HAIRLESS FEMALE WAS A HEAVY BURDEN. I FLED TO SAFETY IN THE ROCK COUNTRY BEYOND THE FOREST."
FOR MANY SUNS TO FOLLOW, I WAS GREATLY PLEASED. I, A SHAGGY ONE, HAD DEFIED KAG, THE LION-WOLF -- LIKE THE HAIRY GOREKS, WHO HUNT WITH SHARP STICKS
"I WAS MIGHTIER THAN KAG AND HIS FOUR FOOTED BROTHERS-GREATER THAN THE TWO LEGGED GOREKS WHO WORSHIP STONE AND EAT BRAINS. I WORSHIPPED A LIVING GODDESS. I, AK, THE LAST SHAGGY ONE, WAS THE GREATEST OF ALL."
"SOON AFTER CAME THE SAD SUN. I WAS HUNTING FOOD WHEN GRU, THE LION, FOUND THE WORSHIP CAVE."
"I RETURNED TO FIND MY GODDESS DEFENDING HER CUB FROM GRU'S SLASHING CLAWS.. I HAD ALWAYS FEARED GRU. BUT NOW I KNEW ONLY RAGE. I WOULD KILL GRU---OR DIE."
"MY RAGE GAVE ME THE STRENGTH OF TOR, THE MAMMOTH. I MOVED A GREAT BOULDER. IT FELL ON GRU AND CRUSHED HIM."
BUT MY GODDESS WAS BEYOND ALL AID. SHE BLED FROM MANY WOUNDS. SHE NEVER WAKENED. MY GRIEF WAS GREAT..."
YOU HAVE NEVER TOLD ME OF THESE HAIRLESS ONES BEFORE, OH AK. WHAT HAD BECOME OF THE HAIRLESS CUB?


I FLED WITH THE CUB TO A CAVE OUT OF REACH OF ANY INTRUDERS. HE WAS A GOD-CUB AND I WORSHIPPED HIM AS I DID HIS MOTHER. YOU ARE THAT CUB, TUK. THAT IS WHY YOU ARE HAIRLESS! NOW I CAN SLEEP----
FOLLOWING AK'S DEATH, TUK TAKES A LAST LOOK AT HIS BELOVED ROCK COUNTRY AS HE REACHES THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE JUNGLE.
GOOD ENOUGH! I AM HUNGRY
IT IS ONLY A HAIRLESS CUB
GOREKS! BRAIN EATERS!
TUK THINKS AND ACTS QUICKLY. ONE OF HIS ATTACKERS HURTLES TOWARD THE EARTH BELOW.
THE OTHER GOREK SEIZES THE BOYS HAIR IN HIS BRUTAL GRASP AND RAISES HIS KNOTTED CLUB FOR THE DEATH BLOW!
ABOVE THEM STRONG FINGERS DRAW TAUT A GIANT BOW--
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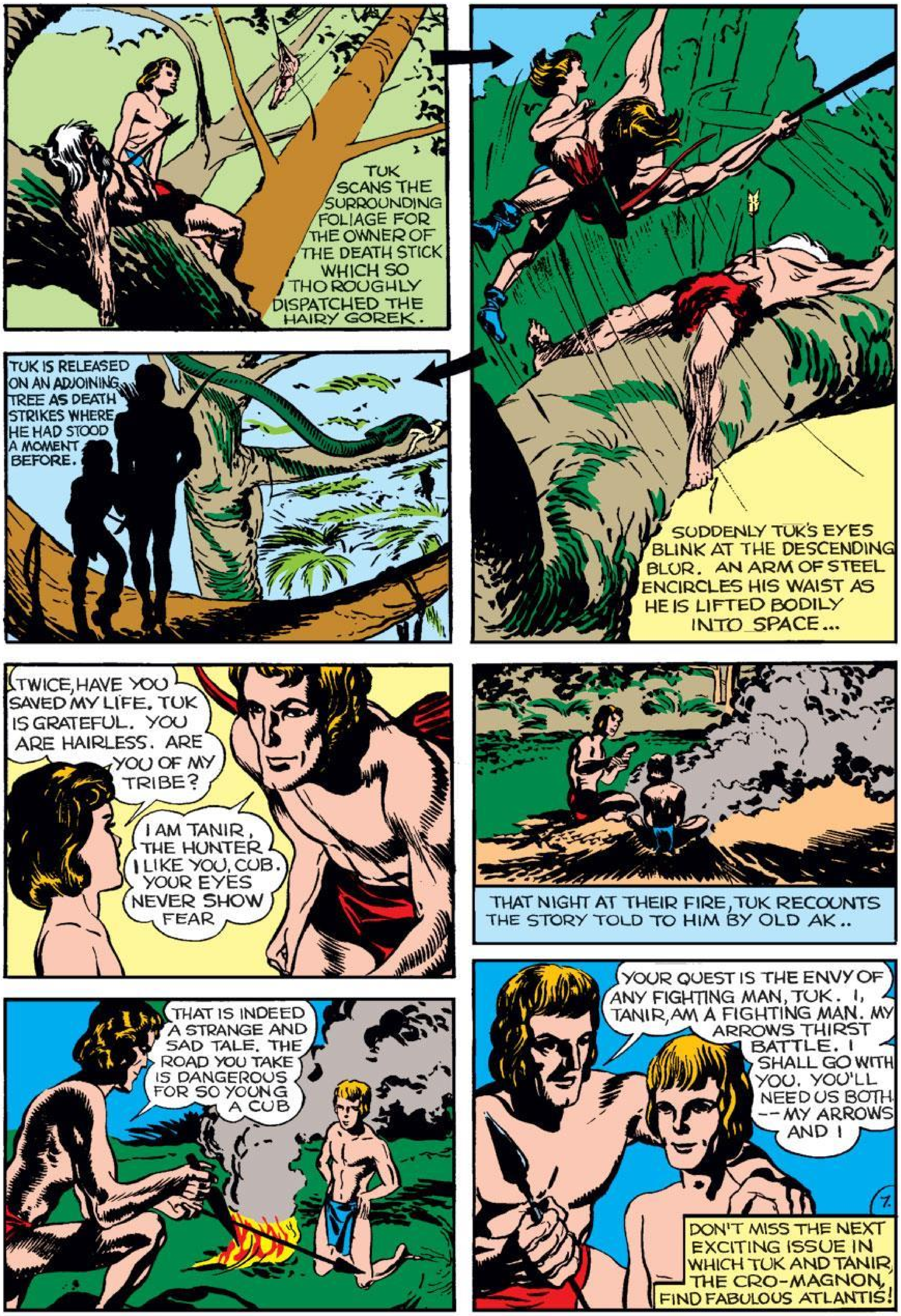
-AND AN ARROW FINDS ITS MARK IN THE HAIRY BODY OF THE GOREK.


TUK SCANS THE SURROUNDING FOLIAGE FOR THE OWNER OF THE DEATH STICK WHICH SO THOROUGHLY DISPATCHED THE HAIRY GOREK.
SUDDENLY TUK'S EYES BLINK AT THE DESCENDING BLUR. AN ARM OF STEEL ENCIRCLES HIS WAIST AS HE IS LIFTED BODILY INTO SPACE...
TUK IS RELEASED ON AN ADJOINING TREE AS DEATH STRIKES WHERE HE HAD STOOD A MOMENT BEFORE.
TWICE, HAVE YOU SAVED MY LIFE. TUK IS GRATEFUL. YOU ARE HAIRLESS. ARE YOU OF MY TRIBE?
I AM TANIR, THE HUNTER I LIKE YOU, CUB. YOUR EYES NEVER SHOW FEAR
THAT NIGHT AT THEIR FIRE, TUK RECOUNTS THE STORY TOLD TO HIM BY OLD AK..
THAT IS INDEED A STRANGE AND SAD TALE. THE ROAD YOU TAKE IS DANGEROUS FOR SO YOUNG A CUB
YOUR QUEST IS THE ENVY OF ANY FIGHTING MAN, TUK. I, TANIR, AM A FIGHTING MAN. MY ARROWS THIRST BATTLE. I SHALL GO WITH YOU. YOU'LL NEED US BOTH. -- MY ARROWS AND I
7.
DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE IN WHICH TUK AND TANIR, THE CRO-MAGNON, FIND FABULOUS ATLANTIS!